

BRITANNIA



Vol. I.

OCTOBER 26th, 1928

No. 5.

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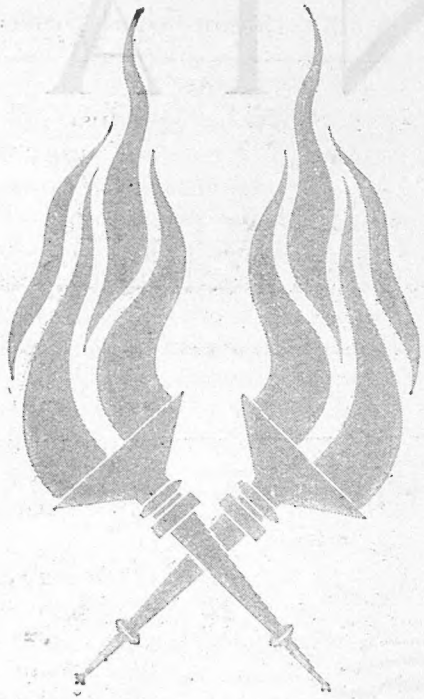
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THE FLARE of the TORCHES

Free Trade or Fair Trade?

By GILBERT FRANKAU

THOSE of my readers—and there seem to be many—who have followed my writings during the last four years in the only paper which has had the courage to print them, *The Sunday Pictorial*, may remember an article, published some eighteen months ago, entitled, “If I were Prime Minister.” In that article I laid down, very clearly, certain major points which I believed vital if Conservatism was to be saved.

Those major points were as follows:—

FIRST, the gradual abolition of the Dole. Second, the curbing of the powers of the Trade Unions. Third, the codification, simplification and general cheapening of our legal system. Fourth, drastic economy in *all* Government services. Fifth, the curbing of the powers of bureaucracy. Sixth, Protection for our workers. Seventh, a universal income tax, starting at a penny per week. Eighth, the reforming of the House of Lords into “a real national safeguard against hasty and ill-advised legislation, money bills included, brought in by designing politicians for the sole purpose of ingratiating themselves with the unthinking mob.” And ninth, the formation of a permanent “Commonwealth Council” to foster Imperial Unity and co-ordinate Imperial Defence.

I ALSO called, in the same article, for the breaking-off of diplomatic relations with Bolshevik Russia—and this, to its lasting honour, Conservatism has done.

Trade Unionism, too, has received a partial check. But otherwise, we are in a state of “as-you-were,” with the unemployment figures

constantly rising; and, looming over us, the menace of a Liberal-Labour Coalition victory at the next General Election; a victory which, in my opinion, might have even worse consequences for this Empire of Ours than another War.

LET us not deceive ourselves about this new Coalition. The bulk of the electorate may be misled by the carefully chosen phrases of Mr. Lloyd George and the equally carefully chosen phrases of Mr. Snowden, the real master brain of Socialism, into believing that Liberalism is still Liberalism and Labour still Labour. But these two gentlemen do not possess country houses in the same delightful neighbourhood without indulging in the usual amenities of “dropping in for a cup of tea and a yarn, old chap.” Neither are they such political greenhorns as to imagine that either of them can tackle Conservatism (or rather pseudo-Conservatism) single-handed, with any hope of success.

GIVEN, therefore, even the vaguest chance of overthrowing Mr. Baldwin and his present majority, these two old Free Trade colleagues will unite—either before the polls or thereafter—and those of us who are working, at incredible hazard and against the most unscrupulous opposition, for what we believe to be the only sure means of saving British industry, will see our work wrecked and the unemployment figures rising and rising and still rising . . . until the day comes when the People lose all faith in their leaders, and all that we know of comfort, progress and civilization is overthrown.

I HAVE been accused, since I started *BRITANNIA*, of being a Fascist. I have been accused—because I felt it my duty to attack the present Government—of being anti-Conservative. All sorts of pressure, some of it directed at myself, some of it at my principal associates, some of it even at the subordinate members of my team, have been exercised in the attempt to make me swerve from my line of “Country before Party” and “Our Empire before the foreigner.” But to that line I hold, and shall continue to hold; because the truth is great, and in the end it does prevail.

THERE is not the space, in these two pages, to deal with more than one of the nine points I laid down, eighteen months ago, for the guidance of true Conservatism. So to-day I deal only with the most important, the very basis of the whole endeavour, Protection for our Workers—a point originally conceded by the very Lloyd-George who is now so ardent a Free Trader, when, in 1920, he introduced the original Bill for Safeguarding British Industries.

THE protection afforded by this Bill already covers seventeen industries; and it is the queerest of queer comments on our national commonsense that, although every one of those seventeen industries has benefited from Safeguarding, any effort to secure the same benefit for an eighteenth, nineteenth or twentieth industry, meets with a furore of dissent.

So much so, indeed, that this—to the best of my knowledge—is the only paper in Great Britain which stands unequivocally for protecting every single one of our industries,

from steel to tooth-brushes, according to its individual needs.

SUCH is my definite policy. The Scamour of an "Importers' Section," even of the London Chamber of Commerce, will not deflect me from it. I consider it scandalous that English importers should take—as they have taken—the money of foreign manufacturers wherewith to "work up a case" against English manufacturers, when those manufacturers appear before the committees which hold the destinies of industrial England in their hands. Neither do I consider it right that an English, or Scottish, industry, when asking for protection against cheap-labour foreign competition, should have first to prove itself "efficient." Because how can any industry remain efficient with profits cut to vanishing point and hardly an order on its books!

I AM told, even by those who share my belief that the general protection, or safeguarding, of industry is the only eventual solution of our economic problem, that the country is not yet ripe for such a policy. I am told by those who do not share my belief, that protective tariffs *invariably* lead to high prices, monopolies and inefficiency. While some of my friends who are neutral on this great issue content themselves with saying, "Free Trade's as much a part of the average Englishman's ideas as the Union Jack or God Save the King"; and others, though realizing that protective duties have benefited certain industries, still hold to the childish idea that "imports pay for exports"; or that "a duty on iron and steel would raise the price of agricultural implements to the farmer and make it impossible for our shipbuilders to compete with the Germans, the Italians and the French."

WHICH last, I maintain, is pure theory; and utterly unsupported either by experience or facts. Our shipbuilders, for instance, have not protested against the Iron and Steel-masters' application for safeguarding. The British Engineers' Association is actually supporting it. And simple arithmetic proves that a duty of £1 a ton on foreign iron and steel—even if it were passed on to the consumer—would add less than a penny to the price of an ordinary spade.

AND here—because, were the power of safeguarding mine, I

would put that duty of £1 a ton on foreign iron and steel to-morrow—let me say most emphatically that I do not believe such a duty would be passed on to the consumer. Add the four million tons imported (it is less than the figure!) to our home steel output, and the price of British steel would not rise. On the contrary, it would fall, at least as low as the present price of steel imports—and probably below that.

BECAUSE, if the English and Scottish masters did not use their increased output and consequently decreased percentage of standing charges to lower prices, the American and German iron and steel masters would put up plants in this country, and compete against them—as the American and French tyre manufacturers are doing now.

The same argument—that the foreigner, shut out from exporting to us, would establish factories in this country and in them employ both British labour and British raw material—does not apply only to major industries. It applies also to minor ones. If, to take an example, we put a swingeing duty on American typewriters, at present considerably more efficient than our own, the American typewriter companies—rather than lose business—would do what the Ford Motor Car Company has done, and make their typewriters over here.

MOREOVER, once our foreign competitors did start manufacturing over here instead of in their own countries, they would be forced to bear, as they are not bearing nowadays, British income tax, British Labour restrictions and British rates!

AT the moment, remember, the foreigner does not suffer from any of these three handicaps. He need not even make a profit on the goods he sells to us. As long as he is covering his prime cost of labour, materials and salesmanship, he can keep his own workers on full time employment—at the expense of ours.

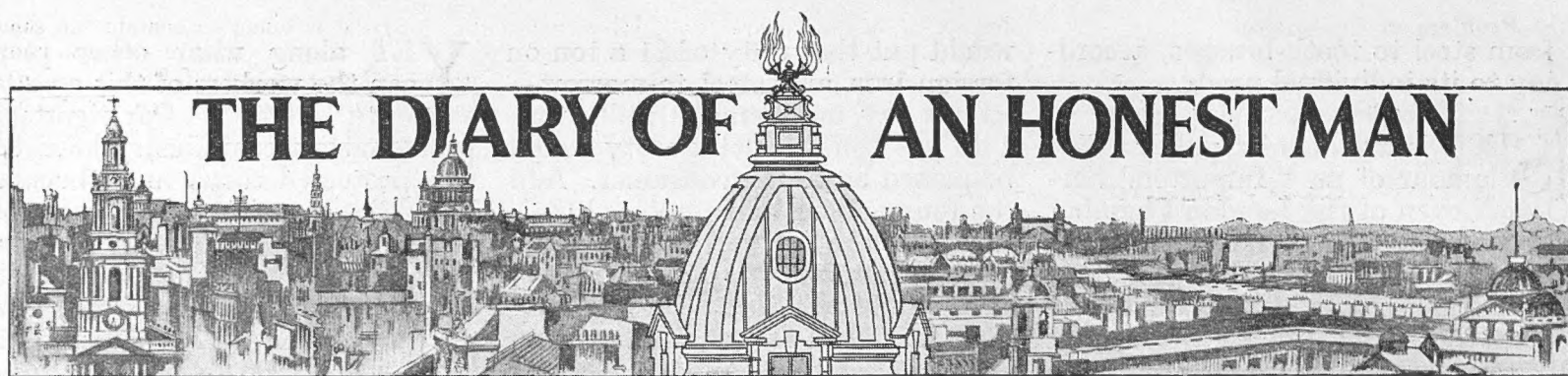
WHY, then, does the Conservative party still "shiver on the brink" of Safeguarding? The answer is that the Conservative Party cannot rid itself of the fear that it will lose the June 1929 Election, as it lost the 1906 and the 1923 Elections, if it dares to make a general Safeguarding tariff its main electoral plank.

YET along what other plank can the workers of this country stride to safety? Our rigorously protected tobacco industry flourishes. Our protected cocoa and chocolate industries flourish. The protected lace trade is improving. The protected artificial silk trade is booming. In protected motor cars, one company alone, the Austin, has spent £1,650,000 in new plant, has achieved within six years a six-hundred per cent. increase in turnover, and is paying an average wage (to men, women, boys, girls, trainees and apprentices) of £4 11s. 8d. per week.

And it is no good saying—as those theoretical Free Traders and the importing fraternity, from whom come the main opposition to any extension of the Safeguarding duties, do say—that the motor trade is not a fair instance. Since everybody in the motor trade knows that without the Safeguarding duties it would have been impossible to find the capital to lay down the requisite plant.

CAPITAL, you see—though it has no country and no patriotism—requires security no less than labour. Unprotected, badly secured, it emigrates speedily—and leaves labour, which can only emigrate slowly, to stew in its own juice. When France went Socialist, two-and-a-half years ago, Capital fled from her. And the identical thing will happen if we in Great Britain go Free Trade Liberal-Socialist next year. There is no reason—no earthly reason—why we in Great Britain should go Free Trade Liberal-Socialist. Safeguarding, properly explained to the workers of this country, can win the next General Election. But the present pseudo-Conservative policy will, I am convinced, either lose or come so near to losing it, that the mere mention of "More Safeguarding" will send back-benchers into hysterics and make Ministers tremble in their shoes.

SUCH is the main reason—though not the only one—why I have considered it my duty to break with pseudo-Conservatism. Your true Conservative does not palter with a big issue. He faces it—as this issue of Safeguarding, with Imperial Preference and Fair Trade throughout the whole far-flung Commonwealth to follow, must be faced, unfalteringly and unremittingly, if we are to secure that heritage for our descendants which is Britannia's dream.



The Men Behind the Masks.

TEN years ago to-day the German Emperor, still the nominal head of the Imperial Armies, dismissed General Ludendorff, and in doing so told the world that he had lost the war. Von Moltke, the leader of the German armies on the Marne, had communicated this not unimportant fact to the Kaiser in September, 1914, when neither the Kaiser nor the Allies believed it. But on October 26th, 1918, there was no longer any doubt, and Ludendorff, one of the greatest organisers of offensive war known to military history, had no longer any place in the scheme of things. Hindenburg remained, and remains.

The eclipse of the master tactician who, with Hoffmann, was the real organiser of Tannenberg, and whose tactics at Caporetto and in the great offensive of March, 1918, almost brought victory to the Central Powers, has bred in him an uncontrollable irritation, and last week in his paper, the *Deutsche Wochenschau*, Ludendorff openly accuses von Hindenburg of stealing his laurels. But Ludendorff is wrong. Von Hindenburg's chief laurels have been won since 1918, and time will not tarnish them, and it is not time but General Ludendorff who has tarnished the laurels of the organiser of three brilliant campaigns.

The Attack on Temperance.

REQUISITIONS for polls under the so-called Scottish Temperance Act of 1913 have just been lodged in fifteen areas, and will take place next month. Under this Act polls can be demanded periodically, the choice being between the present system, limitation of license and no license. This year the fight is confined to a few areas, many of these with only one license. The interesting fact about the last polls in these areas is that the voting was almost entirely for no change or no license.

At Carlisle, in Lanarkshire, for instance, the voting last time was 1,627 for "no change," 1,452 for "no license," and 7 for "limitation." The figures for other districts were equally remarkable. The battle, in other words, is not over temperance, but over prohibition, and the supporters of temperance, in order to safeguard the elementary rights of free people, are driven to vote against reform as the only protection against tyranny of the grossest kind. We shall be asked at the next election to vote for local option in the interests of temperance. If we are wise we shall refuse. A man who cannot get a drink is not temperate, he is merely, and undeservedly, unfortunate.

Bye-Election.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE, which polls next week, is going to offer another test of our capacity for self-government and a particularly important one, because it is the first one in an industrial constituency since the Labour Party definitely adopted their election programme.

The *Daily Herald* makes quite clear the lines of the Labour attack on this Conservative seat. People in Ashton depend for their living on cotton, engineering and shipbuilding. What has "the Government" done for these indus-

tries? There is one answer to this question and one only. For nearly twenty years successive Governments have never left the coal industry alone. Wages have been forced up, hours have been forced down, millions spent in direct subsidies, for some years profits have been drastically limited, and for a prolonged period the industry as a whole was under "control." The result has been mere disaster. If the electors of Ashton-under-Lyne want to see these methods applied to other industries the sooner we cease to be a self-governing nation the better. Suicide is a crime against man as well as a sin against God.

The French Army.

THE French Minister for War has definitely announced that Frenchmen called up for military service in 1929 and thereafter will do one year's service only. By 1932 the French Army, therefore, will be a third of the size of the French Army of 1914 and the reservists will be one-third as efficient. A powerful army will, in other words, have been turned into a militia inevitably unfitted for offensive warfare without a prolonged period under arms. Simple-minded people who press for military disarmament on a basis which counts reservists as effectives fail entirely to realise what the result would be. For France it would mean the abolition of universal service and the substitution of a professional short service army. This army, having regard to the exceptional length and configuration of the French land frontiers, would be the largest in Europe and not the least efficient. It would impose an immense burden of expenditure on France, and at the same time would give a highly trained expeditionary force which many would regard as a standing menace.

Transatlantic Humour.

TWO specimens of American humour are to hand. The Foreign Secretaries Commission of the Investment Bankers' Association of America urge in their annual report that the European nations should take a lenient view towards the rigid enforcement of their claims in the matter of reparations and inter-allied debts. At the same time Mr. Hoover told the world that Europe's annual payments to America in respect of debt obligations were being paid off by the increased expenditure of American tourists in Europe!

I have yet to meet the American tourist who doesn't require either goods or service in return for the money he leaves behind him. When I do I shall keep him to myself. It would give me infinite pleasure to be the one man in Europe who was making easy money out of our late but gallant allies.

We Can Still Sleep Peacefully in Our Beds.

THE news that the B.B.C. have refused to allow experiments in television from their stations has started once again the most alarmist rumours as to the threat offered to our domestic privacy by this singularly brilliant invention. The fears of the *intelligentsia*, however, are groundless. Television is in fact the wrong word altogether. Mr. Baird's intention does not increase the range or intensity

of our sight or of other people's; still less does it enable our wives or our husbands or the special branch of Scotland Yard to see through brick walls. What it does is to transmit images to a point where we can see them in the ordinary way.

When his apparatus is perfected as, knowing Mr. Baird, I can say fairly confidently that it will be, we shall be able to see, for instance, the cast of a B.B.C. play when they are performing in the studio. The cast, however will not be able to see me asleep in my arm-chair.

Blood and Lavender.

LADY desires history lessons at leisure, preferably French Revolution." How the scent of lavender steals through the dull cok print of *The Times* agony column!

She will knit as the tumbrils roll by and, perhaps, even drop a stitch as the head drops into the basket. But through it all she will remain a lady; it is only on her leisure that the past will intrude. I hope she will be successful. But, there must have been Russian ladies in 1914 with an equally refined interest in the atrocities of that progressive decade which opened in 1789 only to bring National armies back into Europe for the first time since the days of Cæsar, but which has continued to dominate four credulous generations with its appeals to a liberty which no-one can be trusted to enjoy and an equality which no-one cares to admit.

Where are those Russian ladies to-day? Some of them are happy because they are dead.

More and Better Murders.

MACHINE gun shooting was resumed last night . . . more shootings are momentarily expected." This is not an extract from a *communiqué* of ten years ago. It is merely the latest news from Chicago. It is, I hope, unnecessary to say that the police are taking no part in this war; progressive minded people need not be alarmed. It is only in England that the police are still so reactionary as to interfere with "the people."

Lives That Are Not Sacred.

THE number killed and injured by motor-cars in Great Britain every week is calculated as 3,000. This casualty rate will seem incredible to future generations and should be remembered whenever we hear of the superiority of the present age to others in the matter of its regard for human life. The fact is that we are less careful of life where our own comfort is concerned than ever before, but we take care to save our consciences by being particularly squeamish in cases where it is only the public interest which is involved.

We hesitate about hanging murderers; we cannot bring ourselves to shoot, or even to imprison, traitors, and we are even doubtful about the right of other people to shoot partridges; but the casualties on the roads and railways and in the mines exceed half a million a year and Bloomsbury remains silent. It seems ungracious to complain of what would ordinarily be a welcome fact, but the cynical indifference of that talkative coterie to the risks of peace sheds an unwelcome light on their aversion to the risks of war.

The Problem of Censorship.

THE *Well of Loneliness* is certainly the best advertised book of the year. It has at the time of writing been incarcerated a second time and legal proceedings are apparently pending. Meanwhile "Jix" must be casting envious eyes on Dublin where a fully fledged censorship is on the way to being set up. This is aimed, according to Mr. Fitzgerald Kenny, the minister-in-charge of the Censorship Bill, at books which are either indecent or "deliberately" immoral.

All nations, of course, in one way or another ban indecency. The problem arises over books in the other category and cannot, as is so often assumed, be solved by reference to existing general principles. To leave moral conduct to the unfettered judgment of private individuals is to set up a new and contentious principle and it is obviously impossible to allow literary people to preach what other people are not allowed to practise. Freedom of description is one thing; freedom of advocacy is surely different. No society can ever allow such freedom to be unrestricted and those societies which are the most tolerant are the least stable. Bad money drives out good.

Pride.

A GLASGOW burglar has complained that he has been insulted by the police. He is, he claims, "a reputable housebreaker." He breaks into "gentlemen's houses for jewellery," and goes "for nothing less." Now he has been charged with stealing harness, and protests against the "insult."

Human pride is a curious thing. We all know the silly ass who thanks God that he is "not clever," and the scoundrel whose only care it is that knaves will not mistake him for a fool. And there is a politician in high office to-day who justified his share in a prospective rebellion on the ground that, as a gentleman, he "stuck to his pals," a public school sentiment not redeemed from fatuity by being expressed in the language of the public house. But the finest example of compounding for "sins that we've a mind to by damning those that we've no mind to," is provided by the victim of the French terror who found his vanity unbearably tormented by the cries of the crowd as his tumbril rolled along the streets, "Down with the aristocrats!" Finally his pride asserted itself. "I," he cried out, "I am no aristocrat. I am a murderer."

Great Things and Small.

THE gross tonnage of new steamships in construction all over the world at the time of writing is 1,084,958. The corresponding figure for motor ships is 1,419,602. Will it surprise anyone to learn that whereas we are still building more steamships than the rest of the world we are building much less than a third of the new motor ships. Of the 81 ships of 8,000 tons and over now building, 63 are driven by oil motors and only 21 by steam, yet the ships which everyone wants are not the ships for which we can compete successfully in the world's markets.

If it is as difficult to get a ship built in this country as it is to furnish a flat, I can guess why we are losing our supremacy.

Gentlemen prefer Hastings.

WITH the approach of fogs, Monte Carlo is advertising itself as the rendezvous of the aristocracy and the centre of gaiety. Monte Carlo is neither. It is a place where the policemen dress like Mr. W. H. Berry, where old chickens leg it home to die, shedding their wings in their tired progress, and where, alone in the world, lukewarm soda water in somebody else's dirty glass is described as a cocktail. For recreation you can play bridge through an ear trumpet and roulette in an atmosphere in the worst ventilated "salle" in

Europe. As for the climate, if you leave your fur coat behind you you will be mistaken for a European, which will do your credit no good.

The only thing worth seeing in Monte Carlo is the outside of the Casino. For a long time you wonder what is wrong with it. They you realise in a flash that you are an accomplice in a flagrant piece of indecency. It has got no clothes on. It is the interior of a gin-palace turned inside out. If you go inside you will find that you are right, for here all is drab and smoke-laden, and the inmates are the same. Actually, smoking is not allowed, and the fumes presumably come up from below. But those who infer from this that it is as easy to get out of Hell as to get into it are wrong.

The Municipal Elections.

ON Wednesday next the annual farce of the Municipal Elections will be played to empty polling booths. Democracies love looking after other people's affairs, but they hate looking after their own. People who will go as one man to the polls to confer self-govern-

Next Week.

OCTOBER 27th.

Duke and Duchess of York open Additions to Edmonton School. 3.30.
Lord Reading at Working Men's College, St. Pancras.

Glasgow University Rectorial Election.

OCTOBER 28th.

Gallery First Nighters Club, 28, Great Windmill Street. 7.15.

OCTOBER 29th.

City of London Library Exhibition, Guildhall. 3.

Freedom of Reigate to Sir J. Colman, Reigate Town Hall.

Ashton By-Election: Polling and Declaration.

Lord Oxford and Asquith Memorial Unveiled, Morley, Yorks.

OCTOBER 30th.

Prime Minister at "The Spectator" Centenary Dinner, Claridge's Hotel. 7.45.

Enthronement of Bishop of Bangor.

OCTOBER 31st.

Dr. Cyril Norwood at London Missionary Luncheon, Memorial Hall. 1.

Earl Jellicoe at British Sailors' Society Dinner, New Princes. 7.30.

Dockland Settlement Dinner, Mansion House. 7.30.

NOVEMBER 1.

Metropolitan Borough Council Elections.
Prime Minister and Archbishop of Canterbury at Wesley's Chapel 150th Anniversary, Mansion House. 3.

NOVEMBER 2nd.

Bishop of Exeter at Blundell's School, Tiverton.

ment on the Egyptians will not cross the street to vote for their own town councillors. Perhaps the first proceeding make them feel important while the second makes them feel parochial.

I fancy, however, that there is a more significant reason. People know their local councillors, and nothing will ever make them believe that they are clever enough to create a new heaven or wicked enough to want to create a new hell. The simple truth that government is a dull affair with singularly little power to influence any man's private affairs is quite clearly seen at such close quarters. If a candidate for the Little Puddleton Town Council promised to bring to Little Puddleton the dawn of a new era he wouldn't get a single vote. It is only when a carpet-bagger from London promises to reform the whole world that Little Puddleton listens to him with open mouth and eyes entranced. If only all "industrial" legislation could be entrusted to borough and urban district councils!

Every speech from a Labour platform

when analysed is found to contain the same promise, viz., that a number of men who know nothing about the local industry, living in a place a hundred miles away, spending money not subscribed by any member of the audience, will treble the wages of everybody present. Translate this into a promise that Mr. Jones, the shoemaker, will if elected tax every resident in the town with a view to acquiring and running the business of Mr. Brown, the colliery proprietor, and the spell would fail. As it is, it looks like succeeding.

"Please Sell No More Drink to My Father."

THE news that the children of Russia are picketing the public houses to keep their fathers outside suggests pleasing possibilities of progress. A cordon of office boys to keep company directors out of the board room would be a blow at the insolent claims of middle-age shrewd enough even for Mr. Beverley Nicholls. (I take him as the representative post-war young man, because he is the only one who has succeeded in being remaindered at 25.)

A patrol of daughters outside the Savoy Hotel at lunch-time might also assist the cause by adding substantially to the undress allowances of the bright young people. Finally, we may hope to see a Government of private secretaries succeeding the Government of under-secretaries. All that would be necessary would be to put the pickets on the restaurants, clubs, and public houses on polling days; but after, and not before, the intelligent section of the electorate was inside the doors.

The Charge Against Liberalism.

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL'S letter in last Sunday's *Observer* deserves the utmost publicity. It makes a definite claim on behalf of the Liberal Party to be regarded as the alternative anti-Socialist Government. "I should have expected," he writes, "that far-seeing and patriotic men and women would be glad to think that some alternative to the present administration, other than Socialism, was to be offered effectively." Sir Herbert Samuel is nothing if not astute, and this argument will win votes. But is it sound? Socialism in hard fact is not dangerous as a programme, but as a philosophy. There is no immediate danger of any disastrous experiment in nationalisation. There is the certainty, however, that Socialist propaganda is teaching people to look to the State instead of to their own efforts, and to other people's savings instead of to their own earnings, not merely for the maintenance of themselves and their families and for the education of their children, not merely for relief from all the ordinary hazards of life such as sickness and unemployment, but actually for a greatly increased leisure and for a much higher standard of living.

It is this which is the gravamen of the charge against the Labour Party, and the same charge lies against the Liberal Party to-day. I admit at once that they promise a little less. But through every line of their programme runs the same deplorable refrain: "Vote for us and we will get for you, from somewhere, by some juggling or other, more than you are getting at present."

That the Liberal promises are to be implemented under a nominally individualist system may certainly make their campaign more seductive to critics of nationalisation, but precisely in so far as Liberalism's appeal is more seductive it will arouse the detestation, and not the admiration, of "far-sighted and patriotic men." The limits of effective State assistance to the individual are absolute, and are rooted in human nature, not in the exigencies of party politics. The only politicians who deserve the confidence of the people are those who have the courage to proclaim this unpleasant truth from the house-tops.

"SAMUEL JOHNSON."



"I've come to them
at last, you see!"

CRAVEN "A"

CORK-TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

The ONLY Cigarettes Made Specially to Prevent Sore Throats

TWENTY FOR ONE SHILLING. CARRERAS LTD. 140 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

SPEAKING INTERNATIONALLY



Herr Hermann Müller.

THE student of contemporary diplomacy who has attempted the formidable task of keeping track of the succession of pacts, treaties, alliances and understandings that litter the wake of the Treaty of Versailles may well wonder why, at this juncture, the Rhineland problem should have any real existence.

True, the occupation was once regarded by the French as a necessary measure of security, and such authorities as General Foch and M. Poincaré openly avowed that there could be no security without it. But whatever logic appertained to that argument—and it was never very convincing—has long since disappeared. French statesmen cannot hold the military doctrine in one hand, and the League Covenant, the Locarno Treaty, and the Kellogg Pact in the other; they have been forced to admit that if international pledges have any worth, diplomacy has already elaborated sufficient safeguards for the security of the Western European frontiers.

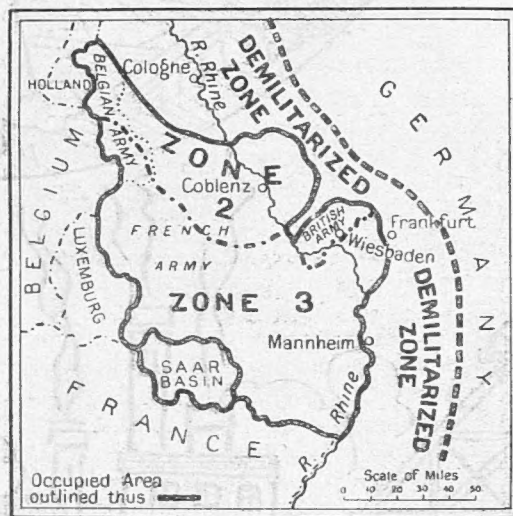
A Staggering Commitment.

IN this connection the Locarno Treaty alone should suffice—as, indeed, it was intended to suffice. The agreement, which dates back to 1925, binds Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy jointly and severally to guarantee the *status quo* established by the Treaty of Versailles. Germany and Belgium on the one hand, and Germany and France on the other, mutually undertake that they will in no case attack or invade each other or resort to war against each other. Furthermore, any flagrant infringement of the demilitarised zones by Germany (or France) would bring in Great Britain against the aggressor. All of which means, of course, that we have undertaken a staggering continental commitment and that our diplomatic frontiers have been moved forward to the Rhine.

We may take it, then, that when M. Briand signed the Kellogg Pact last August he finally burst the security bubble, and it became necessary for France to find some other reason for the continued presence of Allied troops in the Rhineland. In point of fact, the French government did not await the actual signature, for on August 23rd the Cabinet executed a dramatic *volte-face* and announced that security was not the object of the occupation and that evacuation could only be envisaged as part of a general settlement, not only of Reparations, but of French War Debts. Precisely what line of reasoning led to this conclusion cannot easily be explained. There has been no previous attempt definitely to link up Reparations and the Occupation, for it has never been suggested that the former could be paid in less than 30 years, or that the latter should continue beyond a maximum of 15 years. And, as matters stand, it is wellnigh ridiculous to suggest that the settlement of the French War Debt to America has anything whatsoever to do with Germany, whose obligations have been definitely laid down in the Dawes Plan.

Dangers of the Discussion.

LET there be no delusion concerning the magnitude of the discussion which will be precipitated once we admit any connection between the Occupation and a final settlement of War Debts. Ten years of diplomatic activity will come under the harrow, political and economic considerations will be found at variance, and we shall be forced, against our better judgment, to encroach upon the vexed question of Allied debts to America. From this nothing save vexation and discord can result. It is most unlikely that anything in the nature of a settlement would be achieved, and, since French statesmen must be well aware of the situation, we are prone to wonder whether, having admitted that the Occupation can no longer be justified on the grounds of security they seek to perpetuate it on the score of Reparations.



The Occupied Rhineland.

What the Treaty says.

The actual position may be stated briefly as follows: According to the Treaty of Versailles, the zones indicated on the accompanying map were to be occupied by Allied and associated troops for a period of 15 years. Subject, however, to the treaty conditions being faithfully carried out by Germany, Zone I was to be evacuated in 5 years (1925), Zone II in 10 years (1930), and Zone III in 15 years (1935).

The Allies, however, retained the right to remain in occupation (a) if the guarantees against unprovoked aggression by Germany were not considered sufficient, and (b) if, in the opinion of the Reparations Commission, Germany refused to observe the whole part of her obligations with regard to Reparation. On the other hand, it was distinctly laid down that "if, before the expiration of the period of 15 years, Germany complies with all the undertakings resulting from the present Treaty, the occupying forces will be withdrawn immediately."

What Germany Has Done.

TO what extent, then, have these requirements been complied with? We have

already noted that the guarantees against aggression are now considered satisfactory, even in France. So far as disarmament is concerned, the Conference of Ambassadors has declared Germany to have fulfilled all the conditions imposed upon her. The entire question, therefore, boils down to one of Reparations, and in this respect the situation is covered by the Dawes Plan. And here again Germany has fulfilled her obligations. For the past four years she has paid every *pfenning* due, and paid it punctually, and there is no valid reason to suggest that she will default in any future liabilities. I hold no brief for Germany, but it is necessary to review this important position in the right perspective, and it is merely common justice (and common sense) to admit that she has scrupulously carried out her part of the bargain in every respect.

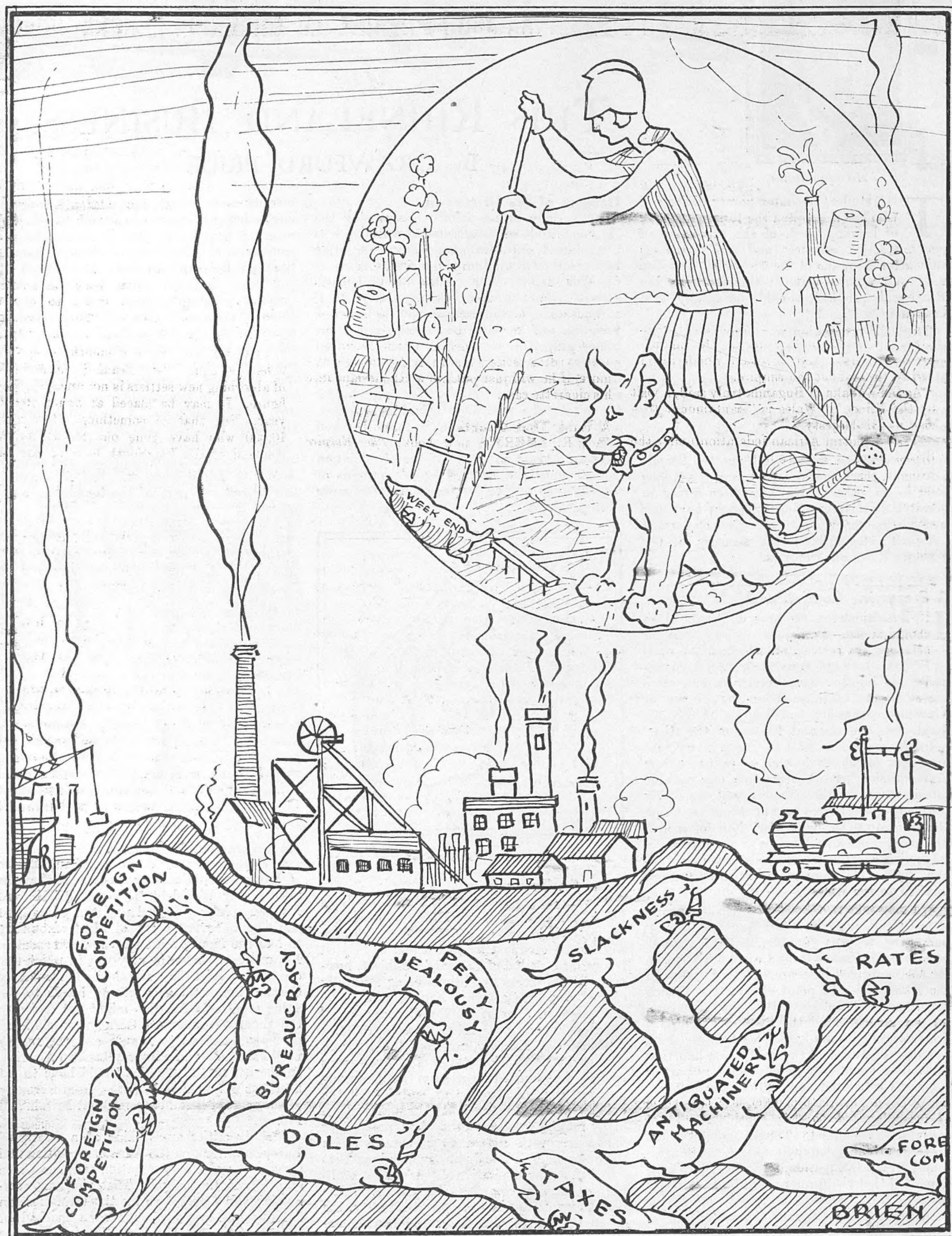
IT is not surprising, therefore, that at the last Geneva meeting Herr Müller should have demanded the unconditional evacuation of the Rhineland. That this demand was regarded by France as "impudent" is beside the point. Much as one sympathises with the idea of a German *rèvanche*, the fact remains that European statesmen cannot have it both ways. They must decide to keep the peace either by Covenants and Pacts and a general striving to live in harmony, or by a military overlordship—in which case we may as well scrap all our peace paraphernalia and openly prepare for the next Great War. Fortunately we have not yet reached a universal reversion to the latter mentality, and although Herr Müller's demand was not accepted, it did meet with an agreement to negotiate terms for the earlier withdrawal of Allied troops.

An Impracticable Scheme.

AS the price of the evacuation, France demands of Germany nothing less than the total of her War debts to Great Britain and America, plus an annual payment of at least sufficient to cover the cost of a loan amounting to half the money she claims to have spent in Reparations. Now the only way in which this can be done is by the marketing in the U.S.A. of German industrial and railway bonds to the value required. America might not desire to buy them, but if she did, Germany would hand over the proceeds to France and the money would ultimately find its way back to America. In the net result, America would have to get back her principal and interest from Germany (if she could) instead of from Great Britain and France.

Already critics are talking of a concerted European attack on the American position and accusing us of a determination to make Uncle Sam "hold the baby." That the new commission will attempt to fix the total German liability and provide some sane method of control of the demilitarised Rhineland zone is all to the good; but the scheme of coupling Allied debts with the Occupation is so impracticable that one can only regret the probability that Great Britain will be a party to it.

Miss Britannia's Garden



Yes—We Have No Mole Traps.

THE WEEK IN THE DOMINIONS

AN EMPIRE TOBACCO PROBLEM

By J. Saxon Mills

IT is pleasant to record in these days that something positive is being done. Actually something. And the Prince of Wales is doing it. It is not exactly a joy-ride, this journey of his down the central length of the Dark Continent. True, the Prince is now an "expert safarist," and will not expose himself with reckless ignorance to the jungle-bred dangers of malaria and the other plagues which lurk in the territories he will pass.

But the hard work and the risks are there, and the Empire is once more beholden to the Prince for threading these East and Central African colonies in turn on to the chain of personal loyalty and devotion which he has carried throughout the Empire.

As the Kabaka of Buganda truly said, a visit by the Prince of Wales is "tantamount to a visit by His Majesty."

A vast Central African federation under the British flag is in embryo in these regions. The Prince's progress will help powerfully to its birth and development. And so, at Christmas, when the Prince of Wales ends his three thousand mile trek at Table Bay, he will have done high political service in strengthening the pillars of the Empire in the African Continent.

Rhodesian Tobacco Problem.

MY recent remarks about tobacco-growing in Rhodesia are bringing me letters from settlers in that country sent on to me by their sorrowful relatives. And sad reading they are.

"The price of leaf to the grower," I read in one, "does not cover expenses, and all the growers in Southern and Northern Rhodesia are practically ruined. To meet the widespread ruin the Government have had to set aside half a million to advance money on leaf to growers (4½d. per lb.) to enable them to live and also to start afforestation where those completely ruined can earn enough tree planting to keep them from destitution."

"My crop," I read in another letter, "was ten tons, and for this I have not received one penny up to date, nor do I expect to. To carry on another year, borrowing further money in the hope of getting a better price, would be madness."

There is no mystery about the business. A year or two ago tobacco-growing in Rhodesia was booming. This brought a rush of young settlers, who lifted the tobacco product from one million to ten million pounds in a year. It might seem a small matter for this country to absorb that amount. We import about 230 million pounds of tobacco a year, and every man, woman, child and infant-in-arms smokes on an average 880 cigarettes per annum—the highest *per capita* consumption in the world.

But our cigarette smoker is a trusted conservative. He clings hard to certain proprietary brands whose names, owing to big advertising, are almost household words. The rate of consumption of Rhodesian tobacco kept no pace with the increased production. Hence these tears. Stocks have so greatly accumulated that the grower can get no fair price, and consequently he reaps no benefit from the imperial preference, which was to make the wilderness blossom like the rose.

But prospects are brightening. One of the big combines has now taken up Rhodesian cigarette tobacco and is advertising certain

brands. The market is improving and is likely to strengthen as time goes on.

Meantime what is the hard-hit settler to do? It would be a pity for him to go out of business just when the tide is turning. Moreover, all future developments of the industry will be held up if, when the demand revives, the supplies are no longer available. The settler must hold on, if only by his eyebrows.

Mr. Amery, though a non-smoker himself, knows that tobacco means prosperity to Rhodesia. He will doubtless do what he can. And meanwhile our English smoker can give a big leg-up to our youngest British Dominion, save existing settlers and blaze a trail for many more, if he will just put a few Rhodesians into his cigarette case.

A Book That Courts.

MR. AMERY'S new book, *The Empire in the New Era*, is almost as epoch-marking as was Sir John Seeley's *Expansion of England* in its day. We shall all have to read it—even Mr. Lloyd George—if we wish to deepen our knowledge of British politics and of the masterforces which are shaping our destinies and those of the world at large.

Mr. Amery tells us how: "Without interfering with the free development of economic life in each part of the Empire, we can, by combining our external purchasing power, build up a scale of production which will enable us to hold our own and far more than hold our own with either the United States or with Europe. We can make of Pan-Britannia a far greater thing in every sense, and for every end, than either Pan-America or Pan-Europe."

"By dealing with those who deal with you, you so apply the power of your market that it comes back to you again, making the whole Empire your wider home market." That is the core and pivot of the message which the Secretary of State carried into every self-governing province of the Empire.

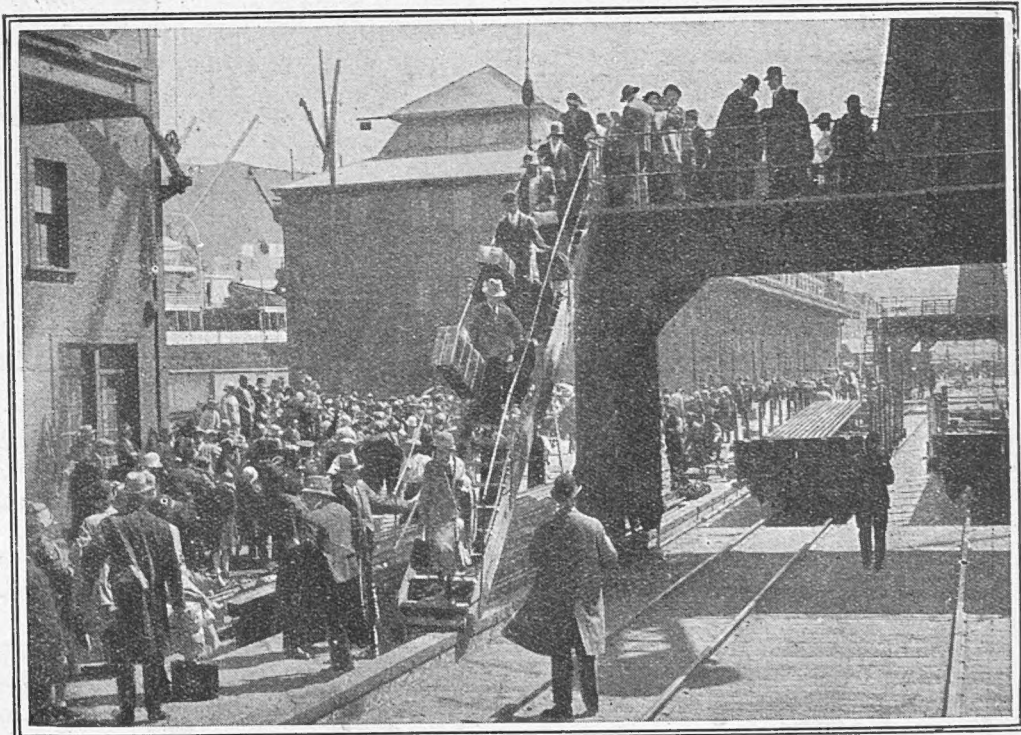
This does not mean that the Empire is to be a "shut state," as the Germans say, and do no business with the rest of the world. But it does mean that our first duty and our highest interest is to develop that brotherhood of man, that League of Nations, which is the British Empire.

Reopening the Doors.

IT is good news that New Zealand will shortly open her portals once more to the settler from this country. They have been barred and bolted, except to the "breezy housemaid," for eighteen months past. That is bad all round. New Zealand's normal power of absorbing new settlers is not an astronomical figure. It may be placed at about 10,000 a year. Yet that is something. The annual 10,000 who have gone out to the brighter England of the Far South have always been an enviable class of migrant, and the sudden closing of the door has helped to intensify congestion and unemployment here.

The causes of this stoppage are worth noting. It arose mainly from a difficulty in marketing New Zealand butter and other produce in this country. As I often point out, migration and marketing are twin-brothers. It is no use decreeing that, say, two million folks shall be transferred in the next few years from this country to the overseas Empire unless we undertake to buy what they are going to produce.

If we wish to send our surplus British stock where it will be a potential strength and security to us as well as to the Dominion which takes it, we must will the means as well as the end. We must eat and drink and smoke Imperially. New Zealand is making up her leeway of the last two years, and as financial and marketing difficulties pass away, the wheels of migration will again move.



Emigrants landing at Wellington, New Zealand.

IN THE PILLORY

Being a record, with some comments, of things said, wisely and otherwise, by the celebrities, notorieties, and nonentities, of our day.

Said:

Lady Frances Balfour:

None of us can move any where without finding that men are trembling before coming events.



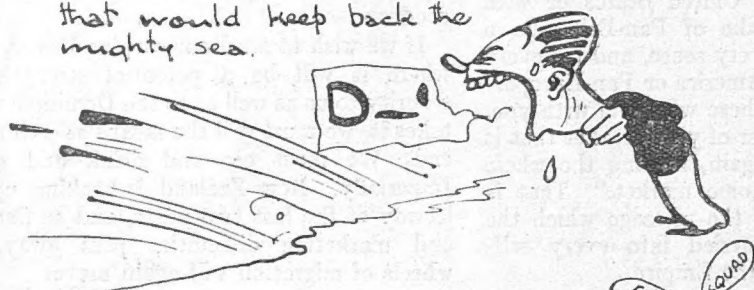
Mr. T.P. O'Connor

I have been to three or four horse races, but only in a professional capacity.



Mr. Ingle, Sec. of Chamber of Trade, Ulverston, Lancs.

We should like to see a dam that would keep back the mighty sea.



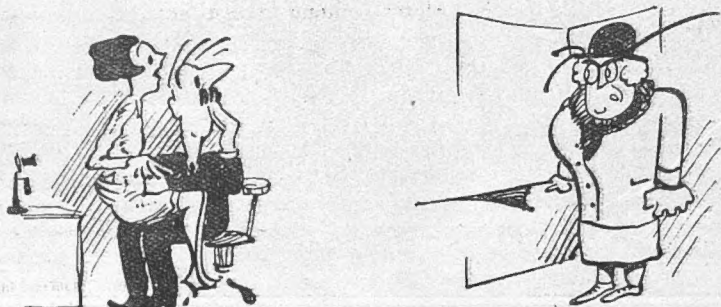
Mr. Edgar Wallace

My pet aversion is the wasp.



The Hon. Bertrand Russell, F.R.S.

Romance—and so to the Divorce Court.



Mrs. Aimée McPherson

I do not consider short hair is suitable for preaching.



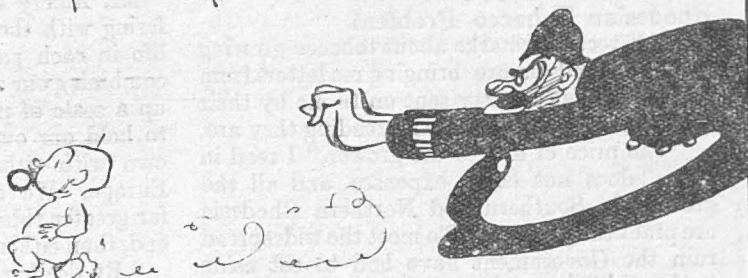
D.R.H. Suffolk

Please help me; I am so dreadfully tall I stand 6ft. Is it possible for me to wear low-heeled shoes? I have such big feet would it be correct for me to wear low heels at a dance?



'The Star'

'Amazing escape of a baby.'



D. Mansfield Robinson

I have a Martian woman guide who is very sweet. This is a Martian sentence.

'Oom qz wa na wa'

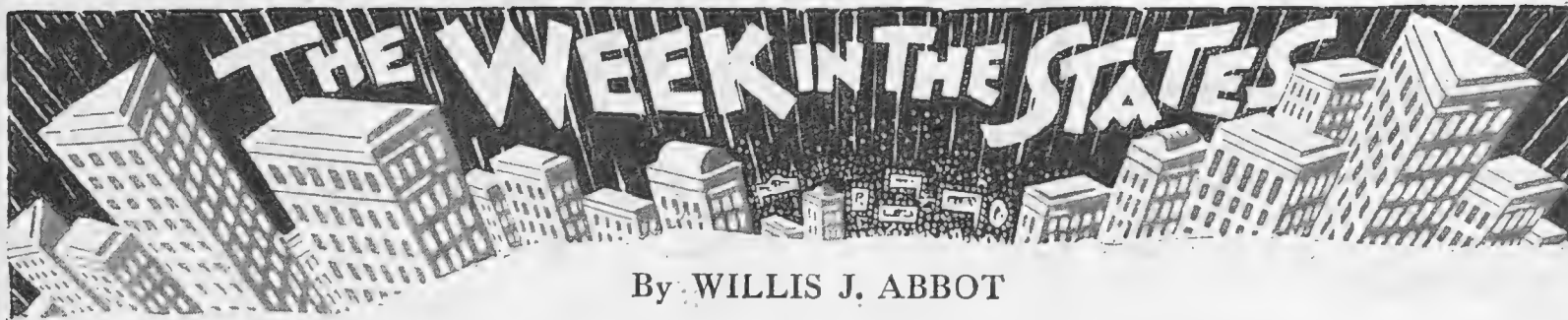


Miss Tallulah Bankhead

There was not a word of prayer all the time I was with Mr. McPherson. I am obviously not that class of person.



D'Eunice



By WILLIS J. ABBOT

This is the fifth of BRITANNIA'S exclusive cables dealing with the Presidential Campaign in the United States, by Willis J. Abbot, recognised as one of the premier political writers of America to-day.

AMERICAN politicians are in the habit of saying that a presidential campaign is always won or lost by October 15th. The last two or three weeks, they hold, seldom produce anything in the way of arguments or the shifting of political allegiance which will affect the result.

The rule is not an invariable one. The famous Blaine-Cleveland campaign in 1884 was lost in the last three days, when a rhetorical parson eulogising Blaine coupled "Romanism" with "Rum and Rebellion," thus arousing the instant hostility of the then potent Irish-American vote. Mr. Hughes lost the Presidency in 1916 by a very narrow plurality due almost wholly to the disaffection stirred up among the Republicans of California in the last days of the campaign.

It is my opinion that such eleventh hour shifting of the present political allegiances is not wholly impossible although unlikely. In a campaign full of dynamite, party loyalty is at its lowest, and something might occur which would wholly overcome the present seemingly conclusive lead of Hoover.

Is Hoover a Certainty?

So far as those indications to which politicians refer as "straws" can forecast, Hoover is as good as elected. In October Maine gave the biggest Republican vote in its history, and Maine votes nearly always presaged the result of the national election. A little later Ohio primaries showed an overwhelming preponderance of Republican voters in that State, and what is of more significance, showed Democratic as well as Republican voters that the State stood for Prohibition. Shortly afterwards, newspapers and other publications began taking "straw" votes, and at the present moment every one of these polls shows Hoover far in the lead—even though the paper conducting it opposed his candidacy.

A Newspaper Vote.

At a meeting in Chicago the other day of the directors of the American Society of Newspaper Editors there were present ten editors of papers in cities of the type of Philadelphia, Detroit, Boston, Cleveland and Chicago. Four of these direct papers are supporting "Al" Smith, but all ten agreed that his defeat was practically ensured—only a miracle could save him.

The editor and publisher of a weekly devoted to the interests of journalism, has taken a poll of 925 editors of daily papers irrespective of political affiliations. According to these leaders, or at least observers, of political thought, Hoover is certain to receive a popular majority of at least 3,500,000 votes and the electoral vote of 387, or 121 above majority.

Curiously enough, this exceedingly optimistic estimate from the Republican viewpoint, at any

rate, denies to Hoover a single electoral vote from the solid South. The Hearst papers, too, have undertaken a nation-wide poll, with the result that in twenty States west of Mississippi



Hoover—President on a paper vote.

Hoover leads in all but three—Arkansas, Louisiana, and Colorado.

In the total vote of about a million Hoover's majority is approximately 12,500, and tabulators, reasoning from the vote thus cast, assign him 416 electoral votes. *The Chicago Tribune* polls, limited to two States—Wisconsin and Illinois—give both to Hoover, though his opponents have claimed

The Presidential Campaign is now taking on a peculiarly bitter and malignant quality.

Such vital issues as the story of Hoover's dancing with a negro woman in the South, or "Al" Smith's over-indulgence in surreptitious cocktails, are being discussed in a so-called whispering campaign.

The international issues are largely overlooked unless Protection be regarded as one.

the latter for "Al" Smith, and declared the former doubtful. And finally, in the nation-wide poll taken by *The Literary Digest*, which now includes 2,500,000 votes gathered from polling lists in all the States, gives Hoover a lead in 42, including six of the ten States of

the solid South, a majority of more than 600,000 for Hoover gives him 63 per cent. of the total vote.

The importance of this survey is accentuated by the fact that four years ago a similar poll by the same magazine approximated the actual results of the election with uncanny accuracy. The percentage of error was less than 3 per cent.

A Whispering Campaign.

I have gone at length into these forecasts of the election in order that readers of *BRITANNIA* may have a reasonably certain foreknowledge of the outcome of this quadrennial struggle in the United States. It is now taking on a peculiarly bitter and malignant quality. Such vital issues as the story of Hoover's dancing with a negro woman in the South, or "Al" Smith's over-indulgence in surreptitious cocktails, are being discussed in a so-called whispering campaign. The international issues are largely overlooked unless Protection be regarded as one. On that issue the platforms are not dissimilar, but Hoover emphasises it rather more than "Al" Smith on the stump.

If Hoover is Elected.

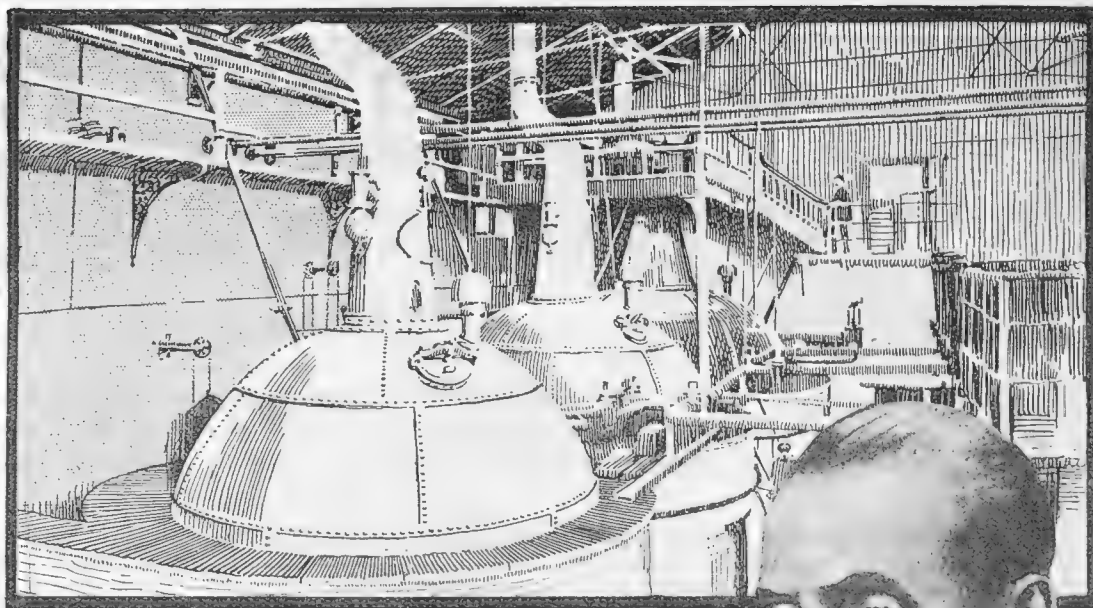
Americans generally anticipate that Hoover's election will result in more intimate association of the United States with world affairs. It is true that the League is not an issue in the Campaign, that he has declared explicitly against the cancellation of debts and that he promises to follow President Coolidge's policies—whatever they may be.

But the feeling is that it is quite incredible that a man of such long and intimate association with Europe, and to some extent with Asia, could maintain the rather parochial attitude of the outgoing administration. Indeed, one of the chief points of attack upon him is his alleged overfriendship for Britain and his reported desire at one time to become a British citizen.

Both these allegations he denies, and disproof of the latter is convincing. We find it, in view of these facts, rather surprising that most Englishmen visiting this country manifest a decidedly anti-Hoover complex. Seemingly on your side of the water among those actively interested in international affairs there is a dislike of Hoover, even though there be no admiration for "Al" Smith.

Whether this opinion is the outgrowth of Hoover's official opposition to the effort to stabilise the price of rubber in British plantations or to his seeming abandonment of the League it still seems unjust. Those who know him best are confident that his election will mark the return of the United States to those international councils from which it is so largely withdrawn.

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PROFIT	800	10	0	0

IN the event of death before the age of 55, the £1,000 plus accumulated bonuses would become payable.
It is assumed that the present rates of Income Tax Rebate and Reversionary Bonus are maintained.
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You and your Money

K³⁷/A95617
 London May 30th 1928.
 300 NEWBOND AVENUE, W.C.1.
 By A. G. Walsh

I HAVE something important to say on the subject of share values. The over-valuation of electricity shares is a matter to which the attention of investors ought to be directed at once. I have nothing against the industry.

The substantial advance in the quotations of electric supply shares since the beginning of this year is an indication of public confidence in its future; but there are certain elements in the rise that require careful investigation.

When a group of similar shares appreciates steadily and the daily market reports announce: "Electric Supply Shares Again in Demand," how often, I wonder, do people say "I must buy some of these; big dividends surely are expected"? It is just this thought that has caused the excessive appreciation of electricity shares.

And the result? I find that on the basis of the last dividends paid, the yield on many of the London and principal provincial electricity undertakings is under 5 per cent. gross. At current prices, and deducting income tax at 4s., County of London Electric ordinary shares yield a trifle over 2½ per cent. net, and Metropolitan Electric only 2½ per cent. North Metropolitan ordinary shares return just over 3 per cent. net, Midland Counties nearly 3½ per cent., and the Shropshire, Worcester and Staffordshire Company slightly over 3 per cent.

Among good class ordinary shares, the yields on those of the electricity supply companies are, perhaps, the smallest recorded on the Stock Exchange at the present time. It is obvious, therefore, that electricity shares are too dear.

Three Reasons.

AS many of you, doubtless, are interested in electricity shares, I desire to make it plain that these views are based upon a careful study of the position. It is difficult to decide what factors were most instrumental in causing the rise in these shares. Possibly three considerations were at work.

First, the belief that further capital will be required for the expansion of the industry; that this will be raised by an issue of shares well below the market price; and that shareholders thereby will receive the equivalent of a bonus.

For example, if the existing shares stand at 30s., the supply company may issue new capital, giving preference to its shareholders, at a premium of 5s. This would mean that shareholders would obtain the new shares at 25s., or 5s. under the market price.

This procedure would work very well when market values are reasonable. But I contend that it becomes impossible for an electricity company to issue ordinary share capital on this basis when, as at present, inflated quotations prevail.

With ordinary shares quoted at 48s., for instance, as against 30s. a year ago, I cannot see how an electric supply company could raise money at a premium commensurate with the market price. If it establishes a premium of 20s. (that is, issues the shares at 40s.) it will find itself forced in the future to pay a dividend sufficient to justify this premium.

Experts tell me that technical and operating conditions render it practically impossible for electricity companies to pay more than 8 per cent. and make adequate provision for depreciation. The effect of the rise in the ordinary shares, therefore, has been to force electricity companies to confine themselves to issuing new capital in the form of fixed-dividend shares.

Let me here explain that up to 1931 the dividends the London companies may pay are on a standard basis, provided the revenue is earned. After 1931 the dividends are fixed at 7 per cent.

No American Buying.

ANOTHER possible reason for the rise is the belief that, under the national scheme, electricity companies will be able to earn a larger margin of profit. Not by charging higher rates, but through working economies.

It would be dangerous to assume that, in the case of a public utility like electricity supply, dividends of more than 8 per cent. could be expected in the future.

A third reason is the idea that American financiers are anxious to buy up British electric supply undertakings. Nothing of the kind is

some effect this year upon the rate of electrical power production, even although, during the first nine months, the national output of electricity should have shown only half its normal rate of expansion.

If you hold shares in electric supply companies, check the price and ascertain the yield on the basis of the last dividend. Ask yourself "Am I satisfied?" If you are, then hold; if the potential yield seems too small, sell out.

Unique Annuities.

HERE is a unique type of investment: Indian railway annuities. Most people regard an annuity as a fixed income from an assurance company in return for a capital payment. But there are other annuities. I refer to the railway annuities paid by the Indian Government. These are fixed annual amounts paid irrespective of railway earnings.

The annuities I have in mind are the "A" class, which cease at given dates. Capital is not returned. It represents the purchase money; but the annuities can always be sold on the Stock Exchange. Naturally the market value decreases as the duration of the annuity shortens.

Yields of 6½ to 7½ per cent. net, after all deductions including income tax, are afforded. As part of the annual payment is regarded as a return of capital, income tax is only charged upon the portion regarded as interest.

The duration of the terminable annuities ranges from 20 to 30 years. The market value of the annuities is based upon the duration and is calculated at so much for each £1 of annuity. Deductions of a few pence per £ in respect of sinking fund charges are made, and the net amount paid over is after charging income tax. The net annual payment—dividend, if you like—varies from 17s. to over 18s. on each annuity, the longer-dated annuities giving the smaller return.

YOU have the choice of four distinct "A" class annuities. These of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway cease in 1948; they have thus 20 years to run. The price is £11 15s. for each £1 of annuity, which represents about 12s. net. Thus the purchaser receives an annual return of about £7 13s. per cent.

East Indian "A" annuities cease in 1953. They thus continue for 25 years from the present time. Current price is a few shillings over £13 and the yield is over 6½ per cent. net, after deducting income tax.

Longer-dated annuities are those of the Madras Railway, expiring in 1956 and the Scinde, Punjab and Delhi, ceasing in 1958. At £13 5s. Madras "A" annuities return 6½ per cent. net, while the Scinde at £13 12s. 6d. will yield you a shade over 6½ per cent. net for 20 years.

When these annuities cease no return of capital is made. On the other hand with what is called the "B" class the capital is repayable at a given date, and, in some cases, with a substantial bonus. These "B" annuities give a low yield.

I shall deal with them in the next issue of BRITANNIA.

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to inquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiased opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

likely to happen. It is true that American money has already gone into several electric supply undertakings here, but I understand that American penetration into the electricity supply business of this country has now ceased.

Recently, an American financier declared that the yields on British electric supply shares were the lowest in the world. American funds are now being transferred to the Continent, where more profitable opportunities exist.

Electrical Progress Handicapped.

QUITE apart from these considerations, which in themselves, I submit, are sufficient to show that there is no real justification for the boom in electric supply shares, the companies are unwilling to embark upon further capital expenditure.

Thus, the normal progress of the industry will be handicapped through thoughtless investors paying fancy prices for their shares.

I understand that the reluctance of the companies to incur further capital outlay will have

You and Your Money—*cont.*

Artificial Silk Developments.

IN the near future interesting developments are expected in the artificial silk industry. Already the German chemical combine, the I.G. Farbenindustrie, has acquired an interest in the British Breda. I believe that this interest involves £250,000.

This step has special significance. The Dutch Enka group recently secured control of the Dutch Breda. The inference is that the British Breda is controlled indirectly by the Enka group. If this theory proves to be correct then the Dutch interests and those of the German chemical and dye trust are brought closer together.

Apart from this, several new artificial silk issues are in prospect. One of these, I understand, is a fresh issue of capital by an existing company, the Tomaszow Artificial Silk Works (Warsaw), the existing shares of which are now dealt in on the London Stock Exchange.

Cuprammonium Silk.

Another new company is the British Cuprammonium Silk Spinners, with a capital of £1,100,000. This has just been formed to work the improved process of Count Callimachi, who was scientist to Courtaulds for a number of years.

The processes in operation in this country are the viscose and the acetate. The Bemberg of Germany manufactures cuprammonium silk, and I believe that Courtaulds does so at their Flint factory. But the quantity of cuprammonium silk manufactured in this country is negligible comparatively.

I am told that silk manufactured on the cuprammonium process has special qualities that give it a distinct advantage. The cellulose base of pure cotton employed in its manufacture ensures the production of a superior yarn.

ONE of the principal difficulties of the artificial silk industry has been to obtain a material which closely resembles real silk in both softness and lustre, which possesses good draping and washing qualities with the sheen of real silk.

Artificial silks produced by the viscose and other similar processes have a hard metallic brilliance which invariably stamps the finished article as artificial silk.

These difficulties have been overcome in a marked manner by the production of cuprammonium silk, which of all substitutes most nearly approaches real silk.

Safeguarding Industry.

AS the United Steel Companies constitute one, if not the largest, iron and steel group in this country, employing over 30,000 men, when working at full capacity, the remarks of the Chairman on the present position of this basic industry, deserve to be read carefully by all investors.

On the group's production of 2,500,000 tons of coal and 850,000 tons of steel, the reduction in prices during the past year represented a fall in value of more than £600,000 as compared with the prices of the previous year.

To meet this reduction there has been no relief of any kind. None in raw materials; none in transport charges; none in local taxation; and wages have remained practically unaltered. No wonder the industry can make no headway.

Some illuminating figures were given as to the probable effect of the derating proposals of the Government. The Company should certainly benefit materially. It paid in local taxation last year £208,314. If derating means that it

will be relieved of 75 per cent. of this amount the saving will exceed £156,000 per annum.

This is merely an estimate, but it shows that in one sense derating will be helpful. At the same time, it should be made clear that the Government's scheme will not go to the root of the depression in the heavy industries, nor will it prove a corrective.

The leaders of the coal and steel industries are practically unanimous in their view that unfair foreign competition is the main cause of this depression. Therefore, the most effective means of combating it is to apply safeguarding to the iron and steel industries.

The Gramophone Ramp.

Since attention was directed in BRITANNIA to the facts and figures of the production of cheap gramophone records I find that there is a disposition on the part of investors to look more closely into the prospects of some of the new enterprises floated this year.

The current issue of *The Pianomaker*, the journal of the music trade, contains an outspoken criticism in which it is pointed out that in trade circles there is "a rising wave of indignation at the scandal attendant upon the operations of company promoters, as it is recognised when the debacle comes, for a

time, at any rate, a bad odour will be cast upon the whole industry."

That is precisely what I think about the whole business. In the fever of the speculation, few investors appear to have investigated the fantastic estimates put forward by some of the new companies.

Nobody with any pretensions to a knowledge of finance can dispute the assertion of the above authority that "for months past the issue of the company appealing to the public with but the slightest suspicion and operating in the gramophone world has been over-subscribed."

The time is not far off when the public will realise how easily they have been relieved of their cash. These remarks are not intended, of course, to apply to established concerns like the H.M.V. the Columbia and others whose records have long been known in the trade.

Our contemporary gives some amazing details of the Duophone Company—"the real truth" to use its own description.

It dismisses as absurd the official claim that the company has orders to keep going the factory capacity of thirty million records.

With no successful trading record behind it the company is to accomplish something which neither the Columbia nor the H.M.V. Company has ever done in England.



Exclusive to Britannia.

A Travelling Crane at Vickers Works.

Photo: E. O. Hoppé.



By A. G. Walsh

THE flood of new issues tends to distract for the time being public attention from the older securities. And there is no sign of this stream of new capital abating.

Far from it; offerings totalling several millions will be made within the next four weeks. These will include at least three foreign government loans. Already the preliminary arrangements are completed for floating off the sterling portion of the £2,000,000 Peruvian National 6 per cent. loan.

A Bulgarian loan is to be launched shortly under League of Nations auspices, while within a month I expect to have full details of the impending Roumanian loan, in which several countries are to participate.

This year's appeal for new capital should constitute a record. The total, I expect, will exceed £330,000,000. How many people, I wonder, have any conception of the amount of capital invested outside of British government loans since the war?

From a calculation I have made the new capital issues made since the armistice amount to something like £2,500,000,000. This does not include British government loans.

Gambling Checked.

ALTHOUGH a more subdued atmosphere now prevails in the Industrial market the speculative spirit continues to manifest itself here and there; but with much less aggressiveness.

My opinion is that soon we shall see the end of the senseless gambling in gramophone records and kindred shares. The public now realises that the tales of wonderful profits in prospect were based upon fancy and not upon fact. The newer companies have yet to create a market for their products and this cannot be done without much pioneer work and expense.

Profit-Taking.

THE disposition to realise shareholdings while the "going is good" is not confined to the record group. I hear that brokers are advising clients to "take profits" wherever they can. This apprehensiveness concerning the immediate outlook is justified. A good deal of the stuff bought during the recent boom was financed by means of bank loans.

Many borrowers, I hear, have had pretty straight hints that it would be desirable to pay off part of their loans. Accordingly I am quite prepared to see between now and the end of the year a small stream of liquidation, which may grow in volume as December approaches.

Not for a moment am I to be regarded as predicting a general slump or setback in Industrial shares. To begin with, any reaction will be most noticeable only among recently active shares.

When it comes to a question of realising the disposition is always to sell the share that shows the best profit. Hence you will find probably that the liquidation will commence among shares which have been an object of speculation lately.

Of course, as one group of shares goes out of favour, another may become the vogue. Artificial silk shares are a case in point, but so far public interest does not go beyond Court-auds. I am not surprised; the trade demand

for best quality artificial silk yarns has so fallen off that I fear some of the smaller companies are in for a lean time.

Tobacco shares have not been quite so good. In the case of "Bats" this is easily explained. The speculators who bought them in expectation of a bonus don't want the new shares; they only wanted a quick cash turn. If you are a holder I advise retention in order to secure the quota of shares of the new tobacco trust.

Nickel Combine.

MOND Nickels have been the outstanding feature, the price surpassing all previous high records. The rise is the result of the arrangement to effect a combine with the world's other great nickel company, the International Nickel, an American undertaking.

This combination of interests will bring virtually under British control about 90 per cent. of the world's supply of nickel. I do not anticipate any change in the constitution of the Mond Nickel.

The fusion will be effected by forming a holding company which will issue its own shares in exchange for those of Mond Nickel. Holders of Mond Nickels will get share for share in the new company.

Iron and Steel Shares.

TO readers of BRITANNIA, attracted by the apparent cheapness of the quotations, who seek my opinion as to the wisdom of buying low-priced Iron and Steel shares for a good rise, I have been at pains to explain that until the companies concerned are on a sounder financial basis such shares must be regarded as highly speculative purchases.

Many companies will be quite unable to resume dividends until they undergo financial reorganisation. The latest company to take this step is Beardmore. Nearly £3,000,000 is to be written off the capital as lost. The nominal value of the preference shares is to be written down from £1 to 10s. each, but, as the current market price is only 5s., holders are sustaining no real loss through such action.

The dividend arrears are to be cancelled, but the future dividend, if profits permit, is to be increased to 10 per cent., free of tax, up to 4s. in the £. This will give shareholders the same cash return as that to which they are entitled at present. The only difference is that the new dividend is non-cumulative. The ordinary shares, which are held by the Chairman, are to be cut down from £1 to 1s. each.

War Loan "Ex Dividend."

THE strength of gilt-edged stocks, British loans in particular, is giving rise to the belief that a new Government loan is imminent. Rumours to this effect already have been in circulation, but have been dismissed as premature. It is known, of course, that provision will have to be made for loans falling due next year for repayment.

Five per cent. War Loan rose the other day to nearly 103½, the highest point attained in the last five years. Yesterday the stock went "ex dividend," and the price has been adjusted accordingly to make allowance for the fact that the seller now retains the December half-yearly payment. Prior to yesterday the seller ob-

tained a better price, as the buyer then had the right to the next interest. The reverse is now the case.

Friendless Rails.

HOME railway stocks in their friendless state have been allowed to dwindle down. Nobody seems to have a good word for them. I admit that the continuous decline in weekly traffic receipts is disquieting, but as against this I hear that the companies are effecting economies in every possible direction, without impairing efficiency.

Anyone who buys Home Rails now with the intention of retaining them for a year or two ought to make a bit of money. Don't regard the junior stocks as anything better than a speculation.

Yields on Foreign Bonds.

AMONG foreign bonds, I notice that the Rumanian 4 per cent. loan is receiving some attention, as I anticipated it would. It is still cheap at anything under £55. The present quotation is about £48.

In the recent scramble for Industrial shares the merits of many high-yielding foreign government loans have been quite overlooked. It is still possible to obtain yields of a little over 6 per cent. with reasonable security in this group.

Turning to the more speculative markets, the outstanding feature is the broadening of public interest in Oil shares. Shells have touched £6. In a strong market I feel confident that the price would quickly advance to 6½.

NOTHING of interest to the average investor has been happening in the Mining Market. Tin shares hang fire. During September less tin was consumed by the tin-plate industry, but in the previous months the amount used was greater than in the same period of 1927. One month's figures do not count for much.

So far as Tin shares are concerned the main influence is the price of the metal. Probable movements cannot be predicted, and so uncertain is the market at the moment that hardened speculators prefer to stand by and watch.

Rubber in the Balance.

ALTHOUGH the price of rubber has hardened since the beginning of the month from 8½d. to over 9d. per lb., the immediate future of the market depends upon the course that will be taken by growers next month when the opportunity is afforded to sell whatever quantities they can. In some quarters the fear still persists that large supplies will be transferred from the East immediately restriction is removed.

An Explanation.

IN last week's article under this heading, by some strange freak of fate—or was it the printer?—some of the paragraphs got into strange company.

Let me be more precise. My comments upon the Bill to expropriate the San Paulo Railway became detached from the main paragraphs in column 3 and were placed, out of order, in the first column.

THE WHITE WOMAN

In The FAR EAST

By ALEC WAUGH

"BUT, my dear, it's marvellous, you can't think how marvellous; it's like all one's dreams come true."

That is how the majority of brides write home to their friends at the end of their first month in the Far East. And indeed the Malay States must seem at first like a sudden happening upon Eden.

The change is enormous. From a position of probably no very great importance, from a small house and a life of many cares, she is transported to a large house, a dignified position, an ample and a leisured life. In England only a very few people can imagine themselves to be anything more than very small cogs in a very large machine, but in the East, by the mere fact of being white, you are a person of prominence and importance.

The Bride in Her Home.

THE young bride, who in her own home is no more than one of many, finds herself in Penang and Ipoh and Kuala Lumpur what is the equivalent of being a member of the aristocracy. She is definitely of the ruling class.

She has a large and wide-verandahed house. She has a large staff of servants over whom she has very complete control. She does not live, as her mother does, in terror of her cook and maids. She can discharge an entire staff at breakfast in the certainty of being able to replace it in time for tiffin. She has to do practically no work. She gives the vaguest of orders in the morning knowing that if she brings four people back to dinner after a *pahit* (gin) party her Malay cook will provide a meal for them at a moment's notice with equanimity.

No Malay cook is ever unprepared. He works in collaboration with his friends. He enjoys what amounts to the amenities of a communal kitchen. He knows what parties are going on at what bungalows. He knows from whom he can borrow some soup, from whom some fish, from whom a savoury. He regards your crockery and silver and those of your friends as destined for general use, and it is by no means unusual to go out to dinner and find your own fish knives and forks set in front of you, all of which makes the business of housekeeping extremely simple.

A white woman in the East, even if she has a large family, has really very little to do except amuse herself, and there are countless opportunities for that.

A Woman without Rivals

THE men in Malaya outnumber the women by, I suppose, ten to one. She is surrounded with invitations to dance, to play tennis, to golf, to motor and to swim. She need never be lonely for want of *beaux*, nor are

there any competing attractions. In no other part of the world does a woman find herself so completely without rivals. In England a women's men friends lead a private and personal life, which she herself scarcely ever sees. In Malaya there is no such life.

Recent plays and novels have given the impression that life in the East is extremely vicious and promiscuous. What little I have seen of it, however, has convinced me that this picture, if not actually untrue, is grossly exaggerated.

There are scandals in the F.M.S. as there are scandals everywhere, but on the whole I do not believe that any fair-minded person could claim that the white woman fills a position of dignity with anything but dignity.

Life in towns like Penang and Singapore is, if only through absence of opportunity, very much more moral than life not only in London, but in any provincial English or American town. There is also, as there is in every British-run dependency, a marked colour line.

Irregular Unions.

IN Siam it is possible for a white man to live fairly openly with a Lao girl. In French Polynesia there is no colour line at all. In Tahiti, English and Americans entertain and are entertained by natives. In Malaya, however, nothing like this could happen. On the plantations it would be possible for a man to lead an irregular existence, but in the towns he would have to be extremely careful to keep any such arrangement secret.

All of which goes to make the position of the white woman in Malaya extremely strong. She

is the only type of woman a man can meet at all. She has a monopoly, a monopoly that makes her superficially as powerful as the American woman in America. Not more than superficially, however, for whereas the American woman not only looks but is important, governing and directing public opinion through her clubs, in the Far East the white woman counts for very little.

A Man's Work—His Life.

THE East is a man's world. A world of pioneers, of men who have abandoned their homes in a spirit of adventure to develop a strange country, and the pioneer is occupied pretty exclusively with his own job. He is there to produce rubber, to sell copra, to dredge for tin. His work is his life.

In London a very large percentage of masculine conversation deals with women; in the East you will hear them very little mentioned, even by the younger men. The conversation there is concerned with sport, with shares, with questions of policy and administration. Woman is a side-show.

One thinks always of the tropics in terms of glamour and romance. One has seen so many films, one has read so many descriptions of moonlit nights and palm trees, of golden sands, and softly lapping waters. But Malaya is not Polynesia. Penang is as lovely as Tahiti, but no two islands could be more different. Which is the reason, I think, why women weary of the East; why those first eager letters give way to prosaic bulletins of facts that are succeeded in their turn, as often as not, by indifference and discontent; why they are so ready when the time comes to accompany their children to Europe instead of remaining with their husbands.

Glamour that Cheats.

THE East is foreign to them; foreign and unwelcoming too, perhaps. They feel that it has cheated them. It has not given them the richness that it had seemed on the point of offering. It has its glamour. But it is not the glamour they had expected. In England one thinks of glamour and romance in terms of women, but in the East Romance is represented by the very real fortitude, patience and strength of those who have developed, in a hundred years, a strange and hostile country into what is perhaps England's most happy and prosperous dependency.



A typical Malayan bungalow at Penang.



"Cookee" goes shopping. The market place at Kuala Lumpur.

PARTIES *and* POLITICS

By
Lord Thomson

(Secretary of State for Air in the Labour Government)



WHEN I was lecturing in the U.S.A. my agent reported that the best drawing lecture was one entitled "Why I joined the Labour Party." According to him, the audiences liked personal explanations; and, besides, there was a good deal to explain—after all, the Labour Party in Great Britain was supposed to consist of oppressed workmen ground down by greedy capitalists and trampled on by the idle rich. Incidentally, I was suspected of being one of the latter; anyhow, I had been a soldier and called myself a Lord. Thus it became my painful task to try to reconcile my title and profession with what some very decent Yankees imagined was the British Labour Party.

ALTHOUGH I spent hours explaining that I was not a "Blood Lord," and had been sacrificed to the constitutional rule which requires that in every Cabinet at least one Secretary of State shall be a member of the Upper House; that a large proportion of the workmen in this country also had been soldiers during the war, and that I, like them, worked for my living; that the rank and file of the Labour Movement were not oppressed, down-trodden people, but self-respecting citizens determined to assert their rights and fully conscious of their stake in and value to the country; that they were no more revolutionaries than I was, but were working through their Trade Unions and the Political Party for long overdue reforms by constitutional means—neither the agent nor the audiences were quite convinced. Appearances were against me, and my politics were judged more by my clothes than by what I said. One of two types had been expected—a brawny workman or a pale-faced intellectual, and anyone who was neither could not possibly fill the bill.

The Conservative and Liberal Parties.

FOR many persons the choice of a political party depends more on temperament than on social or economic status. The most fervent Radical of my acquaintance is a millionaire doctor in California, who made his money, almost accidentally, out of real estate. He is a passionate reformer and wages war on social evils, such as poverty and ignorance, without regard to other people or his own interests. Yet while he makes great personal sacrifices for his ideals, he does not consider it necessary to impoverish himself now, any more than he felt obliged in earlier life, when practising his profession, to contract the diseases of his patients.

When I decided to enter the political arena, I confess I was unduly pessimistic about the future, both at home and abroad. The reason was that then I did not realise how slowly and small the mills of the gods could grind, and how helpless and patient were the masses in all countries. Nevertheless, the outlook was far from rosy to even the most optimistic and, as I saw things, the Conservative practice of leaving ill alone would almost certainly bring disaster.

While sympathising with the good intentions of the Tory democrats, it has always seemed to me that their association with the Die-Hards and big business dooms their efforts to sterility. Their calling is hard: to preach progress within a party which regards property as sacred, more

so, perhaps, than human life, which puts stability before reform and complicates its members in a net of reaction, must be heart-breaking. There is much that is honourable and fine in Conservative tradition; one is tempted to wish that there were less, for it covers also many evils, which are condoned by worthy people who find its bonds unbreakable.

The Check to Progress.

AT this time the Liberal Party was disintegrated. A few of the Radicals had taken a step further to the left, but the majority regarded the Labour Party much as a strict mid-Victorian parent might regard a modern young person of either sex. Yet, although the ultimate aims of Labour, more especially as announced by the loud-speakers of that party, may have appeared to Radicals to be Utopian, when they were not dangerous, so far as immediate programmes were concerned, Radicalism compared with moderate Labour policy was, and still is, as Tweedledum to Tweedledee.

Unfortunately, with the Radicals were associated some professing Liberals who, secretly, felt happier when the Conservatives were in power. Here was a potent cause of schism between progressive elements in the country; it has lasted ever since, with the result that progress staggers in a morass of party politics.

"The Lunatic Fringe."

IN 1919 the rank and file of the Labour Party consisted mainly of class-conscious workers, to whom an outlet for their political emotions was as essential as a safety valve to a steam engine.

Neither of the two older parties could quite fulfil this function: and even the Labour Party does not do so always or completely. But it does provide a link between politics and industry, and enables the workers to use their collective political power to improve their conditions, just as other classes in the community have used this power in the past.

It will be a bad day for the country if and when the workers resort to more violent methods, and these, in the long run, are the most probable alternatives.

Associated with the workers there have been from the beginning a number of men and women not members of the working classes in the usual sense of that term—social reformers, idealists, pacifists, various types of socialists—from the fiery spirits who demand socialism in our time to Fabian Gradualists—and a few of those eccentric characters, who always attach themselves to progressive parties, described, more unkindly than untruly, by Theodore Roosevelt as the "lunatic fringe."

These people also needed an outlet for their political emotions, and, whatever else may be said against them, they were disinterested. When I first joined the Labour Party, nine years ago, more often than not it was called the Labour Movement, and might well have been called a crusade. There was something Messianic in its outlook.

The idea that within five years we would be taking office would have been laughed to scorn. I remember a shrewd observer indulging in what was considered then a flight of fancy, when he said that Frank Hodges, who at the

time was thirty-three years of age, might live long enough to be the first Labour Prime Minister.

The Old Spirit Survives.

FEELING as I did then, after the war, I could have joined no other party. The few of its leaders whom I met impressed me by their common sense and grasp of the plain facts of the situation.

Among the more unobtrusive members were, and still are, some of the noblest natures it has been my privilege to meet. We had very little money and only two or three struggling newspapers, yet we were a cheerful company, full of ideas and aspirations, knowing that we were fallible, but often not believing it, prone to confound desires with realities, but firmly convinced of the practicability of a new social order, and in that faith offering, to all who listened to us, Utopia on a plate.

And thousands listened, for it was a time when men were sick of deeds and, like the Ajax of Sophocles, more ready to be moved by words. 1924 came and brought us back to earth; but in spite of the political machine, endless committees and opposition tactics, the old spirit has survived. In essence it is something very British.

Country Comes First.

POLITICS may be figured by a closed circle on whose circumference extremes meet. Fascism and Bolshevism are nearer to each other than they are to any democratic form of government. Neither are possible in this country while anything approaching just administration prevails.

It is my belief that 90 per cent. of the British people put country first, whatever may be their political allegiance. The remaining 10 per cent. are critics by nature, often international communists by conviction, and become agitators by profession. They are the gadflies of politics and may serve some useful purpose as a goad to the lethargic, but within a party they are an explosive leaven. Unfortunately, the Labour Party has been judged by the utterances of such people, who are encouraged to make further mischief by the wide publicity they enjoy in organs of the Press hostile to Labour. It is bad for the country that this should be so, because it creates a false impression about a great and growing national movement.

If I were not convinced that the vast majority of the members of the Labour Party were sensible, loyal, patriotic people, who put their country first in all things political, and want to make it first in civilisation, first in progress, first in the character and conditions of the people, I for one—and I speak for many others—would leave its ranks at once.

ACES AND KINGS

By JACK DALTON

Defending a No-Trump Hand.

THE first consideration in defending a No-Trump hand should be the clearing of your own or your partner's suit as the case may be.

If you are third player, and there is no card of any value (of your partner's suit) in dummy, you should finesse nothing with the solitary exception of the ace, queen and another, as I explained last week. When, however, you hold the ace, knave, and another and either the king or queen appear in dummy, you must invariably finesse the knave. That is obligatory, but having played the knave what are you going to do next if it wins the trick?

Clear Your Partners Suit.

Most players open some fresh suit up to weakness in dummy, in the hope of putting their partner in to lead again through the king, but that is a procedure that I am by no means fond of. The idea, of course, is that "if" the partner can be put in, and "if" he continues with his original suit, and "if" the declarer puts up the king on the second round, you will not lose a trick in the suit, but there are far too many "ifs" about it for my liking. Having won the first trick with the knave, I infinitely prefer to play out the ace and a small one, thereby clearing the suit.

Do Not Underestimate Your Opponents.

You must credit your opponents with a certain amount of commonsense, and when you branch off into some other suit, after having won the first trick with the knave, it can only mean one of two things. Either you have no more, or else, having the ace, you are lying in wait for dummy's king. If there are three to the king on the table, and the declarer has only two of the suit in his own hand, he is surely not going to be sufficiently foolish to play the king on the second round! You will, of course, catch it with your ace at the next trick, but meanwhile as likely as not you will have taken out your partner's sole card of re-entry, and his remaining good cards in the suit are therefore useless. For that reason it usually pays far better to give away one trick, and make certain of clearing the suit whilst your partner is still left with a card of entry.

Which Card to Return.

Another problem often confronts the third player in a No-Trump hand, and that is which card of his partner's suit to return. When holding only three, you should always lead back your highest, but if you happen to have four, the situation is a little different, and you must then be guided by the holding in dummy. If both you and your partner have originally four cards each, and there are three in dummy the declarer can only have one left after the first round. Consequently, there can be no possible object in leading a strengthening card through him, and it is just a question of whether it is best for you or your partner to be left with a lead after the fourth round.

As a general rule, it is advisable for the third hand to have it, so as to be able to lead up to the exposed dummy, and in order to make this possible the third player must return the lowest of his four cards at the second trick. As against that, if dummy has only one of the suit, the highest card should then be returned so as to give the original leader every chance of finessing.

There is one thing that must be carefully guarded against, and that is blocking the suit, if it so happens that your partner has more than you, but when you have each got four it may make a great deal of difference which of you is left with the lead after the fourth round. Both the original leader and his partner should be on the lookout for this position, and I know of nothing more irksome than to see one's partner making heroic efforts to get out of the way, when it is essential that he should win a trick to enable him to lead up to weakness in dummy.

Simple Points that Count.

At lawn tennis or squash racquets wherein does the great difference lie between the first- and second-class player? It is not the brilliant shots he makes that win the crack player his matches, but the fact that he very seldom misses the easy ones, and the same principle applies to the bridge player. This placing of the lead is really very simple, but the average player will not take the trouble to think about such minute details, whereas the more experienced at once appreciate their vast importance.

The All-important Rule.

The one vital rule to observe as third player in a No-Trump game, is that you must always return your partner's original lead immediately, unless you have exceptionally good grounds for doing otherwise. Do not be deterred merely because there is a good card in dummy—or perhaps even two as far as that goes. Assume the ace, knave, "x" to be in dummy, and that as third player you win the first trick with the king, thus leaving the ace and knave still on the table. Even under those circumstances you will probably do far less harm by continuing with the suit, than by switching to another, as for all you know your partner may have five cards to the 10 and two cards of re-entry.

I admit that there is certainly not the same harm done by leading fresh suits up to weakness in dummy, as by opening them up to the concealed hand. That is, of course, fatal. More often than not, however, it is far better to avoid doing so if you can. As my father used to say, "Always put them in on a 'sticky wicket.'"

Next Week's Features in Britannia

In addition to our regular features and other articles on subjects of topical importance, next week's issue will include:

EDGAR WALLACE
on

Among the Highbrows.

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL
on

Is Safeguarding Obviously Right?

ROSITA FORBES
on

Life in the New Balkans.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN
on

How I Found Jackie Coogan.

BENITO MUSSOLINI
GILBERT FRANKAU.

When do we start?

- Adelphi**: 8.10 "Clowns in Clover" *Revue*
Matinees: Mon. and Fri., 2.15 (Ger. 6622)
- Aldwych**: 8.15 "Plunder" *Farce*
Matinees: Wed. and Fri., 2.30 (Ger. 2304)
- Ambassadors**: 8.30 "Many Waters" *Drama*
Matinees: Tues. and Fri., 2.30 (Ger. 4460)
- Apollo**: 8.30 "The Brass Paperweight" *Drama*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 6970)
- Carlton**: 8.15 "Good News" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 2211)
- Comedy**: 8.30 "The Mollusc" *Comedy*
Matinees: Fri., 2.30 (Ger. 8978)
- Court**: 8.30 "Fortunato" and "The Lady from Alface" *Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30
- Criterion**: 8.40 "Passing Brompton Road" *Comedy*
Matinees: Tues. and Fri., 2.30 (Ger. 3844)
- Daly's**: 8.30 "Blue Eyes" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0201)
- Drury Lane**: 8.15 "Show Boat" *Musical Play*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Temple Bar 7171)
- Duke of York's**: 8.30 "Such Men are Dangerous" *Historical Tragedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0313)
- Fortune**: 8.30 "Napoleon's Josephine" *Historical Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Temple Bar 7373)
- Gaiety**: 8.30 "Topsy and Eva" *Musical Play*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 2780)
- Garick**: 8.15 "The Constant Nymph" *Drama*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.15 (Ger. 9513)
- Globe**: 8.15 "The Truth Game" *Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 8729)
- Haymarket**: 8.30 "Alibi" *Detective Drama*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 6030)
- Hippodrome**: 8.15 "That's A Good Girl" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0630)
- His Majesty's**: 8.15 "Song of the Sea" *Musical Play*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0606)
- Kingsway**: 8.30 "Thunder on the Left" *Phantasy*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30 (Holborn 4032)
- Little**: 8.30 "Diversion" *Tragedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 2401)
- London Pavilion**: 8.15 "This Year of Grace" *Revue*
Matinees: Tues. and Thurs., 2.30 (Ger. 0704)
- Lyceum**: 8.15 "The Flying Squad" *Detective Drama*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Temple Bar 7617)
- Lyric**: 8.30 "Her Cardboard Lover" *Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Gerrard 3686)
- New**: 8.20 "A Damsel in Distress" *Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 4466)
- Playhouse**: 8.30 "Excelsior" *Comedy*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 5162)
- Prince of Wales**: 8.30 "By Candle Light" *Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 7482)
- Queen's**: 8.30 "The Trial of Mary Dugan" *Drama*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 9437)
- Royalty**: 8.30 "Bird in Hand" *Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 2690)
- St. James's**: 8.30 "The Return Journey" *Fantastic Play*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 3903)
- Savoy**: 8.30 "Young Woodley" *Tragi-Comedy*
Matinees: Mon., Wed. and Thurs., 2.30 (Temple Bar 8888)
- Shaftesbury**: 8.30 "The Squeaker" *Detective Drama*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 6666)
- Strand**: 8.15 "The Beetle" *Mystery Play*
Matinees: Tues. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 3830)
- Vaudeville**: 8.15 "Charlot, 1928" *Revue*
Matinees: Mon. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 3815)
- Winter Garden**: 8.15 "So This Is Love" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Holborn 8881)
- Wyndham's**: 8.30 "Loyalties" *Drama*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 3028)

HOUSES AND PROPERTY.

FETCHAM PARK, LEATHERHEAD. Residence planned by well-known London architect. 4 Bed., 2 Rec., Bath, etc. Garage. All services. Near station. £2,490 Freehold with grounds of 1 acre. Also similar house, £1,625. Percy Harvey Estates, Ltd., Dept. B, Moor, late Stn. Chambers, E.C.2.

At the Theatre



Mrs. Patrick Campbell as "Ella Rentheim."

"John Gabriel Borkman. (Q Theatre). By Henrik Ibsen

WAS there not a Mrs. Patrick Campbell once, a slim, dark-eyed, willowy, slightly amateurish young actress who played with Mr. George Alexander in what was then regarded as a remarkably daring and outspoken piece called "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"? For it actually ventured to suggest the possibility that a lady who had not always been quite what she should be might become the wife of a respectable gentleman belonging to the best clubs.

True, the union was singularly unhappy; an innocent flapper daughter (I think it must have been Miss Maude Millett) was a perpetual and tearful reproach; and the *desorientée* lady of (former) pleasure took an early opportunity of suicide—and in view of the thoroughly dastardly way she was treated I don't blame her a bit for choosing this easy way of escape from her depressing and constantly emphasised position as a matrimonially reclaimed Magdalene. But the fact remains that this was then considered a decidedly audacious theme for a play, especially at the St. James's, and a certain flavour of impropriety instantly attached itself to the actress who played the part—not, I think, to her professional disadvantage.

A Voice from the Past.

How strange and distant those old days do seem. The curious conventions of the time—reference books affirm that it was thirty-five years ago—have crumbled into dust. Miss Millett (if it was she) is long dead, together with the Goo-Goo Young Girl that she theatrically represented. George Alexander is but a distinguished memory. Pinero has been discovered to possess feet of clay, or at any rate machinery that creaks, and as a dramatist is up on the museum shelf with the Dodo.

But Mrs. Patrick Campbell remains. She is still with us (as why shouldn't she be at a mere sixty-three?) and still delightfully alive. To say that she is a better actress now than she was then would be a ludicrousity of understatement. No longer, of course, could she play vampish heroines; but her art has matured infinitely with the years—nor, for that matter, I would add, has there vanished the half-Italian beauty of smouldering dark eyes and delicately chiselled nose.

She is seldom seen in London—I do not profess to know the reason, but for London's sake it is a pity, for her presence is an enrichment of any stage on which she appears.

HER INFINITE VARIETY

By Maitland Davidson

I saw her a few days ago at the Q Theatre in an Ibsen play, as Ella Rentheim in the rarely performed "John Gabriel Borkman." Her acting was admirable in its vitality, in its suggestion of suppressed force, of passion bottled up and run awry. The vibrant note in her voice, with its slight *timbre* of scorn, helped to lend to her Ella the true aspect of that nearly burnt-out but still burning volcano that she was.

The Tragedy of the Old.

This play is indeed largely the tragedy of all-but-extinct volcanoes; hidden fires that glow or flare from the old and outworn. John Gabriel, with his long-cherished altar-flame of arrested ambition, so sedulously and selfishly tended that its white but fragile heat is akin to the death-chill of ice: Mrs. Borkman, a furnace of bitter, narrow hate that relentlessly scorches and sears; poor Wilhelm Foldal, who warms weak hands at a self-deluding hearth of his own genius *manqué*—these are the tragic protagonists of a drama in which the younger characters are not much more than symbols, puppets, providers of "light relief."

"I want to live my own life" cries Erhard Borkman,—that battle-cry of "the younger generation knocking at the door" which was to inspire so much of the dramatic literature of the Ibsen period and the years to follow. But it is not the emotions of the younger but the older generation that inspired him to this spiritually imaginative play, whose power and significance has suffered surprisingly little from the attrition of time—perhaps for that very reason. For youth has long since advanced from subjection to a comfortable if not cotton-woolled independence, but the problems and agonies of thwarted maturity remain very much the same.

Cynically Modern Touches.

There are even touches of positively astonishing modernism in this product of the be-whiskered, frock-coated old Norwegian, in which he out-Lonsdales Lonsdale and puts to hypothetical rout the Cowards of to-day. As for instance when young Erhard goes off to "live in sin" with the semi-detached Mrs. Wilton and she takes with them on their unofficial honeymoon the young girl Frida because, as she coolly remarks, "men are fickle, and when he is tired of me, and I am tired of him, it is well for him to have some one to turn to." (I quote without the book). And being asked what she will do in that case, replies, in

effect, "I have my methods, Watson." Can you beat that for cold-blooded unmoral cynicism, vintage 1928?

Miss Nancy Price, I should like to add, made an extraordinarily vivid personage of the vindictive wife—but then, when does this brilliant actress ever fail in such portraiture? She has a faintly similar part in a film which I have written about on another page, "His House in Order," and in this very different *milieu* is equally if more subordinately effective.

Can it be true, by the way, I wonder, that she served on a mine-sweeper for two months during the war disguised as a boy? I am officially so informed by the authorities connected with the said film, and upon my word I can quite believe it from her stage air of concentrated determination. There are hopes, I understand, of bringing this play with its original cast—Mr. Victor Lewisohn is a sound if not sufficiently attenuated Borkman in it, and Mr. Frederick Cooper and Mr. M. P. Nicholson are quite efficient as the son and Foldal respectively—to a central London theatre, though at the time of writing nothing had been settled. I sincerely hope the project will come off. When you think of the battalions of perfectly futile pieces—mystery plays, farces, light comedies and the rest—that manage to get themselves staged in London, often only for a week or two before they (very properly) collapse like a pricked bubble. . . . Ibsen

(Continued overleaf)



Will Fyffe as "The Engineer."

may be strong meat sometimes for gallery girls brought up on a diet of Edgar Wallace and Evelyn Laye, but with the right kind of actors (like these) he is emphatically neither high-brow nor boring.

Music Hall Personalities.

Mlle. Delysia, Mr. Will Fyffe, and others. (Palladium).

Just to show you that neither high-brow nor low-brow matter in questions of dramatic entertainment (I myself am a confirmed no-brow) I will now whisk you on the magic BRITANNIA carpet to the Palladium, a music-hall which we have visited in company before, but the place seems to put up such an outstandingly good show whenever I go there that I offer no sort of excuse for the repetitive nature of this my next "turn." Right at the outset I will make a confession or avowal. I went to the Palladium to see one particular item, but I left there completely, unexpectedly, and overmasteringly captured and enraptured by another.

My original objective in visiting the Palladium was to see—if I were only a Royalty they would call it "witness"—the re-appearance of Mlle. Alice Delysia in London after a considerable interval. She is an artist (I use the word with full discrimination as to its implications) of a very excellent talent and, what's more, distinctive personality, and I hasten to add that I was not in the least disappointed. Delysia—if she will permit me the truncated appellation which is in itself a tribute—has not only beauty but charm, and not only charm but wit. Her songs were not terribly marvellous.

If you could care for me,
As I could care for you . . .
is a very nice air from "As You Were," but nothing to write home about.

It Must Have Been Improper.

Also she sang something which I'm sure was intended to be fearfully improper, that included the significant words—

For a wedding ring is cheaper,
But she said she preferred a keeper.
And there was another ditty with a refrain to the effect that whatever anybody offered her for a birthday present, she had definite views on the subject, to wit and that is to say,

"I like a man," and "On my birthday, please, give me a man." Yet through all this rather cheap stuff there shone a personality—a minor one, if you please, for this sort of bed-time stuff isn't exactly an appeal to the higher grey matter—but all the same anyone who has a separate existence at all is a refreshing relief in a world so largely peopled by colourless nonentities.

The Real Thing.

However, then there arrived Mr. Will Fyffe, and after that all my doubts, if any, as to why I had come to this resort of song and revelry were instantly resolved. I will not call Mr. Fyffe a genius, because that word is so infernally overworked; but he is anyway the nearest thing to a one-man show that I have ever yet discovered. I mean to say, I listened to him for I suppose about twenty minutes and I shouldn't have minded in the least if it had gone on for another twenty, or even thirty. He's supposed to be a Scotch engineer, you know, this fellow, on board a big ship, and he just tells you of his experiences in the ship, that's all—spitting at intervals into a cardboard dock or knocking out his pipe on a dummy post that forms part of the scenery. Strange adventures at sea "when the ship starts doing the Black Bottom," and meetings with passengers more opulent than tactful: "You must speak Daimler to these people."

Miss Gwen Farrar seemed to have some rather low songs on this occasion—or am I wrong in attributing a double meaning to descriptive phrases like that of the man who tells you he'll be a father to you "till father tries how much farther he can go" or the soldier who "tries manœuvres on your flank"? And Mr. Billy Bennett was encountered in rather good form with his little stories of how the mean man sent the bridal party through the poultry yard so that the chickens should eat the rice, and of the sailor (himself, of course, in suitable costume) who put the malt into Malta and the giblets into Gibraltar. We know our Billy Bennett, do we not?

Anti-American Propaganda.

"The Trial of Mary Dugan."
(Queen's.)

Now it came to pass also quite lately that I was invited to visit again that astonishing American play "The Trial of Mary Dugan" at the Queen's. The occasion was the arrival of Miss Ethel Irving to take up the part of Mrs. Rice, widow of the murdered man in this exciting affair, which I may as well tell you at once she did doubtless very efficiently according to her lights, and that's that.

What struck me most particularly about this business was (1) how amazingly efficiently the Americans can carry out their dramatic productions. This play, as you doubtless know, is staged from



Mlle. Delysia

start to finish in an American criminal court, and the curtain never even troubles to come down, odd jurymen, spectators wandering round in the intervals chatting together or eating sandwiches. Also (2) how gratefully, thankfully and per-fervently I go down on my knees every morning, noon and night and (figuratively) give thanks to the International Deity for that in his great and bountiful mercy he did not make me an inhabitant of those wonderful, spacious and in so many ways admirable United States.

Travesty of Justice.

It's a ridiculous British prejudice, I'm sure, but I'd positively hate, do you know, to see any young girl I know fairly well—or even ones I didn't—being bullied, insulted, and having fists shaken in their faces, as is apparently done by the best District Attorneys (whatever that may mean) in God's Own Country. And isn't it really rather amazing, if you come to think of it, that the Americans should ever have permitted this play to be produced outside their own country? Talk of Mr. Samuel Samuel, M.P., and his few kind remarks, which have been characterised as anti-American. . . . Could there be any stronger anti-American propaganda than is to be found in this play's apparently well-endorsed picture of America's travesty of justice and all the ordinary decencies as we know them, of life and the law?



Miss Genevieve Tobin and Mr. Martin Burton as Mary and Jimmy Dugan.

I RECOMMEND—

MUSICAL:—

"So This is Love!" Winter Garden. Laddie Cliff is the presiding genius, and you may smile. Enough said.

COMEDY:—

"The Mollusc." Comedy. Only four characters, but Joe Coyne is one of them.

DRAMA:—

"The Brass Paperweight." Apollo. Russian, yes, but beautifully and humanly acted and produced.

THE WEEK ON THE SCREEN

BRITISH FILMS of QUALITY

Pinero with a Shingle

By MAITLAND DAVIDSON

"POPPIES OF FLANDERS."

(British International.) Plaza.

THREE cheers (or at any rate two) may justifiably and joyfully be raised by the patriotic film fan in a survey of the programme for the coming week at the chief London screen theatres. For we have the strong if, alas, rare satisfaction of finding that the two outstanding new public productions there will be British—British both in origin and also, what does not invariably coincide, in subject and treatment. And though neither is gilded into wealth of effect by American lavishness or chiaroscuro-ed into a photographic subtlety on Germanically imaginative lines, each in its straightforward way is highly dramatic, effective and appealing.

Appropriately, with the near approach of Armistice Day, one of them has a plot that is closely interwoven though not exclusively concerned with the war. *Poppies of Flanders*, which will be shown at the Plaza, is not to be likened to or compared with the French war picture *Verdun*, at the Marble Arch Pavilion, which is pure war, admirably, realistically (almost overwhelmingly so) and historically done. This new film made by British International Pictures from a story by "Sapper" is romance, not realism; yet of a certain honest simplicity and dignity even in its most theatrical moments that make it not unfitting to be seen even by those in whom this coming tenth anniversary still rouses the most poignant memories. It has attributes of melodrama, but there is nothing in it to set the tenderest teeth on edge. Partly this is because of its source.

Mistakes they Make.

I could not help feeling, when I saw it privately the other day by the very kind courtesy of the Wardour Co., how essential it is for British screen stories to be handled exclusively by British people. No one knows the ways of another nation to the last button, and the tiniest mistakes are apt to jar. For instance, in the otherwise excellent film version of Warwick Deeping's *Sorrell and Son* now on at the New Gallery, to which I have already paid high and deserved tribute on general lines, there are one or two small but bad breaks due to American production. No Englishman would have dressed Stephen Sorrell in top-hat and morning coat to look for a job in a country town after the war, nor would he have passed the palatial Hollywood "set" represented as an English country hotel or inn.

Apart from this, and more important, *Poppies of Flanders* has the advantage of remarkably good acting. Handsome Mr. Henry Vibart seemed to me wrong as a frock-coated elderly peer; he was of the stage stage-y and I smelt oranges in the pit whenever he came on; but the rest are all sound, and Mr. Jameson Thomas as one of those dissolute-heroes-who-redeem-themselves proves himself of proper screen-star stuff. By which I mean that he not only acts with the minimum of apparent emphasis but unmistakably though unobtrusively excludes

personality. And it seems to me that personality is at least twice as important on the screen as on the stage. Naturally, for in a stage play the author, whatever actors and producers may think about it, is easily the element that counts most. On the screen, on



JAMESON THOMAS.

Jameson Thomas (By Himself).

the other hand, there are no words to hear (I have not forgotten the "talkies," but *je m'en fiche*).

There is a plot, to be sure, but what interprets it to us is not the author's words—those subtitles matter very little and have been dispensed with before now without depreciation of the drama in hand. The real interpreters are action and the actors.

Personality on the Screen.

Action, infinitely more varied, comprehensive and untrammelled by limits of space, time or scenery than the stage could ever dream of. Actors, of whom it is demanded that by their movements, their gestures, their facial changes, they should express an individuality which cannot be blown into them by the words of their parts like air into collapsible india-rubber toys.

This is a job with whose essential magic Mr. Thomas is undoubtedly and generously endowed. In his love-passages with Miss Eve

PICTURES TO SEE NEXT WEEK.

ASTORIA.—"Man, Woman and Wife."

CAPITOL.—"His House in Order." Tallulah Bankhead, Ian Hunter, Nancy Price.

MARBLE ARCH.—"Verdun." French war film.

NEW GALLERY.—"Sorrell and Son."

PICCADILLY.—"The Terror" All-talkie film play.

PLAZA.—"Poppies of Flanders." Jameson Thomas and Eve Gray.

STOLL.—Mon., Tues. and Wed., "The Spy"; Thurs., Fri. and Sat., "The Gay Defender" (Richard Dix): also travel film, "India To-day."

TIVOLI.—"The Trail of '98."

Gray, a very attractive but not altogether spotlightless heroine; in his drinking-bouts and his jolly adventures on board ship from Africa to the Front; in his gallant trench fighting and his sad renunciation of love, he contrives to be always an electric though (since we are British) not too highly-volted personage.

"HIS HOUSE IN ORDER."

(Ideal.) Capitol.

This same strange and inexplicable power of the personality shines out from Miss Tallulah Bankhead's performance as Nina in *His House in Order*, an ideal film which is to be at the Capitol next week. If I had been asked who was the most unlikely actress ever to be seen in a Pinero play, I daresay I might quite possibly have guessed Miss Bankhead, associated in many minds chiefly with a husky voice and a liberal display of lingerie. But the girl—and this I could have told you any time—can indubitably act, however well it may suit her book to exploit her apparently languid beauty in a series of cocktail-and-undie plays.

As the light-hearted second wife of solemn Filmer Jesson she would, of course, have been inconceivably miscast at the time the play was written, because she and her like had then not yet even been born. But in this (to any truly conservative mind) frightfully modernised film of the original Sir Arthur, she is a complete and perfect joy.

A Modernised Classic.

It really makes one smile a little—with a discreet backward glance to see if those once sable and luxuriant eyebrows are not too high-uptilted—to gaze on this up-to-date version of a classic which has (and rightly) been an exemplar for so many younger dramatists. Here are the pompous Ridgeleys introduced to us by caption as persons who "conveyed a suggestion of camphor," with the son Pryce as "an English gentleman of the thirst class," Tallulah—I mean Nina—warns Hilary that "You mustn't make jokes here—there's a Victorian wavelength" and, when she makes the discovery of the fateful letters, exclaims, "Your stained-glass sister-in-law was unfaithful all her life," while Hilary ripostes with "Have you thought what it means to the Kid?" All this may be very cheap caviare to the particular, yet personality wins through.

This Tallulah Bankhead of the shingled hair and short skirts—for the whole thing has been shifted forward twenty years or so—breathes into the resurrected affair life and a necessary but restrained naughtiness.

It may not be Pinero, but it is magnificently defiant of time, and Mr. Ian Hunter, Miss Nancy Price and Mr. Eric Maturin are all there to help persuade us, if we needed persuading that this is no Mortifying d'Arthur but a new Mallory of modern manners with a spirit and quality of its own.

A HOME *for* CRANKS *By*

*Wasted Efforts of the League
of Nations Union*

*Murray
Wilson*

THE sandalled, unbalanced, excitable highbrows, types described by a modern poet as "nut-fed Horaces and all-wool Winnies," flock like swarming busy-bees to the Headquarters of the League of Nations Union in Grosvenor Crescent. They invariably rally to any movement providing a ready-to-hand outlet for their neurotic ideas. From time to time they change their labels but not their spots. How can you expect the man in the street to think an organisation which has such adherents worth his serious consideration? One's general impression of this menagerie can best be described in a culinary phrase "bubble and squeak." It is all but inevitable that the Union's viewpoint is, to the ordinary observer, one of maudlin sentimentality.

The pity of it all is that the Union has such a good case, a fine ideal and ample means to bring it to realisation. Its objective is to bring home to people in this country the futility of War, as being an obsolete instrument of international policy.

Sentimental Impulses.

THIS is a worth-while objective, and for the last decade the League of Nations Union has been striving to reach it by written and spoken propaganda, but has not yet won the measure of support from all classes that was anticipated. When it first announced as its slogan "No more War" most men were unusually inclined to agree. War-widows and maimed ex-soldiers were to be met everywhere as living arguments for its tenets. Consequently, it was launched with a fair following wind. It rode off on the high tide of post-war emotions, but when strong feelings inevitably ebbed then its seamanship was tested and found wanting. Judged by the sound criterion of results, it has failed to make the desired haven—to commend itself to the average man and woman in our country.

THE first effect of the Union is fundamental. It bases its appeal too much on "sentimental impulses" which are no more secure a foundation than a shifting quicksand. Sentimentalists govern to no small extent its policy, and consequently its appeal is strongest to sentimentalists. Business men and artisans are scarce at the meetings, though they are precisely the men who are the hardest hit by War. Obviously, it is not the Union's ideals but its method of presenting them which leaves these men cold. It is the old antagonism between the practical and sentimental points of view.

The Union suffers badly from megalomania. It collects big names and big lists of subscribers, but does not discriminate between quality and quantity. A crowd of new members makes a brave show, but the essential thing is to make the right kind of member.

One meets too often amongst its supporters extremists, eager to gush over the latest new movement—the kind of people who make fortunes for American breakfast-food manufacturers! The substantial tradesman and the working-woman are not in that galley. That is

one reason why the Union is not the virile expanding force it ought to be, because it has aimed at the over-sentimental minority and missed the sane and balanced majority.

The Union's Weaknesses.

ANOTHER cause of the Union's ineffectiveness is its under-estimation of our insular independence as the tap-root of the national character. Naturally, it is preoccupied with internationalism—to emphasise the brotherhood of all nations; but its work lies in an English field. One frequently, when doing propaganda work, came across honest doubters who feared they might be disloyal to England by supporting the views of the Union. These men feel that by widening indefinitely their country's responsibilities they may be weakening her internally. The Union does not seem to have shown statesmanship in meeting the plain man's inherited limitations of outlook.

Another weakness is on the financial side of the Union. In 1927 the organising expenses totalled £8,494 2s. 3d. In the same year the total net expenditure of the Union was £36,250 14s. 3d., "of which about two-thirds was spent on the Head Office in London!" (These are the actual words of its last annual report.) There is a large paid staff at Head Office; and the cost of administration last year ran up to £9,506 3s. 10d. One item is noteworthy, that in 1927 £6,000 was allotted for free literature to members.

AGAIN, committee meetings, conferences and lectures occupy far too much of the officials' time. Besides the unwieldy Executive Committee of 51 members, there are 20 other Committees at the Head Office. The staff always seem to be instructing one another—as it were, taking in each other's washing.

Who can estimate how many talking-hours are consumed by the interminable conferences at Grosvenor Crescent? The late Mr. Ashley's advice to "cut the cackle and get on with the 'osses!" could be advantageously applied to the Union Circus.

Greek and Higher Mathematics.

THE Headquarters staff should be re-cast from top to bottom and cut down by half. Get rid of the theorists and fussers, the tireless, and waste-paper merchants and tiresome Eagerhearts, and run the office on the principle that everyone must pull his weight. If he doesn't, out he goes, whether he is a paid official or that born busybody—the voluntary worker! The administration ought to be in the hands of a trained business man, who also should select the staff. Actually, the Chairman of Executive Committee, Professor Gilbert Murray, is a Greek scholar; whilst the Secretary, Maxwell Garnett, D.Sc., the real executive Chief, is an expert in higher mathematics. What qualifications can such men have for administering wisely the funds of the Union,



The headquarters of the League of Nations Union.

and conducting the business of the head office on sound economical lines? All waste is detestable, but waste of misapplied enthusiasm is tragic! The officials are all too much in the clouds, where their Chairman is naturally at home.

THE atmosphere of the head office is overcharged with hot air, generated by the vapourings of theorists. Look at the audience which gathers in one of the lecture rooms there almost daily. They may be generally classed as weird; rabid enthusiasts on the slightest provocation, martyrs of their own uncontrolled impulses. There is, too, the usual sprinkling of elderly ladies with note-books, and, finally, that strange creature who, it has been said, would rather go to a lecture on Heaven than enter Heaven itself.

The plain fact is that the leaders of the Union are frittering away their unquestioned abilities, because they persist in trying to do business in an unbusiness-like way. That will always be a stumbling-block in trying to attract men of sound sense. To them, the Union appears to be run by cranks and for cranks, and so they usually relegate it to the cranks.

Emotional Twaddlers.

DAM the stream of pamphlets and questionnaires which have been flooding the country for years from the fount of the head office. Then use the money saved to pay a small body of skilled organisers to overhaul the Union machine, scrap the superfluous parts, and re-start it on an economical business footing. After that, the men whose livelihood depends on the efficiency of their own business plant might think better of the Union and so be more ready to listen to its message. Last year, 5,732 members "were for various reasons, crossed off the books." (From the *Annual Report* for 1927.)

AT a League of Nations Union meeting, where I was the principal speaker, questions were, as usual, invited from the audience. At the time Hungary and Roumania were having one of their periodical "Hates." Up sprang a gaunt female.

"Does the speaker know if Roumania is sincere?" It was a stuffy room and I was somewhat weary, and so replied testily:—

"God knows, I don't!"

That question was by no means unique in my experience as a Union propagandist, and it illustrates convincingly that the emotional twaddlers still find their spiritual home in the League of Nations Union. How can one expect John Citizen to breathe the same super-heated air?

THE WEEK ON WINGS



CLIMB.—The Bristol Bulldog II, the new single-seater fighter adopted for the Royal Air Force. The structure is all-metal.

By
E. M. ROSSITER

(Our Exclusive Air Expert)

what we have done with so little assistance, we can do really well when we are given a chance.

"I agree that civil aviation could well do with more money, but money is very difficult to obtain, and we may well feel proud of having achieved more in proportion to our subsidy than any other nation. British air lines and aircraft are recognised as being the safest in the world. . . . In aircraft, more than in any other form of engineering, that advantage of conscientious design and perfect workmanship which one associates with English work is to be found."

In his praise of the quality of British aircraft and the high British standard of safety, I agree with Mr. Bentley entirely. But the idea that this country cannot afford in its present state to finance the further development of civil aviation thrives in an atmosphere of complacency.

Money is difficult to obtain. Since 1919, no money has ever been found for the development of civil aviation except as the result of pressure on the Government—mainly the pressure of foreign competition. The scheme for a British air line in Africa, which is still held up by Government apathy, is an instance of the moment. Personally I have never met a person who would be likely to react in the manner suggested by Mr. Bentley when informed of the progress being made by other countries.

New Light Aeroplane Clubs.

The inaugural meeting of the Berks, Bucks and Oxon Light Aeroplane Club will be held on Saturday, October 27th, at Swallowfield (Sheep Bridge Farm), Reading. Flying will commence at 11.0 a.m. and continue until sunset, with a programme of air races, competitions, joy-riding and stunt flying by well-known pilots.

With the opening of this club, the number of Light Aeroplane Clubs actually working will be 21. Hull hopes to start a club by next Spring. Fresh promises of financial support have been obtained and the Blackburn Aeroplane Company have kindly offered the free use of Brough Aerodrome.

The Atlantic Again.

Commander MacDonald's ill-starred attempt to fly the Atlantic was surely one of the most courageous efforts of the age. Gallant folly, perhaps, but not worthless. One great feat accomplished produces results which repay half a dozen failures. Years of plodding work pass unnoticed by the world until a man arrives who performs a deed lit by the glamour of daring that reveals in one flash the advance that has taken place unseen.

The existence and utility of the light aeroplane has only to be made better known and flying will boom on a big scale. But light aeroplanes were not made for transatlantic flying.

Trans-Atlantic Airships.

Dr. Eckener is going straight ahead with plans for a trans-Atlantic airship service, he has announced details of a scheme to raise £3,000,000 of capital in America for the construction of four airships large enough and fast enough to fly regularly between Germany and America with an adequate commercial load, and for the building of necessary bases. Americans are now aviation mad and money is found readily for any promising air transport scheme.

THE NEW FIGHTERS

A NEW single-seater fighter aeroplane, the Bristol Bulldog II, which marks a notable advance on the existing Service type, has been adopted by the Air Ministry for the re-equipment of Royal Air Force Fighting Squadrons.

The Bulldog was selected as the result of prolonged tests of some six different types representing the efforts of the foremost designers in the aircraft industry to fulfil the specification laid down by the Air Ministry. It is a further step forward in the long-established policy of the Air Staff to evolve an interceptor fighter capable of catching enemy bombers coming in to attack London from the coast.

If the fighter is to be of any use at all it must be capable of taking off the aerodrome and reaching the altitude of the attackers, perhaps 20,000 feet high, in the short interval of about 15 minutes that elapses from the moment warning is received that the enemy has crossed the coast until it arrives in the patrol area south of London where the fighter must be in the air ready to engage it.

The Bulldog has a very good chance. Exact figures of its performance may not yet be published, but figures are available for a very similar type which the Bristol Aeroplane Company have produced for sale abroad. Any difference is doubtless in favour of the R.A.F. machine.

Ultra-Rapid Climb.

Apart from an ultra-rapid climb, it is designed to attain a very high speed at 15,000 feet and above. To maintain the power output of the engine in the rarefied air at high altitudes it is fitted with a supercharged engine, the Bristol Jupiter VII, of 420 h.p.

A climb to 15,000 feet (nearly three miles high) is accomplished in less than 8½ minutes and the speed developed at that height is 176 miles per hour (close on three miles a minute). A height of 20,000 feet is reached in a fraction over 12 minutes and even at that height the machine does 172 m.p.h. At 29,200 feet (5½ miles high), which is reached in 31 minutes, a speed of 149 m.p.h. is registered. Ten years ago such a

performance would have seemed almost incredible.

The existing standard fighter, which was itself the wonder of 1926, takes 10½ minutes to reach 15,000 feet and its speed at that level is only 149 m.p.h. In comparison with the latest French fighters, the Bulldog is well ahead. For example, the Nieuport 42 (500 h.p. Hispano-Suiza engine) takes 9½ minutes to reach 10,000 feet, where its speed is 155 m.p.h., and the Gourdon 32 C.I. (French-built Jupiter VII engine), though capable of climbing to 10,000 feet in 7½ minutes, only does 144 m.p.h. at that level.

Can Pilots Stand the Strain?

It is no secret that the "Bulldog" is not the last word in British progress in fast-climbing fighters. The aim is to obtain a still greater rate of ascent. When an enemy attack is launched across the coastline every minute is precious and may spell life or death for hundreds of people. The limiting factor seems to be the endurance of the pilots. How much further can speed and climb be increased before the pilot cracks under the strain? Only the other day a test pilot flying a Bulldog lost consciousness when five miles up. Fortunately, after dropping three miles, he revived and automatically pulled his machine out of the dive into which it had fallen.

Mistaken Complacency.

A correspondent, Mr. E. N. B. Bentley, considers that I have shown British aviation in a bad light. Mr. Bentley's letter is too long to reproduce in full, but the pith of it is this:—

"A person without much knowledge of the subject who reads that foreign aviation is so wonderful (apparently), and that British aviation has done so little, will come to the conclusion that British aviation is no good and that the country cannot afford in its present state to finance it. A far better way to get the country to back up aviation is to point out what we have achieved on a small subsidy compared with other nations, and show that if we can do

THE IRISH INVASION

of SCOTLAND

By

William Walker

OF the many problems which confront Scotland at the present time, unquestionably the one of greatest importance and significance is the Irish population living within its boundaries. It is, moreover, developing in seriousness as the number of Irish who have crossed, and still cross, the narrow strip of water to Scotland increases. Again, affecting a people proud—maybe a trifle too proud—of their Scottish birthright, the problem is difficult; indeed, becomes highly so when the question is viewed purely from the religious standpoint of Protestantism, on the one part, and Roman Catholicism, on the other.

But what cannot be disputed is that in thirty-five years the number of Irish in Scotland has doubled. The figures themselves make this absolutely patent, for although there were as many as 338,000 Irish—mostly Roman Catholics—in Scotland in 1890, at the present time there are over 700,000. On the other hand, what gives particular cause for alarm in Scotland is the fact that since 1921 Scottish emigrants to the United States and the British Dominions overseas left the country to the extent of approximately 300,000, and, in addition, since that date, the Scottish population, as distinct from the Irish, has fallen by something like 30,000.

Unemployment in Western Scotland.

THIS latter fact, it may be argued, cannot be laid at the door of the Irishmen in Scotland. Yet there are undoubtedly influences which show that there is, at least, some connection. For instance, in the West of Scotland, where the Irish predominate, unemployment has been of a very serious nature for a number of years now. It is so still. Of course, it is not contended that there are no Irishmen among the unemployed. Far from it, and, in point of fact, it is notorious that numerous Irish have simply worked for short periods, then placed themselves on the "dole" and poor law relief. Not that the Irish are the only offenders in this respect; that is not implied.

But where the connecting link between the large number of Scots emigrating and unemployment arises is through the unquestioned truth that many Irish have got the jobs that were going by working cheaper; albeit, at better rates of pay than they could obtain in their own country. Further, of late years the allegation has been frequently made—certainly with some substance behind it—that Irishmen can secure jobs in industrial establishments, and even in municipalities, before men of Scottish birth, because of the number of Irish foremen holding sway in them.

Religious Difficulties.

BUT another factor which is causing marked uneasiness is that under the Education Act of 1918 large sums of money have to be found for the purchase and lease of Roman Catholic schools, a thing unthought of prior to the Irish population and influence in Scotland having reached such dimensions as to be able to shape policy. Nor is this the whole of the grievance here, for what has been given to the Roman Catholic schools under the 1918 Education Act was a privilege belonging exclusively to the Protestant Churches until 1872, when they handed over to the State, gratis, all the schools which they themselves controlled.

Moreover, the Protestant Churches of Scotland are seriously perturbed at the growing strength of the Roman Catholic Church, at a time when their own membership is falling and their influence on the Protestant people of Scotland likewise on the downgrade. But to say that the Irish are absolutely responsible for such a state of affairs is to show an absence of perspective, for the revival of an enthusiasm for Protestantism, among Protestants, admittedly lies with the Churches themselves.

Indeed, it is difficult to see how the Irish have anything to do with this aspect of the matter, though, of course, the religious situation takes on a more serious colour, because, if

numbers are to be the controlling factor, Roman Catholicism will ultimately exceed Protestantism in Scotland, if the present inflow of Irish is permitted to go on unchecked.

Cheap Irish Labour.

THESE are the bones of contention, but it goes without saying that their recital and ventilation do not in any way help in finding a way out of the difficulties. Some even go the length of saying that there is no solution. This, of course, is simply negative fatalism. But admittedly the problem requires delicate handling, if passions are not to become embittered on either side. Yet one cannot help saying that more blame attaches to Scotsmen themselves than to the Irish immigrants, for, if the former had not encouraged the Irishmen to come because their hire was, in some instances, cheaper than that of the Scots, one feels absolutely convinced that the number of Irishmen in Scotland at the present time would have been much less than 700,000.

Even now they are being openly encouraged to come, particularly by the farming community, simply owing to their cheapness, and notwithstanding that there is plenty of farm labour available from purely Scottish sources. Scotland cannot have it both ways: to desire them, and once they have them, to object to their presence.

Then it is difficult to imagine that the Irish who are already in Scotland, and who desire to remain, can be bundled out in the bag-and-baggage fashion. That, at all events, is scarcely permissible. But, when this has been said, it should not prevent steps being taken to place the Irish on the same footing of equality as the Scots themselves; as regards employment and educational facilities. To grant them privileges—no matter of what kind—is manifestly unjust, to say nothing about it being anti-Scottish.

A Quota System?

TO deal with the question in its larger and more debatable form. Might it not be wise to adopt some form of restriction on Irish immigrants entering Scotland for work—either temporarily or permanently—in any one year, so as to make the passage of events smoother not only for Scotland, but for the Irish immigrants as well? In short, the quota system, after the style of the United States of America.

Surely, if political factors were subordinated to wider national ends this might be possible? But, of course, co-operation between Ireland and Scotland is necessary, for unless the Irish legislatures themselves can be persuaded to work in conjunction with the Secretary of State for Scotland in evolving an elastic quota plan of a voluntary character—may be on the initiative of Scotland—there seems little likelihood of even a temporary remedy being obtained. Yet, to let matters drift will be still worse for all concerned later on.



Typical Irish Labourers at Work.

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH



By E. T. BROWN

LAST year the British public paid to foreign countries over £20,000,000 for eggs. This vast sum should, and could easily be made to, pour into the pockets of our own farmers, our own smallholders and our own backyard poultry-keepers instead of into the pockets of our foreign rivals.

We do not want to exclude the foreign eggs, for they supply a valuable and comparatively cheap form of food. But what we do want to aim for is to retain a firm grip upon the new-laid egg trade. Let the foreigner supply the cheaper grades, by all means, but let us see to it that the new-laid egg trade is retained in our own hands.

If only British poultry-keepers would grasp their opportunities we should have very little to fear from our foreign rivals. It is just because they have failed to recognise the importance of speedy marketing, that the poultry-keepers of Denmark and Holland have secured so firm a hold upon our markets.

British farmers and poultry-keepers generally should aim only to supply the new-laid egg; they should resolutely refuse to cater for any other trade.

The Foreign Yolk.

Few people have any idea of the vast importance of our egg trade. During the twelve months ending December 31st last we imported from abroad over 20,000,000 long hundreds (that is, 120's) of a value of more than £15,000,000. In addition to this we imported £3,000,000 worth of eggs not in shell.

The home crop of eggs—those produced in this country—were valued at about £18,000,000, which brings the total quantity of eggs consumed in a single year to well over £35,000,000. When it is remembered that the total annual wheat crop of Great Britain amounts only to £18,000,000, the importance of the poultry industry may be realised.

Better Marketing Abroad.

The methods of collection and distribution in vogue in some of the Continental countries are excellent. So far, too, as grading and packing are concerned the foreigners can certainly teach us some useful lessons.

The fact that these centres of production are comparatively a long way off, however, gives

us one big pull. It is impossible for these eggs to arrive in this country before their first freshness has departed. Is it not amazing that such eggs frequently arrive in better condition than those produced within fifty miles of London? Yet this is a fact.

It is a common impression that abroad the conditions are far more favourable to poultry-keeping than they are at home. This is sheer bunkum. We have one of the best climates in the world for poultry. It is easier to produce eggs in England than it is in Holland; it is easier to produce table chickens in Scotland than it is in France. We have, too, the finest markets at our very doors, which the foreigners have not.

The Farmers' Burden.

With the publication of the official average prices for the harvest year 1927-28, an interesting comparison can be made between the cereal growers and those engaged in other branches of agriculture. The index figures for recent harvest years have been:—

Year.	Increase in prices upon 1911-13.
1922-23	59
1923-24	60
1924-25	62
1925-26	53
1926-27	47
1927-28	47

The price of barley was 45 per cent., wheat 35 per cent. and oats 48 per cent. above pre-war prices. Cattle, sheep and pig farmers fare slightly better, fat cattle being 35 per cent., fat sheep 63 per cent., bacon pigs 33 per cent., and porkers 38 per cent. above the 1911-13 levels, while wool prices have only once been bettered and now stand at 76 per cent. higher than in pre-war days.

Of other commodities, vegetables show up best at 87 per cent., but potatoes 79 per cent., fruit 70 per cent., cheese 67 per cent., milk 60 per cent., butter 48 per cent., poultry 48 per cent. and eggs 46 per cent. all show substantial rises.

It is easy to see from these figures why arable land is going out of cultivation, when the cereal farmers' wage bill has increased by 100 per cent. and the prices received by him, if he

grows all three cereals, merely average some 43 per cent. We can never grow sufficient wheat in this country to be self-supporting. The world's supplies are even now superabundant, and our own Dominions, notably Australia and Kenya, are increasing their output every year. It is quite conceivable that in years to come we shall cease to produce cereals at all, for we shall buy more cheaply than we can produce.

The Suffolk Punch.

The high prices which have been realised for Suffolk horses at various East Anglian sales during the past few weeks indicate that the popularity of this famous old British breed is just as great as ever.

Every work on agriculture published since the year 1506, when Camden's *Britannia* first appeared, makes reference to the Suffolk as a distinct breed. All the descriptions given tally with the characteristics of the present-day race, with just those modifications one would expect as the result of the judicious introduction of the refined elements which more modern breeders have deemed desirable. The extraneous introductions mentioned, however, have long since died out and the inherent characteristics of the breed—the uniformity of colour, the short leg, the rounded body and the great longevity—are still the most noticeable features of the Suffolk.

In Peace and War.

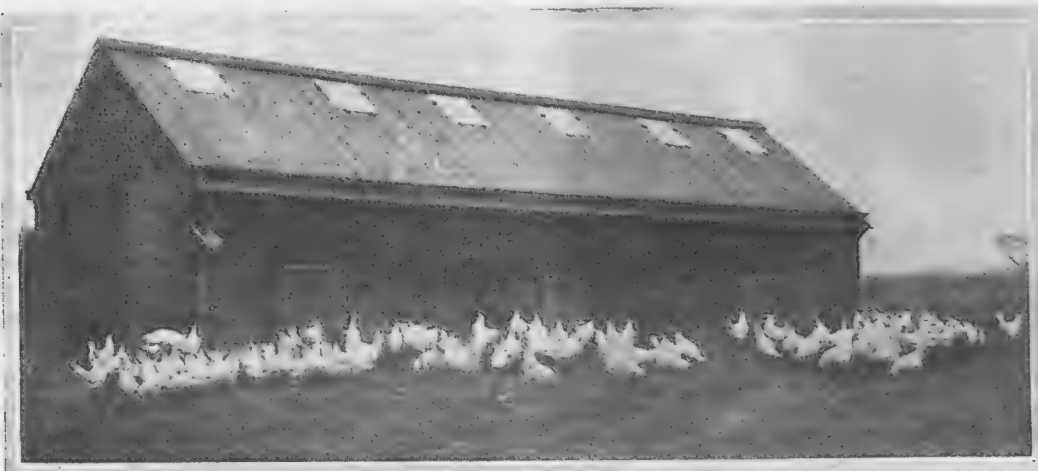
For all kinds of farm work the Suffolk has no superior. I doubt whether he has an equal. He is ready for heavy work when he is two years old and will continue working till he is twenty to twenty-five. For anything requiring power and a quick start the Suffolk Punch has little to fear in the way of competition.

In France and Belgium the Suffolk built up a lasting war reputation for ability to work well under the most exacting conditions. A transport officer, writing of his experience with the Suffolk, describes him as a "sort of beefy chestnut Goliath, which pulled everything and anything without much effort, and even replaced entire teams of mules on some occasions.

Sugar Beet.

A short report (*Sugar Beet Demonstrations*, No. 63, price 2d. post free) has just been issued by the Ministry of Agriculture dealing with the broad results of a series of demonstrations carried out in England and Wales last year in the cultivation of sugar beet. Their aim was to show the varying effects of seeding at different widths; of deep as opposed to shallow hoeing; of singling at different times; of sowing on the ridge and on the flat; and of the value of nitrogenous fertilisers in varying quantities and at different stages of the crop.

Owing to the abnormal weather of the conditions last season, however, it is unwise to draw too definite conclusions from the season's work, as the effects of unfavourable weather can at best be only partially counteracted by manurial or cultural methods. The report is, however, of considerable interest.



The pick of the season's hatching; - White Leghorns awaiting final selection.

THE CHANGING FACE of ENGLAND

By ARCHIBALD
MARSHALL

(The Country House Novelist)

AS a novelist of English country life, or perhaps I should say of country-house life, I am constantly being told that all that sort of thing is dead now. It belongs to Trollope and the nineteenth century, and lingered into the twentieth, when the war brought it to a sudden end. To use it now as the basis of a novel is to play with realities. Those spacious times have gone for good and we shall never get back to them.

It is true up to a point. You could not now take a country squire, living on his acres, ruling his little kingdom almost as if he were a monarch, and make him the chief character of a novel, without a good deal of explanation of how he still managed to survive. And even then he wouldn't be what he was only a few years ago.

There is not a country squire left in the length or breadth of England whose income from his lands alone would support his life at all, let alone the state in which such as he used to live in their fine houses, and the richer of them with houses in London besides.

The Old Life Goes On.

YET the country houses are still inhabited, and the life in them still goes on in much the same way as it has always gone on; that is to say with hunting and shooting as the chief of the recreations attached to it, and the life in and about the house much the same as it was, allowing for the differences which would have affected it in any case.

It is not the war that has made the difference, except incidentally. It has increased the taxation, but taxation was already playing havoc with the old values, and the change was coming anyhow, but rather more slowly.

As for the texture of country life, mechanical transport had already changed that some years before the war. Garages were taking the place of stables everywhere. Fifty years before, houses which had been almost isolated were made accessible by the coming of the railways. Now they were made more accessible still by motor-cars.

At the beginning of the century country

houses were inhabited for weeks and months together, without their occupants going further from them than the horses could take them. At its end they were linked up with all the other houses within a radius of thirty miles or more, and it was as easy to get to London, or still further afield, as it would have been to drive to the nearest town.

The chief difference in country life is that it is no longer isolated, and this must have altered the whole atmosphere of it, if there had been no war, and even if there had been no heavy taxation.

Keeping What is Best.

FOR those who love the old ways and are old enough to remember some of them, it is of more advantage to look for what remains than to be always harking back upon what belonged to a past age and cannot belong to any new one. On the surface of things there is not much difference.

The beautiful houses are still there, with their contents and their immediate surroundings perhaps more valued than they have ever been; and if the people who inherit them are not quite the same as they were, it can only be said that there has never been a time when the new men have not possessed themselves of the old acres, and that most of the families who are now being driven out were new themselves not so very long ago.

The current of life runs strongly in an English manor and subdues its owners to it. Its influence is very far from coming to an end, even in these days when changes are speeding up. An English country house, with as much of the atmosphere of the past as it will carry, is still the best reward that an Englishman can set before himself as the result of his money-making labours, and it draws men from other countries. As long as that remains so—and there are no signs of the attraction losing its spell—we shall keep much more than we shall lose.

Living Up to Tradition.

BUT there was much more to the old Squirearchy than the pleasant life they lived in their houses. The changes are further-

reaching, when one considers what they stood for in relation to those who looked up to them as in some sort their rulers. One need only consider them at their best.

If it be granted that they had more power over the lives of others than can be entrusted to any man without the constant check of public opinion, it may still be said that their tradition of service, as well as of rulership, was a fine thing, and that most of them lived up to it according to their lights. And the tradition was always strengthening itself. To the extent to which it can no longer function the whole of our life, and especially our country life, is the poorer.

The tradition of leadership and the tradition of service. These were the qualities of the old Squirearchy, and they were sweetened by the human contact between high and low. They extended themselves to the fighting services.

The English rank and file likes to be led by gentlemen. The French don't, because those human contacts which spring from the soil have been lost. They don't trust a gentleman to look after anybody but himself.

Young Men and Money.

WHAT may we expect from the English Squirearchy under the changed conditions? Something, let us hope, of that spirit infusing itself into wider spheres. There is no longer the scope for it that there was upon the country estates. They are not only changing hands but are being broken up. Whatever advantage tenant farmers and small holders may have gained from buying their lands, which they no longer seem anxious to do, they have lost the co-operation and support of their former landlords.

The young men who would have trained themselves to administer the estates to which they would succeed, are going further afield. They have to do that, even if their estates remain intact, for they must make money elsewhere in order to support them.

So you see them, no longer spending their early years in the army or in some traditionally dignified pursuit in which they have to be supported, but taking up any business or other activity in which determination and hard work will bring them the money upon which they can keep the old life going. No honest work is *infra dig.*, whether it be that of the office, of the warehouse, or the machine shop. Or they will go to the colonies, or anywhere else in the world where work is to be done and money to be earned by it.

Back to the Old Spirit.

THEY still have their place in the world and keep alive the tradition of their ancestors. Leadership and service. These are what they are born to and what they have to offer. Already there are signs of a better spirit between masters and workmen.

It is only getting back to the old spirit between landowners and labourers, and to foster it we may still look to those who have played their part for generations past in making English country life what it has been.



A stately home of England.



By L. C. R. CAMERON

ALREADY, with the approach of the regular fox-hunting season, comes the news of an outbreak of Foot-and-Mouth Disease in the Berkeley country, affecting the meets of that hunt and also of the Duke of Beaufort's hounds on the Sodbury Vale side of their country. It is, to say the least of it, very strange that we hear little or nothing in these days of outbreaks when there is no hunting, although it is a well-known fact that frost destroys the infection of the disease more than anything. Further, it is mainly in hunting districts and in those districts hunted over by the more fashionable packs that recent outbreaks of this disease have occurred.

Knowing the ease with which infection can be spread, according to the experts of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, these pertinent facts should give occasion for thought. During the Irish troubles certain emissaries from Ireland were caught in the East of England spreading the disease deliberately among English cattle for political reasons! That it can be so spread is therefore beyond dispute, and these recurrent outbreaks in hunting-countries at the commencement of successive hunting seasons have given rise to considerable doubt as to their being entirely accidental in their origin.

IT seems incredible that anyone, because they have a grudge against a particular form of enjoyment that does not appeal to them and which they wish to see suppressed, should condemn large numbers of unoffending beasts to slaughter, and that in the name of "kindness to animals": but it is known that there are a certain number of "wild women" and a few "wild men" who openly state that, if they could do it with safety to themselves, they would take the most violent steps to prevent hunting, fishing and shooting. In the suffragette days, I remember encountering a car full of women on the way, as they proclaimed, to set fire to a famous kennel of foxhounds; and once, after giving a talk on sport for the B.B.C. I received an invitation to tea from a lady in the wilds of West Kensington, who wrote that she wished to show me with a carving-knife precisely what a stag suffered when being galled.

New M.F.H.'s.

NEVER since the decade that preceded the war have the prospects of hunting in England, Wales and Southern Scotland looked so promising as they do at the beginning of the coming season. Despite the difficulties occasioned by the drought and by the blind state of the coverts everywhere, the cub-hunting with a majority of packs has, if not productive of great sport, been of sufficiently educative value to ensure that the young entry has learned its lessons well and truly; and that during the ensuing season subscribers to the two hundred or so packs of foxhounds still maintained in the country will be given full value for their money.

There have been many changes in the personnel of the various hunts; but it is good to see the names of some of the older Masters still figuring in the published lists; names like those of the Rev. E. A. Milne as joint-Master of the Cattistock, a mastership co-eval with



Cubbing with the Dulverton Foxhounds on Exmoor.

the century, and of Mr. "Billy" Fitzwilliam with the Milton pack, as well as those of Mr. Herbert Straker with the Zetland, and Mr. Lewis Priestman with the Braes of Derwent, as he was when, as a boy, I followed his hounds in R. S. Surtee's country round Hamsterley, Blanchland and Minsteracres. The Dukes, too, have managed to outlive Mr. Lloyd George's pre-war denunciations, and those of Beaufort, Northumberland and Buccleuch are still found at the head of their old family packs.

There are, of course, among the changes some that all sportsmen will regret. For the first time, I believe, in its historic career the Berkeley Hunt is not commanded by the owner of Berkeley Castle, the Earl of Berkeley having resigned the Mastership in favour of that good sportsman, rider to hounds, and popular Yeomanry officer, Lieut.-Colonel Turner, of Oldown, jointly with his kinsman, Mr. R. G. W. Berkeley, so that the continuity of the name in connection with the hunt remains unbroken.

Another very interesting hunt change is that of Mr. Charles Tonge who has taken over the joint-Mastership, with Mr. P. Akroyd, of the Belvoir, after showing excellent sport since the war with the Newmarket and Thurlow in Suffolk, Cambridgeshire and the edge of Essex. He will hunt hounds himself on the Lincolnshire side of his new country, and have as huntsman in the Leicestershire portion George Tongue, for some seasons huntsman to Colonel Hill with the East Essex, whose country adjoined the Newmarket and Thurlow near Haverhill and the Bumsteads, where some of the coverts were neutral to both hunts.

Autumn Angling.

THERE is a charm about angling during late October and the earlier weeks of November, when the weather proves as genial as it has this autumn, that other months in the year do not provide. Perhaps it is in the main derived from accidental circumstances. The turn and fall of the leaf colours one's surroundings, and the influence of natural beauty insensibly affects the angler's soul. If he be a pike-fisherman, whether on lake or stream, and not the energetic spinner of spoon or minnow,

but a patient follower of that very genuinely sportsmanlike method of fishing for pike, live-baiting, this will be more certainly the case.

Of all the more inactive forms of fishing live-baiting for pike is the most attractive. When "the sedge is wither'd from the lake and no birds sing," then is the lake most beautiful in the eyes of the pike-fisherman. Fenced round with the russet and golden and pale lemon-hued oaks and elms and beeches the sheet of blue-grey water in which cruise possible thirty pound fish, for whom the cork-guarded gaff is waiting on bank or thwart, what time the lively dace lightly hooked through one lip is swimming temptingly beneath the surface, presents to the contemplative angler a scene where every prospect pleases and not even man is vile, save possibly from the captured luce's point of view.

Even when the fish are not on the feed there is a pleasure—recognised by the author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*—in seeing the red hemisphere of one's Fishing Gazette float bobbing gently among the ripples in unison with the white or brown or green of the pilot-floats between it and the agate end-ring at the rod's top. There is time for thoughts of many pleasant things while awaiting the slow or sudden disappearance of the larger float, and the subsequent judgment by the course the pilots take of the direction in which the fish is making before turning the bait in its mouth and giving one the signal to strike.

Quiet Sport.

The charm of a typical autumn day can be enjoyed by no sportsman as it may by the right-minded angler; either the pike-fisherman, or he who prefers to rove for perch with pater-noster tackle, or even the quiet roach-angler in his punt, or the fly-fisherman in his quest for grayling. Hunting and shooting are from this point of view too hurried and crowded forms of sport for the true enjoyment of the equally beautiful surroundings in which they are pursued; and it is good for all of us to follow the advice of our master Walton occasionally and "Study to be quiet"—if only between bites.



Masai Chiefs Salute the Princes.

EAST AFRICA RECEIVES *the* PRINCES

By WILLIAM RALSTON

EAST AFRICA to-day comes more justly under the title "lightest," not "darkest," Africa. In the vast territories of Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika, Nyassaland and Northern Rhodesia the old savageries have largely disappeared, while mysteries and superstitions are being rapidly displaced by wholesome British colonisation. It may seem a pity to tear away so rudely the pretty trimmings of mystery and romance, but it is high time for lovers of the Empire, who dwell at home in England, to give more thought to the colonial status of these possessions.

What has appeared in the Press in connection with the Royal visit to East Africa which is now taking place has been largely devoted to stressing, often inaccurately, the dangers and difficulties of the tour. These are mostly imagined, but, whilst harmless enough, they neither do justice to our East African Empire nor convey to those who have not been there a true and vital impression.

What will Impress the Princes.

THEIR Royal Highnesses will soon be asking the question: "Why don't people in the old country know more about what is being achieved out here?" The Prince of Wales, as a very experienced traveller, will rapidly grasp the conditions and prospects of to-day, and it will be surprising if he does not find himself echoing Mr. Ormsby Gore, who said that there was no part of the Empire in which he had greater faith than our East African possessions.

It has been the same with most visitors. They have come out to East Africa expecting to find romance and mystery, and they have discovered achievement and great possibilities.

Romance is still there; you will find it all over the world, and in Africa it has always an added something; but mystery, superstition, savagery, the Africa of the eighties, you will have to search for in Kenya, Uganda or Tanganyika. It is true these things are there; you

will find them on the edge of the circle of civilisation, and, like all evils, clinging grimly to their last strongholds, but, in spite of reverses here and there, the circle is continuously spreading, honest progress is being made.

LET us consider what has been achieved of recent years. The Kenya and Uganda Railway to-day enables the Princes to travel in comfort over the whole of the first part of their tour from the Indian Ocean to the Nile. From Mombasa, the port, the line climbs through the lowland deserts to Nairobi, the capital, at a height of nearly 6,000 feet above sea-level.

Through the highlands the line rises to over 9,000 feet, until, at its terminus in Uganda, it has come down again to 4,000 feet, approximately the level of Lake Victoria above the sea.

And—even Wireless.

IT may be truly called a mountain railway, and apart from this main line of over 1,000 miles in length, there are several branch lines, transport and marine services in connection with the great African lakes. When it is realised that on all these lines up-to-date rolling stock operates, and in many instances



A Street in Mombasa.

comfortable sleeping and restaurant cars, then some of the nonsense talked about the difficulties of travel in East Africa will be discounted.

LARGELY through Sir Alan Cobham aviation is also finding its place in the development of East Africa. It is possible the princes will fly over parts of Kenya, as there are several privately owned planes and an aviation club in Kenya. Next year it is hoped a Government subsidised air mail and passenger service will come into existence, putting the Mother Country within ten days of East Africa by the Nile route to Uganda.

Wireless has developed, as it were, in a day, and the "Kenyaradio" service is familiar to all business houses having dealing with these parts. The English experimental station 5SW, which relays the London programme every evening on short wave, is regularly picked up by hundreds of enthusiasts in Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika. Farther south in Nyassaland and Northern Rhodesia, the South African stations on long wave are more popular. Kenya to-day has its own broadcasting station, and here is a typical programme for one night of the week:—



Arab chiefs awaiting the Prince at Mombasa.



A Native school on a farm in Kenya.

Sunday, September 2nd.

6.50 to 7 p.m.	Bells of the Cathedral of the Highlands, Nairobi.
7 to 8	Evening song, relayed from above.
8 to 8.30	Organ recital, relayed from above.
8.30 to 8.45	British Official Wireless Press Local News, and Information Bulletin.
8.45 to 9.30	Chamber Music and Concert, relayed from the Theatre Royal, Nairobi.
10 p.m.	Time signal, close down.

The Colonist's Home.

CAN it be wondered at that those who are interested hear, on all sides to-day, news of increased settlement, huge building programmes and large sums of money sunk in development? Can it be wondered that they feel their progress is unknown when the average comment on the Royal tour has been one expressing the hardships and dangers of East African travel?

The settler in East Africa to-day is making his home (and a charming home it is!) near his interests and in the centres of development. Coffee, rubber, tea, stock, wheat, maize, tobacco, sisal and a dozen other crops hold and call the settler, whilst their attendant needs, with cotton and minerals, appeal to the business men.

No native in all these parts works as hard as the average white man, who is a fine example to his darker friends of the best product of British civilisation. It is only to be expected that publicity-seeking piffle-peddlers will continue to manufacture hot-air at Westminster, since any pin is good enough to prick with, but anyone who seriously doubts the good

white settlement is doing in East Africa has only to ask any native for his honest opinion and all doubt will be dispelled.

Beyond the Facts—the Fancy.

THIS is the East Africa the Princes are really seeing, and the one they will remember and talk about when they return. If only a small section of the great British public, particularly of the class to which the writer is sure BRITANNIA appeals, will view East Africa as the microcosm of Empire that it is already, then the publicity accorded the Royal tour in England will have given East Africa as great a stake in the old country as our Royal Ambassadors are bringing us out there.

And behind this somewhat material account of our young and successful countries lies their supreme loveliness and charm. They hold the best of the world's good hunting, and some of the most wonderful of the world's great scenery. From the palms of the Indian Ocean to the equatorial snows of the Mountains of the Moon, from old Nile and the great lakes to the deserts of north and south, from out in the blue to down in the small towns that are growing so quickly here and there, is a country of infinite variety, infinite charm and boundless possibilities.



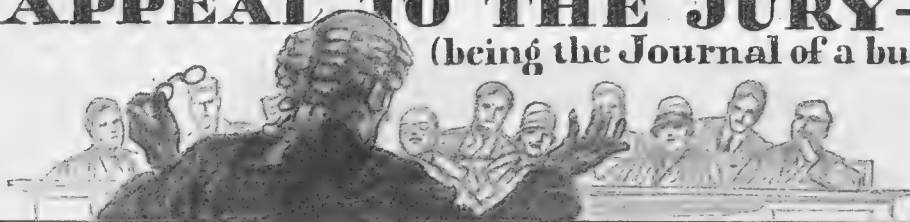
Native hunters dragging in the carcase of a hippopotamus.



Lord Lee of Fareham: Chairman of the Police Commission.

"I APPEAL TO THE JURY—"

(being the Journal of a budding KC.)



By "WOOLSACK"

Lay Lawyers.

IT is à la mode at the moment to attack the administration of justice in this country. So long as criticism is sane and sound the mode is justifiable; the pity is that it spreads to persons incapable of intelligent discrimination.

To one such as Mr. Arnold Lupton, for instance, who, in the October issue of a pamphlet called *The Individualist* (the organ of a "Personal Rights Association") makes a broad and sweeping charge of unfairness against trials in our courts by reason of the restrictions to professional lawyers of the right "audience" therein. He contends that, because a defendant cannot plead through any Tom, Dick or Harry who thinks he knows the law and its practice, "it is absurd to say there is equal justice to rich and poor."

And the grounds for his contention? Firstly, the wickedness of judges towards persons appearing before them without legal aid; and secondly, the wickedness of professional lawyers when persons do go to them for aid! In short, as Mr. Lupton plainly puts it, the present restrictions are "made solely in the interests of a professional class." Or in other words, the legal system of this country condones a conspiracy whereby the judges, by the harshness of their conduct, agree to drive all litigants into the clutches of the lawyers, who then proceed to trick their clients out of unnecessary costs.

"It is terrible to think," says Mr. Lupton, anent the scandalous behaviour of the judiciary, "that probably thousands of innocent people are fined and many of them imprisoned every year because of the law which prohibits a defendant to employ the services of a person who is not a solicitor." No doubt there are often cases when a person before a court suffers through not being legally represented.

Unfounded Accusation.

A judge or magistrate cannot be expected to divine facts never brought to light nor apparent below the surface of the case. But that a tribunal, "well knowing the circumstances" of a possible defence (as Mr. Lupton alleges by an unconvincing example), would, with shamefully callous indifference, send a defendant to gaol because that defence were not put forward, is an accusation totally unfounded and monstrously unjust!

Anyone having at all a wide experience of procedure in the various courts could not but be impressed by the simply unlimited consideration and assistance given by occupants of the judicial bench to parties appearing before them "in person." Two or three times as much "tether" is granted to a person putting forward his own case as would be allowed to a solicitor or counsel acting on his behalf. All manner of (and often quite improper) privileges are accorded to the unassisted litigant, to compensate him for his lack of assistance.

In fact, there is many a one of the crafty kind who has come to realise the value of this beneficence and to trade on it, choosing to bring his case "in person" when he could well afford to employ legal assistance!

So far from the tribunals of this land de-

liberately ignoring the potentialities of an inarticulate defendant's case, it would be difficult to find one which did not take the utmost pains in soliciting, nay, indeed, extorting, any likely point that suggests itself in favour of such a defendant.

Perfidious Professionalism.

So much for the "individualist's" attack upon our judiciary; now for its onslaught on the practitioners. To begin with, it is stated that the lay-lawyer would save time. Really, now! True that some lawyers are better endowed than others with the talent of brevity and succinctness, but even the worst among them is the acme of terseness as compared with the average example of lay-lawyer. Never is there a litigant "in person" (excepting Mr. Bottomley and maybe one or two other such



specially gifted persons) who does not ramble on indefinitely in disconnected rigmarole and tedious repetition. Not that it's to be wondered at—conduct of a law case isn't quite the simple matter Mr. Lupton suggests.

No one, even of the sharpest intelligence, can collect more than the little knowledge which is so dangerous by an odd day or so here and there in the courts. And if such a one can afford more ample leisure for the study of the law, why could he not spend his time in learning law properly and in a regular manner?

But Mr. Lupton, by implication, goes further. "Everybody who is acquainted with the proceedings of these courts knows that they are lengthened and made exceedingly costly by the professional men who conduct cases."

The charge, be it noted, is not confined to mere incompetence. "The unprofessional advocate," the paragraph continues, "would try to cut the proceedings as short as possible." Mark the "try"—with the patent suggestion that professional advocates do not try; that is to say, they purposely, and for their own personal ends, hang out cases and pile up costs! Not a light accusation that, to make against the legal profession in general!

One wonders what the President of Mr. Lupton's "Association," His Honour Judge

Atherley-Jones, K.C., thinks about the matter. It is impossible to imagine that he identifies himself with such unwarrantable accusations involving the integrity of both the judiciary, to which he himself now belongs, and the profession in which he once so ably practised. Perhaps he may see fit, then, for the honour of Bench and Bar, to repudiate these nonsensical vapourings which are published under his apparent authority.

Journalistic Crime.

Suicide more frequent every day. Men and women, boys and girls, of varying circumstances and natures. What's to account for it?

Without a doubt the force of suggestion has a great deal to do with it. A weak, or even a merely sensitive, impressionable mind, may at a certain critical moment react to thoughts engendered by the hearing or reading of some vividly dramatic fact. And the reiteration of such a fact will certainly encourage the tendency to reaction of that kind.

That is where the newspaper of to-day is so harmful—in the constant recounting of sordid acts of self-destruction. It isn't necessary! It is of no public interest whatever that some miserable nonentity has disposed of an undistinguished existence.

No, the publication of these dismal deeds of mediocrities serves no atom of good at all. But, on the contrary, their retailing, with gruesome details, does considerable harm in providing precept for the weak or hypersensitive. Notice how directly some new method of self-annihilation is advertised in the Press there occurs at once a succession of self-annihilation on that method! Look at the run there has been of late on disinfectant-deaths, and aspirin-deaths, and gas-filled room cases!

Since suicide is a crime, maybe some worthy person one day will lay an information against a newspaper for "inciting to commit a crime."

Court Records.

In the Divorce Court recently a petitioner's case had its origin in the somnolence of his erring wife. She had "spoken up" in her sleep, alas! Recovering from the shock, hubby brought Nemesis upon the premises.

Such a circumstance has long been patter for the music hall. "If you talk in your sleep, dear, please don't mention my name," runs the old song. Very funny, of course! But what if it becomes "phony," too?

For instance, a suspicious spouse of the future, maybe, won't bother to hire private detectives. All he will do is to hang a microphone behind a picture in the bedroom, connect it to a dictaphone concealed in his dressing-room, and then give his better-half an indigestible supper! The result will be attached to a couple of affidavits and sent to court, and no doubt in due course he will get a decree nisi—against the dictaphone, with custody of the record!

Juries in Japan.

The jury system, says Reuter, has at last been instituted in Japan. In other words: after much "Patience" there is "Trial by Jury" now before "The Mikado."

THE WEEK IN THE SERVICES.

*The Cameron Highlanders on the March.*

RECRUITING MARCHES

By Major Lloyd Jones

The Navy's Staff.

UNTIL recently little of what is termed "General Staff" work was considered necessary in the Royal Navy. In former times Admirals depended to a great extent on their secretaries for any staff work required of them. The secretary, however, was not an executive officer, but was drawn from the accountant branch of the service, and was really more of a personal assistant than a trained staff-officer.

During the war the Naval Staff at the Admiralty was known as the War Staff. It was not till 1912 that an attempt was made to give the senior service anything in the nature of a "general staff." A course was then instituted at Greenwich to train executive officers for staff duties. Surely the business of war is, or should be, comprehensive, and the General Staff should comprise all three services. The present seems to offer an excellent opportunity for overhauling the whole machine and to do for the three services what the late Lord Haldane did for the Army with such outstanding success.

"The Ribald and Licentious Soldiery."

The Army authorities seem rather concerned about the supply of recruits and have had recourse to various new expedients for advertising; apparently the Territorial system is in danger. However, there may be better methods of attracting recruits than attempting to boom the services like a new soap or a patent medicine. Such advertisements as "Travel over the world at the public expense," etc., do not deceive the would-be recruit; he thinks there is a catch somewhere, and of course there is!

There is an older method of recruiting, however, which should appeal to the powers-that-be because it costs very little—Recruiting Marches. Not long ago the Suffolk Regiment marched through their own recruiting area. With bands playing, and colours flying, they attended a Church Parade. They played football against local teams, and walked out with the local lasses. The county saw its county regiment, and saw, moreover, what smart, well-set-up, healthy lads they were. They heard stories of their travels, saw what

they ate and drank, and how they really lived. Tradition dies hard, and there are still people who believe that it is a terrible thing "to go for a soldier." In fact, they still believe in "the brutal and licentious soldiery" myth, a legacy of the hired German mercenaries. No, the soldier of to-day is a smart, self-respecting, well-set-up lad, and why not show him to the people of the country-side? Then you'll get recruits.

"Confidential."

The so-called "confidential report" can still mar the career of an officer, who has escaped the merciless axe, and to whom no definite failing can be attributed. These reports, however, are no longer confidential, as they are invariably shown to the officer concerned. They are simply an expression of personal opinion. Many officers with excellent war records will never get command of regiments now, and it is the so-called confidential report which is often the deciding factor.

This wastage of excellent material is primarily due to the manner in which the Geddes axe was used. Instead of beginning at the top and lopping off the withered and useless branches, the axemen pruned away some of the most promising branches, with the result that the generation of "fighting" regimental officers now find themselves put on the shelf in their very prime; yet they are too old to start a fresh career, and have a pension on which it is quite impossible to live decently, much less bring up a family.

Surely this is killing the goose which lays the golden eggs, for it was this class which has provided the pioneers of Empire!

The Russian Victory of the Marne.

Posterity alone can decide who won the battle of the Marne, the great battle which definitely decided the fate of Europe. Recently a young journalist impudently informed Marshal Joffre that people were saying that he was not responsible for the victory. With a smile, the veteran soldier replied:

"Perhaps so, young man. However, had the battle been lost, no doubt I should have been given the honour of being responsible for the defeat."

Personally, I always feel that the Russian Army under the command of the Grand-Duke Nicholas was the real victor. By pushing forward, regardless of communications, he drew important enemy formations away from the decisive front, thereby enabling the Franco-British Armies to strike at the German flank.

"Haig."

Last Tuesday the Duke of York unveiled a memorial tablet to the late Commander-in-Chief of the British Armies in Flanders at St. Columba's, Church of Scotland, Pont Street. As the late Field-Marshal was a regular attendant at St. Columba's, no more fitting private memorial could be devised.

Meanwhile the site for the statue, which is to be erected as a public tribute to the great leader of the war-time armies, has not yet been decided upon. Might I suggest that the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, would be a fitting and appropriate setting? Here, in years to come, the old veterans, "broken in the war," will spend the evening of their lives in peace. The gardens are open to the public, and the great hall and the Chapel contain the French eagles captured at Waterloo, and the standards of many nations, including the Stars and Stripes of the U.S.A. Here the great Duke of Wellington lay in state, and from here the cortège started for St. Paul's Cathedral. Surely some memorial of the great Field-Marshal should be raised in the cradle of British military tradition?

The Worst Form of Poison-Gas.

Lenin asserted that England and British Imperialism was Russia's worst enemy! Ever since the Soviets have been working steadily to undermine British prestige in Asia. They do not attack with arms in their hands; they use the latest and most dangerous of weapons—propaganda. No one is cleverer and more effective in handling the newest and now definitely acknowledged weapon than the semi-civilised, semi-Oriental Bolsheviks.

However, other means are not neglected; to the north of Afghanistan, road and railway surveys are being pushed forward. British prestige is admittedly high at Kabul, but Russian aeroplanes are daily over Sherpur, where the new aerodrome is to be constructed, and the modern landing ground at Jellalabad is only 65 miles from Peshawur! The French Revolution proved that republics are not necessarily less Imperialistic than monarchies, and Soviet Russia is no exception to the rule. Indeed, it is probable that all the dreams of Imperial Russia remain, and the present rulers merely await a suitable opportunity to declare their real aims.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

October 29th.—Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry. Old Comrades' Association. 10th Annual Dinner, Connaught Rooms. Guest of Honour, General Sir Ian Hamilton, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.S.O. Apply Hon. Sec., R. W. Luce, Streatham-on-Thames, Berks.

November 2nd.—1st Division B.E.F. 8th Annual Dinner, Café Royal. 7.30 for 8. Apply Capt. P. Lewis, Midland Bank, Farnham, Surrey.

November 5th.—53rd Divisional Club. 10th Annual Dinner, Trocadero, 8 p.m. Major-Gen. S. F. Mott, C.B., in the chair. Hon. Sec., G. E. Aeron-Thomas, 10 Adelaide Street, Swansea.

November 9th.—Services' Canteen Dinner. (E.F.C. Dinner Club.) Connaught Rooms, at 7 for 7.30 p.m. Apply Secretary, E.F.C. Dinner Club, Imperial Court, Upper Kennington Lane, S.E.11.

RIDE INDIA on the SNAFFLE

By James Milne



An Old Shepherd of Kashmir.

IF India and ourselves are to have good hunting together, it is well that we should mutually adopt the tried wisdom, with a horse of pedigree and delicacy, "Ride him on the snaffle; ride him gently, so that he has freedom of action; firmly, so that he knows you are in the saddle and likes you there, the Raj."

No doubt Sir John Simon and his brother Commissioners, being all good sportsmen, will work in this spirit during their winter in India, for it is the human key of things there, or so think some of us who have recently been on the spot, observant and learning.

India Old and New.

What we do, whether as individuals or as nations, is never more important than how we do it, and this is very true about India. One remembers John Morley saying, in his study on Wimbledon Common, that, perhaps, his share in opening the portal of Indian self-government was more satisfying, because actual and far-consequenced, than the best of his work as a man of letters.

But imagination has to illumine the road which lies before India, with its centuries of tradition and many religions, its rich nabobs and its poor ryots, if that road is to be driven successfully. Otherwise put, there is the Old India, so deeply sunk in itself that it just goes on, and there is the New India, knocking and calling to the stir of Westernisation and we have to harness them, side by side, in our caravan of government, because, of course, the British Raj goes on.

"Let the Household Hold Together."

Nobody who counts in India thinks or dreams otherwise, for what would happen if we folded our tents, from the Himalayas to Ceylon, from Bombay to Calcutta, and silently stole away?

There would be no more India, as its people know it to-day, giving security for life and limb, but a chaos which would call back echoes of the age when a "Thousand Rajpoots" rode

south at some "stallion's tale." The songs of a people, as Fletcher of Saltoun long ago remarked, though the wisdom was not his own, are integral to their nature, and in its heart, consciously or unconsciously, India sings with the British Raj—

"Let the household hold together, though the house be ne'er so small;

Strip the rice-husk from the rice-grain and it groweth not at all."

"Over the Viceregal Throne," the Marquis Curzon wrote, "there hangs not only a canopy of brodered gold, but a mist of human tears." He had in his mind, what bitter experience drove into his soul, the "heart's blood of stricken men and women," which we have given in service and sacrifice to India.

But his image is also a mirror to the human, native India, millions strong and as many millions weak. There was an earlier Viceroy who said picturesquely, if quaintly, "Think you, that the Emperor of China and myself govern about half the human race."

Our task is tremendous, because we have to find a way in which East and West shall not only meet, but rule in practical harmony, and we are going to do it. We gave the modern

world constitutional government and we can devise its magic for an Indian carpet; and to that Gandhi and Swaraj, rajah and ryot, will say "Amen"!

The Work Goes On.

There is, in the heart of the Himalayas, a great dam which threatens to burst and yet somehow, holds its waters back. That is like the political storm which is supposed to overhang India; "thunder for nothing, like December's cloud." But the Jhelum River, watered by the Himalayas, has been in high flood, so, may be, easing the glacier-made dam.

Anyhow there is no "crack o' doom" in India, but merely a noise of many waters, and for these we can build the bridge or make the ford. Our engineering is going on all the time, though, being far away, we hear no racket of it, as when half West End London had to be "up" for repair during our recent Indian Summer.

How many Londoners, hurrying to their trains in the morning and to their cinemas in the evening, have noticed two notable events in

(Continued overleaf.)



The Patient Water Carriers.

Ride India on the Snaffle—

(Continued).

the immediate history of our "Great Dependency"?

We have had a group of Indian Princes sitting around a very plain table, in a very simple office, in sunless Victoria Street. They have been in conference with Sir Harcourt Butler and his colleagues, about their relationships, as Governing Princes of India, towards the Indian Government, meaning the power of which the Viceroy is the head.

It is no secret that Sir Hari Singh of Kashmir, and his collegiate princes, are thinking of a day when there may be a native Parliament in India and saying: "We have no sympathy with those people and we want nothing to do with them at any time. We wish, therefore, to have direct relations with the King-Emperor, as the supreme head of the Indian Empire, and that only."

The Little Brown Man.

Our business, not an easy business, is to govern India between the Princes and Principalities for whom that demand stands, and the Swaraj Movement, which has most of its impetus in cities like Bombay and Calcutta and other places of massed industrial population.

Enfolded by the Princes, who, within their own realms are absolute, and by the Swarajists, who want Home Rule, is the most majestic figure of India, when you view him whole and large, because he carries its very life on his bended back.

Yes, the vital fabric of India eventually rests on the little brown man, with lean legs and a loin-cloth, who tills the soil, and is silent, but, for all we know, "silent, on a peak in Darien"

When will the sleeper awake? Will he ever awake? Will he always be content with "Scent of smoke in the morning, Smell of rain at night," always believe that "The hours, the days and the seasons, Order their souls aright?" That is Rudyard Kipling's "Recall," and some day, some year, somehow, there may be a call to the Indian ryot. But it is not yet, for his pilgrimage of pathos is not finished, and he is only "The Man with the Hoe" of Edward Markham's poem:

*Bowed by the weight of years he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face
And on his back the burden of the world.*

*Our task is tremendous, because we
have to find a way in which East and
West shall not only meet, but rule in
practical harmony, and we are going
to do it. We gave the modern world
constitutional government and we can
devise its magic for an Indian carpet.*

What Our Triumph Will Be.

Even so, the Marquis of Linlithgow in whose Scottish family pro-consulship is an inheritance, has spent two years on the case of the Indian ryot. His other Commissioners were English and Indian and they were not, perhaps, easy to get down to teamwork. But they did, and the consequence is a recent report, so full, so fresh, so informing and so conclusive in its judgments, that it may fairly be called the Magna Charta of the Indian peasant.

It digs him out, wins his confidence, gets down to the facts of his life, makes him what even the hard Gods of India meant him to be, a human being, though the terrible Indian sun constantly challenges that intention.

By and by, may be, we shall understand the little fellow, his manifold women folk, his varied kine and his few chattels, a little more, and meanwhile we are to remember him, for his rise to salvation will be our supreme triumph in India.

The Only Way to Govern.

Earlier, no doubt, the doors of the zenana, will open and purdah will give up its dead souls and neglected bodies of gifted women. But there, for native Indian life is tangled with caste, religion and custom, the British Raj will wisely just watch and pray, as he has done in the past.

His own personal attitude on "running India" may have to change, and indeed it has changed in sympathy with the tide of changing events. Not unnaturally, educated Indians seek to have a hand in the affairs of their country and they are getting it.

Grudgings you hear about this from older Anglo-Indians who have been accustomed to think of the Indians as children and treat them so.

Even the most Western of them remain children in many things, most of all when they are Baboos, that being an element of Indian character.

It can be kindly if jumpy, manageable if "swollen-headed," in fine, governable for another century, by a hand which grips understandingly, warmly, and therefore with a firmness not to be challenged, because it is the only way.

Odol

**A liquid antiseptic that
disinfects the mouth.**

Tooth Pastes and Powders are **NOT** enough

WHAT the teeth and mouth need is ODOL, which, being liquid, washes the whole mouth, penetrates to the minutest nicks and crevices in and between the teeth, and cleanses and purifies every part of all the teeth and mouth, counteracting the injurious bacteria that cause decay of the teeth.

ODOL keeps the breath sweet and pure besides preserving the teeth as only ODOL can.



ODOL is the most economical of all dentifrices, for, owing to its concentrated strength, a few drops only in half a tumbler of lukewarm water are sufficient at a time. A flask lasts for months.

Medium Flask, 2/6 Large Flask (the more economical), 3/6

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YOUR HEALTH

LAST week the danger of self-medication with purgative drugs was pointed out on this page; self-medication with drugs designed to produce sleep is even worse.

The only thing in common between natural sleep and sleep produced by narcotics is that both of them are accompanied by a state of unconsciousness. But in the former potential consciousness is present all the time; unconsciousness results merely from the withdrawal or inhibition of all stimuli to the cells of the brain. In the latter, however, potential consciousness is absent; the condition is one not of sleep, but of stupor produced by actual poisoning of the brain cells.

Sleep or Stupor?

THE difference between the two states is well brought out on attempting to rouse the unconscious subject. From sleep he is aroused easily, and, being aroused, is soon wide awake and alert; from narcotic stupor, however, it is possible to rouse him only with difficulty, and by means of intense stimuli; and even then the stupor persists until the drug has been eliminated from his system.

The Value of Narcotics.

THIS must not be taken to mean that drugs have no place in the treatment of insomnia. The effects of long continued insomnia may be worse than those of narcotics. Often, moreover, it is worth while to induce slight narcotic stupor in order that this may be followed by real refreshing sleep. And, finally, narcotics may help considerably in the treatment of that special variety of insomnia in which sleeplessness persists as a habit long after its original cause has ceased to operate; in which the subject forgets, as it were, the trick of falling asleep. Often all that is necessary to effect a complete cure is to break the habit of sleeplessness by prescribing for him small quantities of narcotic drugs two or three nights running.

Playing with Poison.

BUT in all these cases problems arise that can be adequately dealt with only by a doctor. There are many narcotics, each with special indications for its use and involving a special technique for its administration. Which narcotic is it best to prescribe for the patient in question? How much should he be allowed to take, and how often should this be repeated? Is the narcotic prescribed a drug of addiction? Is there, in other words, a risk that the patient will acquire a craving for it and find himself unable to sleep without it?

These questions can be answered only by one who can give due consideration to the special needs of the patient and to the pharmacological actions of the different narcotic drugs. When a lay person prescribes narcotic drugs for himself, or takes those that the chemist suggests, he is literally playing with poison.

The Hygiene of Sleep.

MANY cases of insomnia recover without recourse to narcotics. Their cause may lie in some readily treated condition, such as constipation, dyspepsia, or flatulence, and they get better as soon as their cause is removed. Or they are due to failure to provide a setting that facilitates the onset of sleep. The bed may be uncomfortable; the mattress too hard or too soft; the bedclothes too heavy or too

hot. The room may be inadequately ventilated.

The subject may suffer from cold feet, and need not drugs, but a hot-water bottle. Or he may have the habit of waking in the early hours and require nothing more than a hot drink (kept by his bedside in a thermos flask) to send him off to sleep again. Many a case of insomnia is completely cured by giving due regard to the ritual of bedtime and the hygiene of sleep.

The Psychology of Sleep.

THE dangers of insomnia can most readily be explained by considering briefly the psychology of sleep. Sleep is a condition which, above all, involves a complete relaxation

IN order so far as possible to protect the public, the manufacturers whose advertisements appear on the opposite page have successfully submitted the statements here made about their products to a special scrutiny committee of the British Medical Association. It must, however, be understood that the British Medical Association, as an official body, does not, and cannot, recommend or guarantee any product.

of mental and physical effort. The body and mind obtain opportunity for recuperation far greater than is provided merely by lying down and trying to rest. The complete relaxation of all the muscles, normal to sleep, is rarely achieved in the waking state; and the very act of trying to rest involves effort and strain. The ordinary stresses of life, the constant need to accommodate to reality, create inner tensions which, during the working day, can, to some extent, be released in action. But the person trying to sleep and failing does not just lie passive and think restful thoughts; he churns over and over again in his mind the problems, difficulties and conflicts of the day, and, because action is impossible, tensions are intensified and he rises to face the day even more exhausted than before.

Sleep allows psychological tensions to release themselves effortlessly and pleasantly in uncontrolled fantasies. The mind, for some hours insulated from reality, recuperates the energy it requires to cope with the realities of a hard world; otherwise the tensions become accumulative and breakdown must ensue. The problem of insomnia is often the problem of preventing mental disorder.

Sleep-guilt.

THERE is, however, the danger of exaggerating the effects of insomnia. Many persons suffer from a kind of sleep-guilt; they worry themselves into exhaustion because they imagine they do not sleep enough. Sleep requirements vary enormously from person to person. Some of the most active men and women in the world have carried on efficiently, even brilliantly, with extraordinarily little sleep. Edison, Virchow, Schiller, John Wesley and Napoleon are credited with having worked for long periods on not more than four hours sleep a night. Many relatively inactive people and people intellectually deficient appear, on the other hand, to require as many as ten or

The Articles which appear on these pages are contributed by arrangement with the British Medical Association for the guidance of the public in matters of general health.



more hours sleep in the twenty-four, though it is not clear exactly what stresses they have to recover from.

The ordinary individual, however, is not advised to train himself to a four-hour sleep period as part of the technique of achieving greatness. Rather he should try to discover from experience his optimal sleep allowance, the allowance that gives him the greatest efficiency during the day, and try to keep to it.

Varicose Veins.

THE condition of varicose veins is usually not regarded as serious by those who do not suffer from it; the fact, however, that Press advertisements of alleged remedies appear to be a paying proposition may be taken to indicate that those who have varicose veins do not share this view.

It is quite easy to under-estimate the disabilities resulting from varicose veins. The condition may be extremely painful; it is frequently associated with eczema, even ulceration of the overlying skin. It may prevent the victim from undertaking any occupation that entails prolonged standing, or, should his occupation be of this nature, compel him to change it. Women with varicose veins have an added disability; they are faced with the awful choice of displaying the veins, or wearing long skirts and thick stockings.

Most cases of varicose veins are believed to be due to an inherited weakness of the walls of the vein; but any condition leading to prolonged distension of a vein—the constriction of tight garters, the pressure of a pregnant womb, prolonged strenuous exercise, continued standing such as is demanded in certain occupations—may produce varicose veins, even in the apparent absence of an inherited predisposition.

Until recently there were only two ways of treating varicose veins, by various palliative measures not affecting the underlying condition but designed to relieve the symptoms, or by means of a drastic surgical operation, involving sometimes complete excision of the offending group of veins.

A New Treatment.

TO-DAY, however, doctors can cure many cases of varicose veins by means of a simple, almost painless, injection treatment, requiring no anaesthetic, and involving practically no interference with the patient's ordinary activities. The effect of this treatment is, first of all, to produce clotting of the blood within the varicose veins, and ultimately to produce their obliteration, except as cords that can be felt but not seen beneath the surface of the skin. Very occasionally the injections are followed by cramp-like pains in the legs, but these pains are not very severe and they pass off in a few minutes.

This new treatment is simpler to carry out than surgical operation, it costs less and gives good results; it is therefore not improbable that it will eventually supersede palliative measures and drastic surgical treatment altogether.



OUR CHAOTIC PRESS

By ALFRED NOYES

A FEW days ago I met the representative of a new era, a really intelligent and alert man of the world, actively

interested in affairs, and more than abreast of modern thought, who had not opened a newspaper for a year. The newspapers were not even taken in at his house. He had ceased to take them during a month's absence on the Continent, and it had suddenly occurred to him that his mind was considerably clearer without them. On his return, he bought one morning paper, and was so completely bored with its obvious *suppressio veri* and even more obvious *suggestio falsi* that he simply dropped all newspapers for good. He gave his reasons somewhat grimly.

Pseudo-intellectualism.

THE majority of the newspapers," he said, "are not playing the game. They are not even playing their own game. Their leading articles consistently advocate the exact opposite of what is preached, day in and day out, in their other columns. They uphold one standard in an editorial column (a conservative standard, let us say, in one case) and in another column (an obituary notice of Anatole France, perhaps) anyone who believes in any kind of institution or even in his own country is definitely labelled as a fool and a reactionary. In exact proportion as an independent thinker moves away from the extreme left, he loses the intellectual support of the right. The extreme left may be the intellectual party, and it may be very gloriously distinguished, but, if it be so, why do not the newspapers who condemn all other thinkers as mediocre throw in their lot openly with their opponents, instead of endeavouring to pander to the enemy by surreptitiously offering up their own supporters as a butt and a laughing-stock?"

The New Pharisees.

MY friend felt somewhat strongly on the question, and he gave me many instances of what he meant. Most men of letters have encountered it in their own work. It is not a pleasant experience to receive a flattering invitation from a great newspaper to write something for a national occasion; to be urged to write it as a patriotic duty; to take the matter seriously, as a young man unused to the cynical methods of the metropolis may very well do, quite simply, and quite sincerely; and then to discover in the literary columns of the same paper, sometimes in the same issue, an assertion that Mr. X (who is quite possibly a Sinn Féiner, and certainly an enemy of everything connected with that national occasion) was to be greatly honoured for his artistic restraint and noble abstention from all such Philistine affairs, and that the opposite course is utterly vulgar and mean.

This has happened to more than one young writer, and has effectively cured them of walking into that trap again, "patriotic duty" or not. But far more important matters are at stake than the trapping and defrauding of young writers.

The chaos of opinion has become a national danger. The standards of truth have gone in all directions. England is intellectually pagan. The leading articles are smugly Christian. We pride ourselves on being no longer a nation of

hypocrites, and we get out of our dilemma by something like a double bluff. We are no longer Pharisees. We are all Publicans. But we continually thank God that we are not as that Pharisee. We have changed the names, but the danger to our integrity is greater than ever. The double hypocrisy of our broad-mindedness is considerably worse than the priggishness of the Victorians, who at least had a clear-cut code of right and wrong, even if they failed to live up to it.

The Scape-Goat.

TODAY we censor or prohibit books, or turn the police on to them, while we make profound salaams to the "distinction," "nobility," "genius," of the authors of those books. There is one suppressed pornographic work, to old ladies in this country, which is still referred to in leading English journals as the work of an influential master, and treated with a smug respect that is never accorded to the work of an artist who thinks only of his art.

Indeed, even this artistic ideal has been twisted into the service of the new Pharisees. It is dreadful, they say, that this book—so noble, so lofty an example of literature—should have to be banned in deference to popular feeling. That is the tone. Think of the harm that will be done to literature by keeping art out of the lavatory! And they invoke the author of *Paradise Lost*, as their supporter. Occasionally, it is true, a scape-goat is chosen; and, in the very number of the journal in which the scape-goat is sacrificed, by some red-nosed and watery-eyed "stunt" journalist, you will find all kinds of tit-bits served up for the delectation of the brute in man. Wherever there is a movement downward, in any department of life, especially in morality; wherever there is a loss of definite belief in anything, especially in religion, the newspapers invariably speak of its exponents as "advanced" or "intellectual." Why should they not sometimes describe such herd movements as retrograde?

Terms and names have been reversed, and the "new Rebel" is only "Conventionalist" writ small, with all the added confusion of the change. We have discovered that, in former generations, there were certain splendid, isolated rebels, at war with the world, whose rightness has since been proved. To-day all our newspapers are preaching the splendours of it, and all their readers can flatter themselves that they are superior to the conventions of a former age, though they are locked and fettered and clamped down in their own—to which they have merely given a different name, while any really independent thought is condemned, in exactly the old way, without examination, or even the slightest attempt to read what the thinker has actually said.

Green Parrots.

IT never seems to occur to a newspaper that "intellectuals" who all think exactly alike, who all say "complex" at exactly the right moment, like a multitude of little green parrots; who all speak of each other as "dis-

tinguished," and regard any independent mind exactly as former generations regarded the really isolated thinkers, are also examples of a mere change in our terminology. The leopard has not changed his spots. New rebel is old thrall. "New presbyter" but old priest writ large. When "rebellion" against conventions becomes the convention; when "intellectualism" is the cheap sweetmeat of green-sick schoolgirls, throughout the English-speaking world; we may be sure that the newspaper use of those words is as deadly a menace to true thought and true originality as the world has ever seen.

Truth, and the Placards.

THE mad craze for the "new" has nothing in common with the real developments of original thought in life, or art, or science. The real newness, the valuable newness, has often little "news value." It is not in the least like "a stunt." "Science can create life" was the startling placard all over London a few weeks ago. It was promptly and flatly denied by the man of science to whom the creation had been attributed, and by the quiet scientific journals. Science, of course, can create nothing. If ever "life" is evolved in the laboratory, it will be through the mere arrangement of suitable circumstances and the pre-existent essentials, all of which are fundamentally a complete mystery. But the newspapers must startle at all costs, though they shake the foundations of the spirit in the lives of the illiterate and semi-educated. The general disregard for truth has encouraged the popular belief that

*"It doesn't much matter what you doo-oo,
Provided that your heart is troo-oo."*

And as the condition implies truth to nothing in particular, the result is apt to be somewhat arbitrary. It is affecting the intelligence of the country as well as its ethics, to an extent that makes its judgment on all sorts of occasions as arbitrary as the lusts of the flesh. You wish to say something and, if all the facts defy it, you simply ignore them. That is the first stage. The second is merely reckless. You don't care whether the facts are stated or not. You trust to general stupidity; and say that black is white. Thus, in connection with the Bunyan tercentenary, to take a trivial example, a "distinguished" scholar writes: "Bunyan spoke with great bitterness of the Anglicans, the Baptists, the Presbyterians, and the Roman Catholics. He thought that they derived from hell." And the very next instant the same writer quite seriously says: "It was this universal charity that made him a fit teacher for the Universal Church." He is not joking. The whole trend of his article is the same. No wonder we never know when we are defeated. A rum world, my masters. And I don't think the newspapers are likely to clear our minds. They will certainly not tell the truth, or even what they are privately thinking, in their own paganism. My friend told me that he was "reading honest books instead." He was beginning with Dr. Streeter's "Reality."

THE WEEK ARTISTIC

EPSTEIN ON REMBRANDT

By

R. H. Wilenski

Epstein's New Show.

I HAVE received so many comments on my article on sculpture in last week's *BRITANNIA* that I make no apology for returning to the subject, particularly as Jacob Epstein has just opened an exhibition of remarkable drawings in three galleries hired for the purpose in Duke Street, St. James's, and has included in it his latest bronze, called "The Sick Child"—a study of his little daughter Peggy Jean recovering from an illness.

The photograph of this bronze, which I reproduce, shows the pathetic quality of this remarkable work. When Epstein first showed it to me it was placed against dark curtains in a failing light, and it recalled to me the paintings of Rembrandt. I turned to the sculptor and said: "Rembrandt must mean a lot to you"; and he answered: "I think he was the greatest of all artists. He had every quality—all the plastic qualities and all life as well."

And thereupon I talked to him of my view that sculpture properly so called is carving, not modelling in clay for bronze; and he replied:—

"As I see sculpture, it must not be rigid. It must quiver with life. Carving often leads a man to neglect the flow and the rhythm of life. Twenty years ago I would have simplified the hair of this child into what you would call 'true sculptural form.' To-day there is for me a rhythm in the hair of each individual head that I must capture or I am not satisfied."

And then Epstein talked to me of Greek sculpture, and told me that he regards the "Hissus" figure in the Elgin Marbles as the finest piece of sculpture in the world; and then he showed me his drawings, marvellous studies of rhythmic life imprisoned in quivering expressive line; and when I left I felt certain that my description of Epstein in "The Modern Movement in Art" as "the leading original romantic sculptor in England to-day" must be reinforced with "and one of the leading romantic draughtsmen."

Charles Shannon, R.A.

From Epstein I went to Barbizon House to see the paintings of Charles Shannon, R.A. The Epstein drawings had been hung on bare walls in unpretentious rooms, and they brought a wind of pulsating life into dingy surroundings. The Barbizon House Gallery, on the other hand, is a sumptuous affair of oak panels, into which Shannon's pictures fall like jewels into an appropriate setting, or like tired visitors on to the Barbizon House settee.

Leaving Epstein's art behind me and confronting Shannon, I felt as a man might feel who had worked for his living all his life and had suddenly inherited £100,000. For here was no disturbing pulse of life, but a pleasant room hung with pleasant furniture-pictures in the manner, in the case of the early works, of Whistler, and, in the case of the later works, of Titian.

By an Epstein bronze or an Epstein drawing the spectator is immediately excited to astonishment, but he can only extract the full content



The Sick Child.

Bronze by Jacob Epstein

gradually by his own exertions, and the more effort he takes the more is his reward. Before the paintings by Charles Shannon the spectator is charmed at first glance by the rich Venetian colouring and their soothing air of affluence, but when he makes an effort to extract further content the effort is in vain. For, to put it bluntly, there is nothing there. No picture by Shannon will stand up to half an hour's concentrated examination by a man who knows what the artist was driving at—because Shannon is not Titian, but only "School of Titian"; he speaks the language of a giant in faltering accents, and he has nothing to say except "I admire the pictures of Titian."

British Artists' Exhibition.

THE exhibition of pictures by young British artists which has been arranged on the present trip of R.M.S. *Berengaria* is a sign of the times. The days are over when a young man can paint a picture with a pathetic subject, or an illustration to a poem by Tennyson about some mediæval lady and a knight, and spring into fame and fortune at the Royal Academy Private View.

In Victorian days it was no uncommon thing for a young man to be marked down for Associateship on the strength of one picture of this kind which caught the public fancy, and was bought by an enterprising publisher for the reproduction copyright, and many artists then attained an assured position at what would now seem an early age.

Overproduction of To-Day.

Nowadays there is enormous overproduction of pictures in England. Hundreds of art schools, supported by the rates, turn out hundreds of students every year who flounder for a bit, give up, or get a job as a teacher in one of the same schools, where they train other students to encounter the same experience. Hundreds of other art schools are supported by the fathers of young women, who attend them in order to get away from their mothers for a certain number of hours each day, and who

after the first term become so tiresome in the home—mainly by reason of a habit of quoting from my writings—that their mothers think the second term's money is very cheaply spent. At least two thousand pictures, and sometimes five or six thousand, are exhibited every month in London—and every exhibitor has dozens more at home.

Sold and Unsold Pictures.

Artists of really exceptional talents are bound to attract attention, because there is a large and ever-growing number of people who are educated to some extent in matters of art and are willing to buy pictures for modest sums by any young artist of whom they hear from the professional critics, and they are bound to hear of such notable figures from the critics because the critics always quarrel about them in the public press.

But unless an artist's work is good enough to call forth discussion among the people who take art seriously as an expression of civilisation and the human mind, the artist has great difficulty in attracting attention to his wares. He can have a one-man exhibition—if he can afford the frames—and persuade one of the half-dozen galleries that have a big clientele to give it him on 25 per cent. or 33½ per cent. commission with probably a minimum guarantee, but if no critic praises the works loudly enough to goad another to attack them, or nobody attacks them vigorously enough to goad someone else to praise them, the majority will remain unsold—whence of course the necessity of the 25 per cent. or 33½ per cent. commission to the dealer, who has his West End rent to pay and risks a fortnight's earnings.

It was to give the average good artist a chance that Sir Joseph Duveen, two years ago, founded the British Artists' Exhibition Committee which, at Sir Joseph's expense, has held a series of exhibitions in Leeds, Manchester, Bradford, Plymouth, Belfast, Paris, Brussels, and Venice, and the *Berengaria* exhibition is the Committee's latest achievement.

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MINE EAR,
DISSOLVE ME INTO ECSTASIES,
AND BRING ALL HEAVEN BEFORE MINE
EYES."



LEND ME YOUR EARS



MUSICAL SCOTLAND

By A. Kalisch

NEXT week will be one of the busiest of the season, but before it begins there is the opening of the Hastings Musical Season to-morrow. I would make of that a peg on which to hang a few remarks about South Coast music.

Music in that part of Kent and Sussex is apparently waking up. The Hastings Corporation has shown uncommon wisdom in allowing Mr. Basil Cameron to bring his Harrogate Orchestra South: the consequence is that this orchestra is one of the very few in the country which can be said to have something approaching a definite personality.

Incidentally it is worth remarking that an orchestra, which is in this respect a corporation, differs from other corporations as known to the law which, as the proverb says, have neither a soul to be damned nor a body to be kicked. An orchestra which is a real orchestra—that is, which plays all the year round under one man—has both. In this case Mr. Cameron's band deserves many compliments, although it is only about 35 strong.

Hastings's neighbour, Eastbourne, is also showing enterprise and vision. There is a Musical Festival there next week in which several of our best-known conductors and artists will co-operate with Captain Amers; and of course the list would be incomplete without a mention of Bournemouth, which is doing good work for English music while Eastbourne and Hastings were still asleep. A word should be said for Margate.

Music a Good Investment.

One may wonder why these three towns should be the only ones to be honourably mentioned in this connection. The fact is, municipal music depends on two things, the town council with vision and the silver-tongued and persuasive conductor who can succeed in convincing it that music is a good investment for the town, although it may for the moment bear heavily on the rates.

It is lamentable that the one town which ought to be at the head of the list does not figure on it at all. It has been said again and again that it is a blot on the escutcheon of Brighton that it does nothing—that is to say, nothing worth talking about. It must, I think, be the largest town in Europe or America, to say nothing of England, which is in the same parlous state; surely if it had the right men on the town council and the right conductor the blot would be wiped out. And is it not strange that, in spite of repeated attacks, no one has risen with sufficient courage to break allowance on behalf of Brighton? It has never been pleaded—in fact it could not be—that money is scarcer at Brighton than at Hastings or Eastbourne.

All over England, even in the more enterprising North, the musical fortunes of a town depend in the last resort on one or two wealthy men. They are generally forthcoming abroad, but apparently in England they are more apt to hide their talents in a napkin.

They allow Brighton to subsist on Celebrity

Concerts, which, after all, is like an exclusive diet of sugared almonds.

Musical Scotland.

Having been severely taken to task by a perfervid Scot for not having mentioned any music north of the Tweed, I hasten to repair the omission. I hope in due course to be able to show that I do not consider London the only place worth talking about in England, nor indeed England the only part of the Empire that counts.

I have now before me a prospectus of the Choral and Orchestral Union of Glasgow which shows that Scotland is anything but a musical

music will be introduced to Scottish audiences. It includes an entirely new Symphony for orchestra and organ by Marcel, who will play the solo, Chausson's symphony and the dance from Strauss's Salome. It is rather surprising to learn it is new to Scotland. Are they still so unco guid? The Schubert Centenary Concert had a curious programme which includes Prokofiev's suite "The Love of the Three Oranges"—which is very Schubertian.

Of course, the activities of the Scotch orchestra are more confined to Glasgow only.

Russian Songs.

I have had sent to me an interesting little pamphlet containing the English versions of "One Hundred Russian Songs and Ballads in Chaliapine's Repertoire" which cannot fail to be useful to singers who want to enlarge their repertoire. Over 30 composers are represented, some of whom are scarcely known in this country, including "Dargomwizhky" and the famous Russian composers, Brahms, Handel, Schubert and Schumann, to say nothing of Mozart and Rossini. The explanations as "comique," "lyrique," "dramatique," and "heroique," are appended to some of the translations. Why this unmerited slight on the King's English in England?

Philharmonic Concerts.

The season of the Philharmonic Concerts begins on Thursday next. As I have already said, it will be distinguished from all its predecessors by the fact that only British conductors will take part. As might have been expected, we have heard many scoffs and jeers, particularly from those who are never tired of protesting that British art should be supported and encouraged—by the other fellows. I am glad to hear that in spite of this, the prospects are so far encouraging.

There is another side to the question that is apt to be ignored which probably has some weight with the authorities.

A little conversation I once had with a manager of Covent Garden is much to the point. There was once at the Opera a Melba and Caruso night which was packed by an exceptionally large and magnificent audience. I met the said manager who looked depressed. On the following night there was an average performance with average audience with hardly a tiara to bless itself with. The manager was beaming. I asked him:—

"Why this thushness? Why an air of insipid gloom last night, why these smiles to-night?"

He said, "Now supposing that last night our expenses were £1,800 and our takings less than £1,900; supposing that to-night our expenses have been £1,400 and our takings over £1,600; which do you think ought to please me more?" Managerial philosophy in a nutshell.

The moral of this lies in the application thereof.



Photo

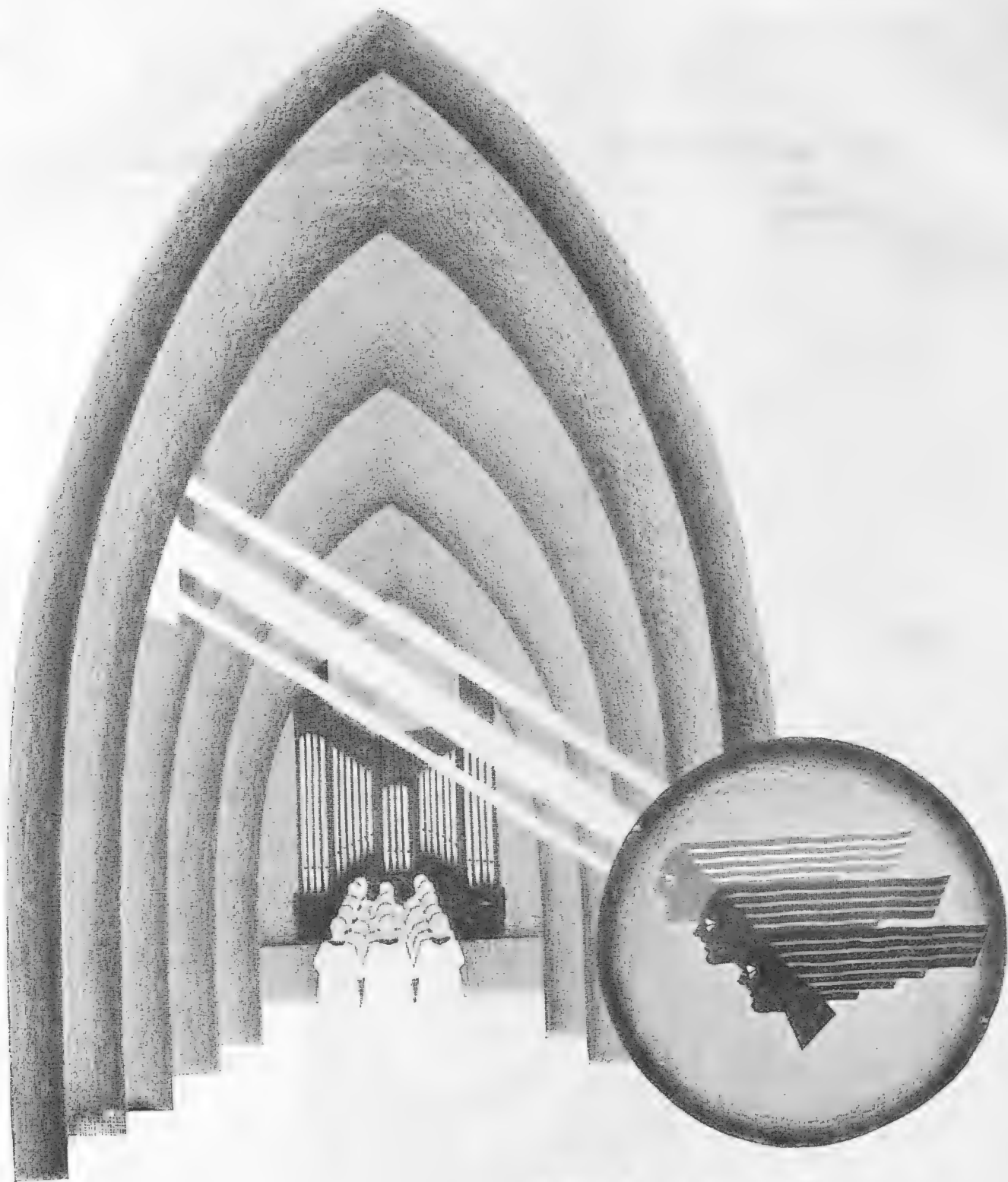
Sir Landon Ronald.

Bassano.

wilderness. Besides special concerts, the orchestra is giving 13 Tuesday concerts and 13 Saturday concerts between November and February. It is introducing two conductors who are new to Glasgow if not to the British Isles.

The first is Mr. Golschmann, a Russian musician of about 35, born in Russia and educated in Paris, who has, among other things, been a guest conductor in New York. The second of these is Mr. Albert van Raalte, the son of an Amsterdam banker, and a pupil of Nickish who has had a great deal of musical experience all over Europe and the United States. The other conductor of the season is Mr. Albert Coates.

The list of soloists is imposing and much



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THE MANCHESTER RADIO SHOW

BY ROBERT W. BEARE

INTEREST in radio is so keen among all classes throughout the country that the recent Radio Exhibition at Olympia is really not sufficient to serve all interests. Radio users in the North of England long ago realised this, and organised a Show of their own at Manchester.

This year the exhibition, which was opened at the City Hall, Deansgate, by Mrs. Philip Snowden, is the fourth of the series. With Dame Clara Butt in the chair, supported by well-known broadcasting celebrities—notably Captain P. P. Eckersley—the opening ceremony was a memorable occasion. While the exhibition is organised by private enterprise—to be precise, by the *Manchester Evening Chronicle*, and Provincial Exhibitions, Ltd.—that lusty infant, the Radio Manufacturers' Association, is taking a leading part, and the Manchester Radio Society is actively interested, though acting only in an advisory capacity through the medium of the parent organisation, the Association of British Radio Societies.

One of the features of the exhibition is the transmission and reception of wireless pictures, while visitors are pleased to discover that demonstrations of powerful amplifying equipment in connection with the reproduction of gramophone records are given in the Concert Hall during intervals in the orchestral performance.

Competitions for the many who are interested in such matters have been organised by the newspaper concerned with the exhibition, and altogether it appears that the Manchester Show will rival, if it does not surpass, Olympia in representativeness, and variety of interest, and in the number of visitors which it attracts.

Too many Valve Types.

The apparent multiplicity of valve types must be confusing to the radio beginner, but I fear that no reduction in the number of different valves would be possible without loss of efficiency. In early days the general purpose valve was regarded as equally suitable for use in any part of the circuit, but it was rather a "jack of all trades and master of none." It was soon found that each special purpose in connection with radio reception demanded a specially designed valve, having the characteristics suited to its job. And that is why we have the present wide range, each valve in which is practically indispensable in its own particular field.

But if the list of any of the principal manufacturers be analysed, it will be found that much of the seeming complication is caused through the necessity to make each valve "in triplicate," as it were, for the benefit of those users who employ respectively 2-volt, 4-volt or 6-volt filament accumulators. I think that when many of my correspondents appreciate this fact, they will find that troubles upon which they would have consulted me will automatically disappear.

An Apology to Readers.

And that reminds me that I have to ask the temporary indulgence of those who have responded to my invitation to seek advice on any radio subject that is bothering them. I was, am, and always shall be pleased to render any assistance within my power; but the initial response to that invitation was so overwhelmingly large that I am afraid a little delay occurred in sending off replies. Every corres-

pondent has now received his answer; and I have made arrangements to expedite matters in future. Continue to write to *BRITANNIA*, therefore, on any point that is troubling you; that is largely what we are here for!

Selectivity v. Purity.

To a great extent a wireless set must ever be something of a compromise. The set with the maximum possible sensitivity and selectivity cannot be equally efficient in regard to the purity of reception. That, however, is to speak theoretically; in practice so excellent a compromise is generally made that the user of really modern apparatus is unlikely to detect shortcomings from either point of view. But we are not all the fortunate possessors of the latest types of set, and I find that one of the principal points upon which my advice is sought by readers is in regard to the modernisation of existing receivers. It is usually in the matter of selectivity that the older types fall short of their owners' desires, and I think possibly it may be well to give a general word of advice on the subject. Selectivity may easily be improved, right up to the point where tuning is so knife-edged that the set is unmanageable. It may be made so sharp that even 2LO, or whatever the local station may be, is difficult to find. If matters are carried so far, the quality of reception must suffer. Wireless telephony such as that with which we deal in broadcast reception depends for its operation upon the fact that the transmission itself is not dead sharp. The carrier wave is tuned to a definite frequency; but the modulation—which is the

(Continued overleaf)

Radio Reflections—continued.

"wireless" that we hear in our loud speakers—varies considerably on either side of the dead line. If, therefore, we make our receivers too critically sharp in their tuning, the effect is to cut off some of the modulation frequencies which come outside the latitude of our tuning. In other words, we do not receive the transmission as it is sent; which is a roundabout way of describing distortions.

This is where the necessity for compromise will be appreciated. In order to obtain the most natural quality, a certain degree of flatness is desirable in the tuning; and in order to be able to cut out London and receive some station on a wavelength not very widely separated from that of 2LO, sharp tuning is required. Much depends upon the situation of the receiving station, and I am afraid that the solution of the problem in each individual case must be a matter for individual experiment.

The Price of Radio.

There is a surprisingly general rumour going round the country to the effect that a serious reduction in the price of radio apparatus, and particularly of complete sets, is imminent. How this rumour arose it is difficult to say, but those who are hesitating upon the brink of purchasing a new set may put their minds at rest. No general price reduction is possible, and such revision as may be made from time to time will be an individual matter of the manufacturers concerned. As sales go up it is naturally possible to manufacture on a more economical basis, right up to the point of real mass production, and prices as naturally drop.

I should not describe the present average price of any given type of radio receiver as having reached rock-bottom level for this very reason,

but the dropping of the level will be so very gradual in the great majority of cases that a would-be radio user of a determinedly economical bent would have to deprive himself of the pleasure of listening for several years to gain any appreciable saving. When one considers the mechanical and electrical excellence of workmanship and material, together with the satisfactory nature of performance of any modern and well-known radio set, it cannot be regarded as expensively priced.

Fashion in Radio.

A much more serious matter, and one upon which it is not possible to speak so definitely, is fashion. In the few short years during which broadcasting has grown from puling infancy to a great national necessity, change after change has taken place in types of set and circuit, and even in the mechanical design of components. This is a feature which is the unavoidable result of rapid growth, and I imagine that it has not seriously interfered with the sales of radio manufacturers. It is worthy of consideration, nevertheless, if only on the ground that we have reached a stage now at which apparently capricious changes of fashions have almost ceased.

Development must slow down some time, and while it is far from my intention to allege that no better results are possible than those which we are now obtaining, I do say that a reasonable degree of stability may now be anticipated. Progress will continue to be made for many years to come; fresh possibilities, even, will rise above the horizon. But our existing sets are so good that only those who must have the very latest thing will be seriously disturbed—and even they at gradually increasing intervals. The moral is: "Buy now; don't wait."

R.W.B.

Mr. Kalisch Listens In.

During a stay in the North I spent an evening

listening-in. I found that we in London have no reason to pity Northern wireless fans. They can hear London and Daventry just as well as we can, and they get excellent music and other things from Northern stations which are not so easily accessible to Londoners after all.

During the week I heard many things worth hearing from Glasgow and Dublin and so forth; but the most interesting thing that I heard was an American gentleman's running comments on the event of the hour. It was quite a good illustration of modern magic. The friend in whose house I was listening-in had two receivers in his room, one was a Burndept, the other a Marconiphone. On the one he had New York relayed from Germany, on the other New York direct. What the American gentleman said was not too easy to understand, but most of it came through distinctly. Sometimes it sounded like a booming bass and sometimes like a light tenor. It was the same with the bands which were apparently celebrating something. I think we heard the street noises in New York and sirens in the harbour quite distinctly; the sound came in waves.

My friend started what I think might be developed into quite an amusing game. He put on British stations, foreign station after foreign station, without saying what it was. When we heard an orchestra or a military band he asked us, Is it England, Holland, Germany, or France? It was very remarkable how often the guesses were correct. It was quite possible to tell the difference of the qualities of the bands and orchestras of the various countries.

Ten or twenty years ago this would have been impossible. There were no great experts in the company who had heard these Continental bands in their own countries often enough to have a correct idea of their peculiarities.

Their ears had been trained by the gramophone, on which we now can hear the orchestra of any country over and over again. A.K.

THE COLLEGE DON *By An Undergraduate*

THE schoolboy, when he has passed his "Previous," imagines that he is about to become a strange animal, armed with a pair of wide trousers, and that he will live a sort of musical comedy existence in the most luxurious rooms of a luxurious town. The "strange animal illusion" may last about three and a half weeks after he has commenced life *in statu pupillari*; the luxury idea about three and a half hours after he has entered his unspeakable lodgings. Very soon it becomes apparent that the life of an undergraduate is neither more sensational, more luxurious, nor more irresponsible than any other mode of existence. A Cambridge term is not one long May Week and Cambridge houses—alas!—are not designed by Hollywood architects.

Athletics or Æsthetics.

NOTHING is done for the undergraduate. His rooms and one meal a day are found for him, a tutor interviews him soon after his arrival, and he is directed to attend certain supervisions and lectures. If he is wise he does attend them. There are a few wise undergraduates. In any case a very small proportion of his time is taken up by the diversions of lectures and halls, and therefore before his first term ends the "Fresher" finds that he has got to shape his own career. He has to select friends, make new ones and drop old ones, and in doing the latter make as few enemies as possible.

Then he has to make choices, choices between politics and poetry, rationalism and religion, and, above all, between athletics and æsthetics. These clear-cut divisions are perhaps the greatest bane of University society. They

result in continual friction between college cliques. The æsthete lampoons the athlete and the athlete retaliates with violence. It is all very lamentable, but perhaps inevitable. Cliques result from specialisation. Specialisation is caused by high standards.

So much of the best material in the nation is congregated in the University that the average efficiency in any branch of University life is high. Therefore the man in order to hold his own must not dissipate his powers in more than three directions at most. The undergraduate in his first two years has, then, to live intentionally. It is the glory of the third year man, the man who has established his reputation, that he is able merely to live.

But, apart from the hurly burly of examination halls, and public meetings, debates and committees, apart from crowded towpath and the shouting grand-stand, apart from all outward signs of life in the town, the University man is aware of another life, a separate but collateral existence. He develops what Newman would perhaps call the "philosophic habit of mind." He realises that there is a realm of ideas which is as real as the world of matter, a realm of the abstract, which it would require a Hegel or a Nietzsche to describe. It is in this realm that the highest product of the University dwells, the college don.

The Real Tradition.

THE bare necessities of life are provided for him and his mind is free to soar among intellectual heights, to roam in the tangled by-ways of scholasticism. His collar too large, and his buttons undone, his shabby form glides

through the green courts of Cambridge. Sometimes he stops to note a buttress of the better Gothic: sometimes his eye rests on the petal of a daisy; sometimes on the strange letters of a dusty manuscript.

The coarser things of life pass him by; his apprehension is unusually clear; he has arrived at an acute state of awareness. In a world of his own making he sweeps on in perpetual pursuit of the idea, whether he stares into the twisting smoke of the laboratory or stoops beneath the shaded lamp of the library. It is the idea, the theory that counts.

Yet these college dons are no weaklings. Secure in their reason they can be fearless in their judgments, even cruel in their criticism. With an enlarged opinion of the value of knowledge they can be enemies to those who are unwilling or unable to learn. Their acute sensibilities make them highly nervous and their nerves frequently make them irritable. But even their irritability and their hyper-criticism is elevated to the plane of the abstract, their anger is often pathetic, their censure often but a jest. It is easy, O Chesterton and O Belloc, to be funny about the really clever, to mock them because their lodgings are not in the Adelphi, to call them middle-class because they look after their wives; to scorn them because their theses and their tracts are published but by the hundred, and then consigned to the dust of the library. But in a hundred years the work of Professor B. and Mr. R. may glow like gold, where your own is dark like tarnished tinsel.

It is in the don that the real tradition of the University lives

BOOKS of the WEEK

By Douglas
Jerrold

Voices from the Past

LORD MORLEY'S memorandum on Resignation is a cold and complacent Epitaph. The key is to be found in his strange reference, twice repeated, to the mistake of the Peelites in joining and then leaving Palmerston's Government during the Crimean War! The lesson of history! The mistake was not one which the Pope of Victorian statesmanship was going to repeat. To leave a Cabinet was, of course, the gravest step a man could take—Morley had no doubt about that. Nor had Mr. Lloyd George, who complained in a memorable phrase to his halting colleague of his lack of consideration.

"If you go," he said, "it will put us who don't go in a great hole."

The drama of the slender narrative rests on two contrasted visions, "The splendid *condottiere* at the Admiralty," matched to an exacting lover and the student of politics withdrawing for ever "with a firm mind pondering stern things."

To what purpose? For an answer turn to Hugh Kingsmill's brilliant study of Matthew Arnold. To escape from life, Mr. Kingsmill suggests, and points his moral with a great deal of wit and a profound understanding of literary psychology.

He finds in "Matt" a Byron *mangré*, an ineffectual Don Juan turned by the menacing influence of Dr. Arnold of Rugby into a Christian gentleman determined to make everyone else

Memorandum on Resignation: August, 1914. By John, Viscount Morley. (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.)

the same. "Matt" knew by intuition what he had lost, and spent a lifetime trying to prove that what he had got instead—the balanced mind, the unchallengeable respectability, the cultivated scepticism, the languorous ardours of a soul set on a peace not passing a gentleman's understanding—was well worth that lost world where George Sand smoked cigars with her lovers. George Sand had found "Matt" a pinchbeck Milton. "Matt" took good care to leave George Sand before he found that she was a woman, and went on to Switzerland to meet his Marguerite at Thun. Marguerite was safer, as Marguerite found to her cost. "Matt" tried years later to redeem his faint semblance of passion from its picture-postcard character by imagining the demure governess with the alluring eyes rushing headlong into a life of shame, while he cultivated the domestic cabbage. Undoubtedly he would have liked it so. He liked to feel he had touched life.

Arnold was more unhappy than Morley because he knew in his heart that words count for little. The unforgettable lines in his poetry deal not with what he had experienced but with what he had missed. Morley, pondering stern things, was happy to think that he had "said things in public assemblies that made a difference." When the time came when words ceased to make the slightest difference he retired. The Victorian age, he realised instinctively, was at an end. He thought the Matthew Arnold. By Hugh Kingsmill. (Duckworth, 12s. 6d.)

loss ours rather than his. The truth was that the façade had crumbled because flesh and blood had broken through the Victorian philosophies.

The façade had been the more real thing, however, and that is why the Princess of Pless's memoirs, natural, spontaneous and intimate, are more important to an understanding of the pre-war epoch than Arnold's writing or Morley's politics.

Here is no so-called Victorian, actually merely middle-class, formalism, no divorce of art from life, or words from action. We see Kings and Emperors, statesmen, soldiers, and diplomats, fully dressed in the full glare of the footlights, and find to our surprise, if we are modern and highbrow, that they are not acting, but are genuine flesh and blood—unlike "Matt's" Marguerite or Morley's Peelites. The feudal life at Pless and Furstenstein, back-chat with Kings and Emperors, and cosmopolitan correspondence uninterrupted by the war, gives an unforgettable picture of the European society which is gone for ever, destroyed not by its own follies, but, if we care to think it out, by the words of men like Morley and the failure of men like Arnold to criticise them. From 1870 to 1914 was the age of the middle classes: Hugh Kingsmill's "Matthew Arnold" shows brilliantly if cruelly why, with all their culture and integrity, they achieved little, except some memorably poignant regrets.

Daisy, Princess of Pless. By Herself. (Murray, 25s.)

This Week's Library List.

NOVELS: Highbrow.

The Pathway. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. Cape. 7s. 6d. See review.

Action and Other Stories. By C. E. MONTAGUE. See Review. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

The Genius. By THEODORE DREISER. Constable. 10s. See review.

Cagliostro. By JOHANNES VON GUENTHER. Heinemann. 10s. 6d. See review.

A Little Less than Gods. By FORD MADDUX FORD. Duckworth. 7s. 6d. To be reviewed next week.

The Silver Thorn. By HUGH WALPOLE. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net. To be reviewed next week.

Death in Venice. By THOMAS MANN. Secker. To be reviewed next week.

Humdrum. By HAROLD ACTON. A satirical chronicle of the lives of two very "modern" young women. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

The Hinge of Heaven. By STEPHENA COCKERELL. A story of the real American civilisation with a special interest for lovers of old furniture and antiques. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

Dewdrops. By MARGARET KENNEDY. A long short story. Heinemann. 1s. net.

NOVELS: LOWBROW (and MIDDLE-BROW).

The Lovers of the Market Place. By RICHARD DEHAN, author of "The Dop Doctor." Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d. To be reviewed next week.

The Marbled Cat-skin. By CHARLES HARRISON GIBBONS. An exciting story among the Zulus and Chinese in Africa. Stanley Paul. 7s. 6d.

Unmarried Life. By JOHN NORTH, author of "Girl or Boy." A bachelor looks at matrimony and doesn't like it much, but an amusing comedy results. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.

The French Wife. By DOROTHY GRAHAM. Benn. 7s. 6d.

Family Group. By DIANA PATRICK. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

Mops. By OLIVER SANDYS. Hurst & Blackett. 7s. 6d.

The Donkey's Nose. By ELIOT CRAWSHAY WILLIAMS. Andrew Melrose. 7s. 6d.

THRILLERS.

The Transgressor. By ANTHONY RICHARDSON. Constable. 7s. 6d.

The Crouching Beast. By VALENTINE WILLIAMS. A new "clubfoot" novel is safe for a place among the elect of thrillers. Here the scene is in Germany in those tense few weeks preceding August 4th, 1914. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.

The Green Toad. By WALTER S. MASTERMAN, author of "2L.O." A story whose first page opens with a motor car in Bond Street in which is a man whose head rolls off at a touch can be relied upon for excitement. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Memorandum on Resignation. By JOHN VISCOUNT MORLEY. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net. See Books of the Week.

Daisy, Princess of Pless. By HERSELF. John Murray. 25s. net. See Books of the Week.

The Letters of Katherine Mansfield. Edited by JOHN MIDDLETON MURKY. 2 vols. Constable. 15s. each. See review.

My War Memoirs. By Dr. EDUARD BENES. Allen and Unwin. 21s. To be reviewed next week.

The Tragic Empress; Intimate Conversations with the Empress Eugenie, 1901-1919. By MAURICE PALEOLOGUE. Thornton Butterworth. To be reviewed next week.

The Life of Alcibiades. By E. F. BENSON. Benn. 12s. 6d. To be reviewed next week.

William O'Brien. By MICHAEL MACDONAGH. The official biography. Benn. 21s.

William Heinemann. A Memoir by Frederic Whyte. Illustrated. Cape. 15s. net.

The Legion of the Damned. By BENNET J. DOTY. The unvarnished adventures of a young American soldier in the Foreign Legion. Cape. 7s. 6d.

The Tragedy of John Ruskin. By AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS. A novelist's biography and the first study for twenty years of Ruskin's personality, work and influence. Cape. 12s. 6d.

William Randolph Hearst. An American Phenomenon. By JOHN K. WINKLER, with an introduction by H. Wickham Steed. Cape. 15s.

Aubrey Beardsley. By HALDANE MACFALL. Illustrated. John Lane. 15s. net. Special limited edition at £2 2s. net.

Ellaline Terriss. By HERSELF, and with others. Light hearted reminiscences by the charming lady everybody used to be in love with. Illustrated. Cassell. 7s. 6d. net.

POETRY AND PLAYS.

Midsummer Night. By JOHN MASEFIELD. Heinemann. To be reviewed next week.

Collected Poems. By A. E. COPPARD. Cape. 5s.

The Wild Party. A narrative poem by JOSEPH MONCURE MARCH. Secker. Edition limited to 2,000 copies at 10s. 6d.

Selected Edition of Swinburne's Poems. Illustrated by HARRY CLARKE, with an introduction by HUMBERT WOLFE. John Lane. 21s.

The Furnace. A Play by FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG and W. ARMSTRONG. Heinemann. 6s.

ECONOMICS AND POLITICS.

The Return to Laissez Faire. By Sir ERNEST BENN. Benn. 6s. net. See review.

Post War Banking Policy. By the Rt. Hon. REGINALD MCKENNA. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net. To be reviewed next week.

The Shadow of the World's Future. By Sir GEORGE HANDLEY-KNIBBS, K.B., C.M.G. This is an able book on the problem of population and should be read by everyone. Benn. 10s. 6d.

The Real Situation in Russia. This book consists mainly of Trotsky's own letters with a number of other documents suppressed by the Stalin regime. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

Foreign Diplomacy in China. By Dr. PHILIP JOSEPH. A study of its aims and effects through the last century to the present day. Allen and Unwin. 16s.

TRAVEL BOOKS.

Work and Sport in the old I.C.S. By W. O. HORNE, C.S.I. An agreeable picture of the now vanished charm of the Indian. Blackwood. 12s. 6d.

CRITICISM AND ESSAYS.

Matthew Arnold. By HUGH KINGSMILL. Duckworth. 12s. 6d. See Books of the week.

Essays in Satire. By RONALD A. KNOX. Sheed and Ward. 7s. 6d. and a limited signed edition at 21s. net. To be reviewed next week.

The Gothic Revival. A Study in the History of Taste. By KENNETH CLARKE. With 20 colotype plates. Constable. 21s. See review.

GAMES.

Auction Bridge for All. By A. E. MANNING FOSTER. With diagrams, and including the new rules in full. Benn. 6s. (Continued overleaf.)

BOOKS of the WEEK—contd.

Short Notices

The Pathway. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. The author of "Tarka the Otter" (Hawthornden Prize, 1928) here used a "passing of the third floor back" theme. The book, which has taken nine years in writing, embodies the author's attitude to man and nature, and is profoundly coloured by his experiences in the 1914-18 war. An idealistic and thoughtful book. Cape. 7s. 6d. net.

Action and Other Stories. By C. E. MONTAGUE. This is the work of a great journalist, a collection of tales and sketches with many backgrounds—the war, sport, mountaineering and those odd phases of London life which he knew so well. A book to be read. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.

The Genius. By THEODORE DREISER. Mr. Dreiser takes 793 pages to give us the portrait of a great artist. He fails, because you cannot see the wood for the trees. But he does give us a prodigious slab of American life, fully documented, logically worked out and remorselessly realistic. Mr. Dreiser's portrait is a superlatively good camera study touched up by hand. It is not, however, a work of art. Constable. 10s. net.

Cagliostro. By JOHANNES VON GUENTHER. The arch charlatan is obviously an ideal subject for the "new" German historical novel, but it would be doing Herr von Guenther less than justice to pass this as another of those exciting melodramas of blood and lust which strike the twentieth-

century critic prostrate with admiration at their "insight." This book is more in the Dumas tradition, and the story of Cagliostro's rake's progress from London to the courts of Catherine the Great and Marie Antoinette is good and exciting reading, despite some Teutonic solidity. Heinemann. 10s. 6d. net.

The Gothic Revival: A Study in the History of Taste. By KENNETH CLARKE. With 20 colotype plates. No artistic movement has collected so much ridicule as the Gothic revival, yet it is, as Mr. Clarke observes, the only indigenous English movement in the history of the plastic arts, being, in fact, the concrete expression of that English romanticism which changed the whole current of European thought and literature. How the movement arose and why it failed; in spite of the learning, enthusiasm and skill of Pugin, Scott, Ruskin and the others, is the theme of Mr. Clarke's book, which can be easily read by anyone, and is most attractively produced and illustrated. Constable. 21s. net.

The Letters of Katherine Mansfield. Edited by JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY. Passing over the question of whether these very intimate letters should be published at all, a criticism met by the editor, those who admire her work will find in them the raw material of all her writing, the significance of little things, and the agonised struggle of human frailty against sickness, inaction and the inevitability of death. They are written from the South of France, from Switzerland and from

Paris and some from England. 2 vols. Constable. 15s. net each.

The Return to Laissez Faire. By Sir ERNEST J. P. BENN. Sir Ernest Benn challenges in this book the results of Government activities in promoting social services, redistributing wealth, providing free education and interfering with his own and other people's business. As usual, Sir Ernest writes extremely well, and he insists throughout in talking in terms of things which we all understand, and not in terms of money, which most of us know nothing about. The only defect of the book is the assumption of the efficiency of the private capitalist, which needs to be proved. That the Government cannot, by social legislation, create wealth, and does in fact diminish it, is a sound thesis brilliantly set out, but it is purely destructive. Business men, too, are not inexpert at destroying wealth, as students of the crazy post-war flotations know well enough.

The Gate Marked Private. By ETHEL M. DELL. A powerful story of sacrifice for love, reaping its due, though protracted, reward. Little Staple Farm has been taken over by Roberta, with her invalid sister, and Rosemary, a youngster full of the restlessness of robust youth. The sweetness of Roberta and her valiant struggle to make the farm a success, her love story with her neighbour and the provocative winsomeness of Rosemary, provide thrilling chapters, and when, at last, "Private" is erased from the gate, the mystery is happily solved. Cassell. 7s. 6d. net.

THE HIGH PRIEST of the AIR

By HERBERT T. HILDRED

THERE is now in London, the City of its birth, some seven decades ago, a wondrous life size model of the Golden Eagle in copper, rendered feather by feather by hand. There he stands perched on the summit of a precipitous rock, beautifully moulded from an alloy of antimony and tin.

The minuteness of detail—displays bold ambition—care and patience on the part of the artist, Mr. Thomas Phillips, of Snow Hill, Holborn. The bird measures 5 feet, from wing tip to wing tip, an average natural size, although a specimen once killed in Northumberland had a wing span of some 11 feet 9 inches. Standing (including rocky base), 4 feet 8 inches high, the model weighs approximately 6 cwt.—and is so admirably conceived and executed that it looks like a real bird.

The minute feathers clustering round the neck, the fine hair like down from beak to eyes—the soft cushion of plumage at the junction of wings and body—the half-hairy, half-feathery legs are marvels of design, and can even be lifted separately with the fingers.

An extract from an article which appeared in *The Times* of June 18th, 1862, reads:—

"More than 10,000 feathers formed from ordinary copper plate all made by hand, some of which had to pass 26 or 27 times under the hammer and graver, were necessary for the plumage alone, and show the unwearied patience and industry employed on what has evidently been a labour of love."

Some recent Press comments have brought to light interesting facts on both its history and its author—who was apparently a native of Lewes, Sussex, and commenced work on this

unique model in Skinner's Street, Snow Hill, some time prior to the 1851 Exhibition in Hyde Park.

Though not finished in time for that event, it was completed and sent to the great International Exhibition in 1862, and the writer is told by a family descendant of the artist—now practising as an architect in Dover—that it is portrayed in the catalogue of that exhibition, and that Thomas Phillips was the first to introduce a method for heating bath water by gas and secured patents at "Eagle Works," Barbican, the location of which the writer has failed to trace.

It would appear that he supplied a large number of cooking stoves to the War Office, during the Crimean War, and he went out to Russia to install them.

The writer has had an opportunity of inspecting an exceptionally fine contemporary photograph, the owner of which, however, owing to a death bed promise, would not allow to be reproduced. The photograph reproduced here was taken late in the 19th century.

Such a fine example of English craftsmanship should not be allowed to leave this country, though doubtless, as it is emblematical of U.S.A., many of our art-loving American cousins will contemplate its acquisition with greedy eyes.

Owing to the death of the late owner, an opportunity now occurs for negotiating a transfer, and it has been suggested that it would make an ideal trophy for a civilian aviation contest to foster and encourage British engines and planes. It is hoped that in the immediate future, the public may have an



opportunity of inspecting, free of charge, near Piccadilly Circus, this truly marvellous work, of which London may well be proud. The golden eagle often attains great age, and there is a well authenticated record of one dying in Vienna at the age of 104.

Though rarely seen in this country, it is still in evidence in the Scots' Highlands and the Irish mountains and, to watch it ascend to a vast height, then float along with scarcely a wing movement, suddenly making a swooping descent in pursuit of its quarry, like a flash of lightning—is evidence of its power of control and keenness of vision.

Sometimes in taking these sudden swoops it will make several spiral turns at intervals as if to break the extreme violence and shock of its fall.

Its fearlessness is undoubted, and it has been known to swoop, pick up and carry away, a hare within a hundred yards of a pack of harriers in pursuit.

THE BRITANNIA SHORT STORIES.

No. 1.

"REVOLUTION"

By

MARTEN CUMBERLAND

THE room was unlighted, but the old man was content with the semi-darkness and his thoughts. Wrapped in his fur coat he sat by the open window, looking out across the square. There was snow on the ground, and the moon shining upon the snow threw out a dull, silver gleam that rendered visible the furniture and larger objects in the room.

Away in the east a red glow lit the sky; and every now and then there came the sound of sporadic gun-fire.

The old man sat very still, his ivory hands folded upon his knees, his lips curving at times in a grave smile half hidden by his beard.

At the sound of a step he turned his head. A girl opened the door of the room and entered with a lamp.

"God save us all!" she exclaimed. "Do you want to die of the cold, grandfather?"

Grumbling and scolding, she set down the lamp; and, closing the window, drew the curtains.

"Are there not enough people dying in Russia?" she chided. "You think you are a boy still, to sit at the window like that? And in the dark, too!"

She disappeared for an instant, to return with a white cloth which she laid on the table. The old man rose to his feet, and squeezed her arm.

"Perhaps I feel a boy again! Do not my eyes see to-day all that I have dreamed of in the past? A new Russia, awakening like a giant refreshed, and throwing aside his bonds. We are making history, Anna,—a great history! The people are coming into their own!"

HIS voice rang clear as he spoke. His eyes shone. It was a fine old face, with a broad, high forehead, surmounted by grey hair that was still strong and vigorous. The nose was bold and distinctive; the mouth was firm and well-shaped.

The girl's pale, intelligent face lit up affectionately, and then clouded again.

"The people are coming into their own!" she repeated. "Perhaps. Meanwhile bread is whatever price you can buy it at, and I have paid thirty roubles for a sturgeon!"

She went out of the room, returning with the supper of bread, fish, and dried fruits.

"Come, grandfather," she said. "Let us eat while we can."

The old man seated himself slowly, his dark eyes heavy with thought.

"Of course," he said, half to himself. "It must be so at first. If the pendulum swings excessively in one direction, it must swing back

to excess in the other. There will be hunger for a time; there will be people killed—perhaps innocent people. But . . ."

His voice rose. "But better that our bodies are destroyed quickly than that our souls live on in slavery for ever!" The girl cut him some bread, and filled his cup from the samovar. She smiled slightly.

"You are a poet," she said. "One of our greatest poets. Russia has need of poetry to-day. Do you know that the theatres are open, and the people fight with one another for places? A seat at the Kamerny fetches twenty times its normal price. People speculate in theatre tickets while the guns still boom down by the Kremlin!"

The old man nodded.

"The soul of Russia is alive!" he said. "What do they give at the theatres? Anything of mine?"

"They give *The Blue Bird*, *The Three Sisters*, *The Cherry Orchard*, *Salome*. And next week, perhaps, Stanislavsky will perform your masterpiece, *Out of the Depths*."

The old man half rose from his chair, and then sank back again. His eyes were very bright; his hands were trembling.

"So!" he said. "They have not forgotten me. They have not forgotten!"

The girl laughed, sharing in his triumph.

"They remember. You are one of those who have made the revolution. You have fought with your pen as others fight with the sword. You have suffered, and they will not forget that. As I passed the Yaroslavl station this evening I saw a man who carried a banner with your name on: *Alexandre Pavloff*. It was written in gold with other names, Lenin, Karl Marx, Mayakovsky, and others. Men of action, thinkers, and poets. Under your name was written: 'The Democratic Poet.'"

She leaned across the table, and pressed his shaking hand.

"Eat your food, grandfather," she said.

He eat a little, but his mind was busy with her words, and he kept glancing restlessly towards the curtained window. Every now and then the rattle of small arms came across the still night air.

"The democratic poet," he repeated. "I don't think I am that, Anna. I am revolutionary as so many artists are, but I have never been democratic. The two things are not the same, though they are often confused. Revolutions are inspired by poets, and leaders of men—that is by aristocrats. I wonder . . .?"

He sat looking into space, while the girl eyed him thoughtfully.

"Do you believe in the people?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered. "Ultimately, I believe in the people. One must believe in them—in their instinct to find the right leaders, and follow the right leaders. To follow—that is the point; not to lead. How can illiterate people solve difficult questions? They cannot. But they can find leaders to solve their problems for them. That is instinct."

He rose to his feet abruptly, and began to pace the room.

"I tell you, Anna, when the people try to think they are wrong, and will always be wrong; but when they feel they are right. Their hearts are stronger than their heads. That is my faith in the people. That is what I have always tried to teach. As for democracy . . ." He shrugged his shoulders. "Democracy is based on an illusion—the fallacy that the more stupid people you have to deal with a difficult problem the more certain you are to find a correct solution. No good thing can be done that way."

The girl stood up, and slowly gathered the plates and cups on to a tray.

"You are wiser than me," she said, slowly. "And no doubt you are right. Let us hope then that the heart of the people is sound, and the brains of their leaders just."

SHE went out of the room carrying her tray, and as she did so the old man began to pace the floor, his eyes turning frequently towards the window, his ears listening to every sound from the streets. At times his lips moved, almost as though he were silently praying. When Anna returned, she paused in the doorway with consternation upon her face. Alexandre Pavloff had his leather and fur cap upon his head, and was pulling on his high boots.

"God save us all!" Grandfather, what are you doing? You are not thinking of going out?"

The old man stood erect. He nodded his head almost fiercely.

"I cannot stay in any longer," he said. "I am not a child to be thus kept in the house. I must see what is going on. Great things are happening, and I must see them. Have I not waited sixty years to see them?"

"But it is unsafe. There is shooting. Listen, you can . . ."

"If it is safe for you to go out and buy food, then it is safe for me. Bah! Things have quietened down now. In any case I have only



Into the old man's arms a woman came running; a woman whose face was drained of blood, and whose dress was torn from one shoulder.

to say who I am. Did not the Kommissar promise to protect us, my child?"

She tried in vain to dissuade him. There was an obstinate streak in the old man that she could not conquer. He was exasperated by long confinement in the house; excited by what she had told him, and by what his imagination pictured.

In the end she slipped a small flask of vodka into his coat pocket, and saw him to the door.

"Don't stop out late," she said. "Keep away from crowds."

He waved his hand cheerfully, and she watched his stooping figure as he walked with slow but firm steps across the moon-lit snow. Her eyes were anxious as she closed the heavy door and shot the bolts.

The old man walked slowly, but his eyes were bright and the blood thrilled in him. At last he was out in the city; at last he would see things with his own eyes!

AUTOMATICALLY he walked away from the quiet square and the residential quarters. He wanted to see the people; to see the victorious people who had destroyed tyranny and were free! He would watch them in the big public squares, and perhaps he would take a peep at the theatre in Kamergersky Pereulok. They might be giving his best play there next week!

Alexandre Pavloff rubbed his gloved hands together. There was a look of boyish pleasure on his smiling face. He was unconscious of the cold, as his eyes took in the significant details of the streets.

Here there was a derelict tram-car, with its windows smashed to fragments. Telegraph and telephone wires were down and lay coiled upon the snow like black serpents. Shell-holes gaped in roads and pavements, and the moonlight showed bullet marks upon the walls and shutters of darkened houses.

Now and then he passed other pedestrians, but they hurried by with scarcely a glance in his direction.

A quarter of an hour later he began to approach the central thoroughfares, and here there was every sign of life. By the light of an acetylene flare a gang of men were repairing tram-lines. They talked and laughed as they worked; and one of them called a greeting to Pavloff which the old man answered.

IN the great square all the lights were blazing and a bonfire burned in the middle. Near the fire a man who looked like a sailor was seated on a barrel playing an accordion. Men and women danced to the music, and their perspiring faces shone in the red glow of the fire. The sailor-musician, who appeared to be slightly drunk, grinned amiably at Pavloff.

"Come on, grand-dad. Take a turn here. There are plenty of girls!"

The old man smilingly shook his head.

"My dancing days are over, friend," he said.

Farther on, an orator in peasant's blouse but with a keen, city face, was addressing a large crowd from a wooden platform. He appeared to have some humour, for his audience laughed frequently. Fragments of his discourse came to Pavloff, as he stood cautiously on the fringe of the throng.

"God should never have rested the seventh day, my brothers. That was the fundamental blunder of creation. . . The meek shall inherit the earth—when the others have done with it. . . That great criminal that the bourgeois calls 'organised society' . . . Slaves who demand the right to work. . ."

ALLEXANDRE PAVLOFF walked on thoughtfully. Somewhere in the distance was the sound of firing, which died away but never wholly ceased. Men were shooting one another—shooting and being shot—and whilst they were maimed or killed, others danced and

sang, and made speeches. It was the soul of Russia in turmoil; Russia that bled and suffered; Russia that hid her agony behind a painted mask of levity and laughter!

Of the outcome of it all, Alexandre Pavloff had no doubt whatever. Perhaps he dared not doubt. All his life he had worked passionately in the cause of liberty, and he believed in his fellow-countrymen. Freedom might daze them for a time, as a prisoner from a darkened cell is dazzled by the sudden light; but in the end freedom was always gained; a people who lacked liberty was dead in soul.

As the old man walked on, there was a proud smile on his lips. He was one of those who had suffered and toiled that the people might be free. To-night he was tasting his long-delayed reward.

Almost unconsciously his steps turned towards Kamergersky Pereulok. He would take one look at the famous theatre—the most famous in

This is the first of BRITANNIA'S short stories. These stories, written by known and unknown authors, will be a special feature of BRITANNIA.

Each week a new short story will be published. All manuscripts submitted will receive my personal consideration. Stories may be of any length, and treat of any subject. They must not, however, be of the commonplace variety or of the usual "magazine type."

Gilbert Frankau.

the world—and then he would return home to Anna. He must not leave the poor child alone too long. She would be anxious. Just one look then. . . They might be playing his piece next week.

He had almost reached the theatre, and could see the glow of its lights on the trodden snow, when a crowd came running towards him. There were shots, a hoarse shout, and a woman's scream.

Almost into the old man's arms a woman came running; a woman whose face was drained of blood, and whose dress was torn from one shoulder.

"Save me!" she gasped. "For the love of God!"

She stood clinging to Pavloff's arm, a tall Jewess approaching middle-age, her cheeks ghastly white beneath two grotesque spots of rouge. In one ear a diamond shone, but where the other should have been was only a tiny red streak. In her hands was a silken scarf

heavy with some objects that she concealed from view.

"Save me! Help me!"

Alexandre Pavloff laid a hand on her arm, and placed himself before her as the mob approached. They came up shouting, a wild crew, led by a huge bearded fellow with a sheepskin coat open upon a dirty brown shirt. This man held a revolver; his almond-shaped, Tartar eyes glared ferociously at the old man.

"Stand away, old one," he cried. "Stand away or it will be the worse for you!"

A sob broke from the woman, and Pavloff felt her whole frame shaking beneath his hand. He looked very directly at the mob's leader, and asked a question in a quiet tone.

"What has the woman done, brother?"

The man in the sheepskin scowled.

"There's no time for words," he growled. "She's one of the bourgeoisie. She's Sonia Barski—that's enough."

He stretched out a huge hand, but surprisingly the old man kept his ground, and drew the woman farther behind him.

"I don't think it's enough," he said softly. "Did we overthrow tyranny in order to become tyrants? Do we make war on women?"

There was an angry murmur from the crowd who stood in a half circle about Pavloff. Many of them held weapons in their hands, and their eyes were fixed hungrily on the silken scarf clutched in the woman's fingers.

The big man's Tartar eyes narrowed until they were just gleaming slits in his sallow face.

"Who are 'we' brother?" he queried, with a new, dangerous smoothness in his voice. "What have you done for the revolution, hein?"

His eyes travelled over Pavloff's fine fur coat and boots. He noted the gloves on the old man's hands.

"Another bourgeois!" said a voice from the crowd. "The price of his furs would keep us for a month!"

There was a low murmur that grew to an indescribable menace. The sound was horribly suggestive—animal-like in its lack of articulation. The mob pressed closer; other people came running down the street, which filled rapidly to the point of congestion.

The man in the sheepskin gripped Pavloff's fur coat and tore it open. Others pressed close now, and one beat the scarf from the woman's hands, which fell to reveal rings, and pendants, and a shining necklace.

"Stop!" cried the old man. "I am Alexandre Pavloff. You must not do this! Stop!"

HE tore himself somehow from the big man's clutch. With pale face and gleaming eyes he stepped to the woman's side, and tried to break the hold of a ruffian who held her wrists. Failing in this, he stooped and fought with the thieves who scrambled for the jewels amid the muddy snow.

"Stop! You must not! You must not; I am Alexandre . . ."

His voice broke off as a deafening explosion rang out. The old man crouched perfectly still for a moment, and then pitched forward in the snow, and lay motionless on his face.

The man in the sheepskin stooped and passed an exploring hand over the body.

"Dead as a doornail!" he said. "The old fool!"

He began to strip off the fine fur coat. The woman was whimpering with terror and her eyes went to the mob who were now fighting over the fallen jewels.

The throng in the street grew ever larger, and voices were shouting questions that were answered with coarse laughter. At the back of the crowd a man carried a banner upon which various names were inscribed. One inscription read: "Alexandre Pavloff, the poet of liberty."

THE IDEAL PUBLIC SCHOOL

By DR. CYRIL NORWOOD

(Headmaster of Harrow)



FOR the past twenty years the public schools have savoured the pleasant truth of the saying that nothing succeeds like success. They have passed with credit and glory, not undeserved, through the great war. They have added field to field, and building to building. They have widened their curriculum and organised their system. They have seen their methods and ideals copied by schools of other origin and different outlook. Their portals have been all too narrow for the crowds that have thronged to them to seek entrance. Every headmaster has appeared to be a successful headmaster, and every school a successful school.

They have their enemies and their critics, indeed, who cry continually in the market-places, but nobody really believes what they say. Few institutions that our country has known have ever stood so firmly fixed in popular favour and in the support of the class that enjoys them. One cannot but be mindful of the teaching of the old Greek tragedian that propriety begets pride and pride begets the fall. It is possible, one has to hint it delicately, that those who direct the fortunes of the schools may be tempted to sit too much at ease in Zion.

The bedrock of the English public school system is its religion, and here at once will rise a clamour of those who point to imperfections. Many an article could be written on this theme alone, but here I maintain only that since the chapel would be the centre of the ideal school, the present schools cannot be far wrong in seeking to make it so, even though they fail.

Inspiration of the Chapel.

AS compared with the past, the present schools have no cause to be ashamed. Their confirmations are taken far more seriously both by masters and boys, their communion services are more frequent and they are better attended, their compulsory services are more musical and more dignified. They do not send out a large number of boys, certainly not a majority, filled with strong religious convictions, but then they never did, and out beyond their borders the real church is a small minority in the encompassing world.

Is it fair to expect the schools to be markedly different and superior? Ten righteous men once sufficed to save a whole city, and from every public school in every generation go forth a few who have caught their inspiration in the school chapel. Those who are eager for more striking results often forget that you cannot expect to find a man's religious consciousness developed in a boy, and that compliance with ceremonial does not mean all that its devotees would have us believe it to mean.

It remains true that religion cannot be taught, but springs up where the fire of devotion has been lit by the examples of another life through which the spirit passes: the religion of the schools will depend in the last resort upon what manner of lives are lived there, and by their fruits they will be known. If those are right, who say that school religion has at best not gone beyond the fifteenth Psalm with

its praise of uprightness, truth, honour, and freedom from backbiting, at any rate that is not a bad foundation on which to build Christianity; and those of us who are honest will confess that even the fifteenth Psalm comes very near the ideal of the Christian gentleman. It is not only in the public schools that performance does not equal profession, nor is it only boys who fall far short of what they should be.

Health and Honour.

BUILDING upon this necessarily imperfect foundation, the schools put forward as their ideal not so much a healthy mind in a healthy body, as a sound character in a healthy body. Again, I believe that the perfect school would do the same. For the qualities which will carry a man through life with happiness to himself and with service to his generation are integrity and honour combined with health and bodily fitness.

Whatever a man's intellectual powers may be, he must be trusted by his fellow-men if he is to be of use, and he must not be neurotic, or a weakling, or unable to control and manage his body. Therein lies the whole justification of the athletic cult in the schools. The team games have a very real value in themselves as instruments for the building up of character, and all the games have value as instruments for producing bodily fitness.

The training of the body by means of exercises and games was a notable part of the Greek system of education, and survived in the Roman; it was part of the training of Knighthood in the Middle Ages; it was left to the nineteenth century to discover that not only a strong body but a strong character could be so built up. It is time to have done finally with the idea that games are a waste of time, and of no value in themselves. They are of the utmost value to the virility of the stock, and will be doubly important if we are really now upon the threshold of a warless world.

The Social Side.

BUT I can imagine an opponent, who has so far listened with increasing but suppressed fury, at this point overflowing with indignation.

"Why do you not speak the truth? You know very well these boys are herded off to the great boarding schools not for religion, or for character, or for anything other than a purely social reason. The parents don't care a button whether the boy turns out a Christian so long as he can wear the Old Boy's tie, and they don't mind much about his character so long as he gets into the eleven. All this talk of character and games is the merest eyewash, for what with undue publicity, and false importance, and, indeed, the whole atmosphere of your playing-fields your games ruin as many characters as they make, and you tolerate it."

The worst of this attack is that there is a great deal of truth in it. It fails because it isolates the worst motives, and declares them the only motives, isolates bad results of the misuse of the system, and declares them the

IT is dangerous to talk, and perhaps still more dangerous to write, about the ideal, particularly when it is the ideal of something of which the writer is a very imperfect artificer and exponent. Moreover, education, and that form of education which is embodied in the English Public Schools, is very much a matter of personal opinions and predilections, in which our neighbours may be found to hate what we most eagerly desire.

Socrates once sketched out to Glaucon the ideal city in which all produced corn and wine, clothes and shoes, for themselves, lived well and were happy taking care that their families did not exceed their means, and Glaucon's comment was this, if he were providing for a city of pigs, this is the way he would feed them. So he who sketches the ideal public school must expect to be told that if he were providing for a city of pigs, this is the way they should be treated. Has it not been whispered against even the great Arnold that there was a certain strong flavour of priggishness about his product?

The Impossible Ideal.

FOR indeed it is an impossible thing that the ideal school should ever exist: it must be a pattern laid up in the heavens. A headmaster without faults and of energy more than human, a corps of perfect masters working in complete corporation and unclouded harmony on a time table that cannot be criticised, several hundred boys doing their best in school and out, perfect diet, perfect health, and no shadow of humbug anywhere—it is a picture that would be almost alarming if it were not impossible. I at any rate cannot conceive it, and I shall not attempt to portray it. I shall attempt the less ambitious way of considering in what respects the present system is right and justified and in what respects it could be improved, so that we may keep our feet on the earth while we reach up to the attainable. For it must never be forgotten that the public schools are a quite natural growth of the national life, and at any period it is certain that the nation will have just the sort of public school that it deserves.

only results. All human motives are mixed, and snobbery plays its part among many worthier motives in leading parents to select a public school. Success in games can, and does, turn heads, but that should lead schools to put their house in order, and protect boys from false values, and the idols of the marketplace.

"Yes, but," goes on my opponent, cheered by the feeling that he has got his fist through my armour in one place at least, "don't these boys go to your public school to learn anything? You have talked of religion and character and games, but never a word yet about intellectual training. You put so much emphasis on character and sport that what happens inside the classroom is almost negligible."

The attack, put in this wholehearted way, is grossly and unjustifiably exaggerated. Though it is true that the schools place intellectual attainment third of their three aims, they do not put it far behind the other two; I believe them to be right in the order in which they have placed it, but I think they have not been guiltless of thinking of the other things too much and of this too little. It is most difficult to make statements which will apply with justice to all, for there is nothing in which one school differs from another so much as in this matter of their attitude to work, and the efficiency of the teaching which they supply.

But one of the ablest of the thinkers of the present day said to me not so long ago: "When I was young, the public school boy used to leave school ignorant in a few subjects; now he leaves, ignorant in a good many subjects—that is all the difference I can see."

I was vexed at the time, for he seemed to wave away carelessly the results of much honest effort and long thought. But it is not always the smooth sayings that are profitable, and reflection leads me to confess that, though the standard reached by the most able boys is very high and not surpassed in any country, the standard of the average could very well be better. Let me try to put down some of the respects in which the ideal school would have the advantage over those that exist.

In the Perfect School.

IT would recruit its boys at the age of 12 in accordance with the normal laws of mental growth, and not late in the fourteenth year, at a moment which interrupts the normal course of mental development. It would recruit boys who had been taught to follow their own desire for knowledge, and were still keen to learn, and not boys who had been taught to answer examination papers, and often forced and muddled in the process.

It would send them to be taught by men who had had some training in the art of teaching, and its technique, not, as now happens here and there, to men who had given no thought to such matters. It would foster the desire of really mastering a subject, really getting to know: it would not imperceptibly instil the belief that the end of study is to know enough of a textbook and a master's notes to get a pass mark on an easy paper. It would be a place where cribbing and unfair work would be meaningless, and therefore not practised.

It would be a place where new methods would be welcomed and tried, and where the atmosphere would be one of mental self-respect. I do not say for a moment that the public schools do not care for any of these things, or that the above would be a fair general indictment to bring against all schools. What I do assert is that improvement is possible on all these lines, and would not hurt, but if it took place, it would help the whole ideal which the good school seeks.



The old fourth form room at Harrow.

Problems of Classes.

WOULD the ideal public school be one in which the social classes were mixed, or would it remain segregated in type and in outlook? It is easy for the public school, placed often in remote surroundings, possessed always of privacy in buildings, which are often of great beauty, recruited from the mass of the well-to-do classes, to appear to the outsider a mere citadel of privilege. Indignant champions of class fusion and equality say that they should be levelled to the ground; they do not know how much thought is given to the task of bringing home to the boys the duty of sound services, of giving them knowledge of sound conditions and economic problems, and of breaking down any lack of sympathy that there may be.

Rough and ready methods of so-called reform would destroy the public schools, and with them an instrument of great vitality and value. Compulsory fusion of classes would solve no problems, and add new ones. At the present moment it is possible for the son of an East End grocer to go to Eton, and pay nothing if

see the spirit which is beginning to have power spread its influence through all classes so that each may respect each. All classes, it seems to me, have a good deal to learn, have need to review their values of life, and the public schools among them.

I often think of words which Percival uttered, preaching at the Clifton College Jubilee, "I still dream of the time when from some school, under some influence which as yet we know not, there shall go forth year by year a new generation of men, who shall be characterised not merely by some social, athletic, or literary accomplishment, some conventional varnish or culture, but by a combination of gifts and strength and moral purpose, which shall stamp them as prominent workers, if not as leaders and prophets in the next stage of our country's evolutionary progress."

Is it the idle vision of an old man's dream? Will the new democracy meet it with the blunt discourtesy that patronage is not derived? Or will all classes rise to the conception of fellowship and public service? It is an ideal worth the trying for, even though it seem ever to elude our grasp.

Saving Grace of Humour.

MUCH that might be said has not been written. What in the ideal school would be the limits, if any limits there were, to self-government by boys? Is the ideal school one in which boys educate one another while certain scholars, their masters, look on? What are the limits to the freedom of the individual in a school, and how far may that individuality be encouraged in order that it may contribute its full value to the common stock?

Many other questions may be asked, even if they cannot be answered.

I will end by saying that there is one quality which I hope may never be absent from the school, certainly not from the ideal school, for that will want it most of all—That quality is the saving grace of humour. To-day, as always, it is like a fresh breeze, blowing through stuffy places, and clearing away all undue intensities, priggishness and posing in sincerities, whereby we try to make ourselves out to be better than our neighbours and seek to deceive both ourselves and them.

The air in the English Public Schools is much too brisk for these hothouse growths to flourish for long: may it so remain, and from all these things may the schools continue to be delivered.

WHATEVER a man's intellectual powers may be, he must be trusted by his fellow-men if he is to be of use, and he must not be neurotic, or a weakling, or unable to control and manage his body. There lies the whole justification of the athletic cult in the schools.

he gets a scholarship, but no one who knows our social conditions would assert with confidence that the presence of the little East-end-r would be good for Eton, still less that Eton would be good for him.

After all, social classes are a fact in this country, just as much a fact, sometimes even more of a fact, inside the ranks of labour as they are outside. What matters, what should be sought, is not the fusion of classes, but the promotion of sympathy between them: not homogeneous words, but free inspiring individualities make a state.

I must not be taken as urging that all is for the best in all possible worlds, still less that the purpose of the schools is to help to keep us all in our proper stations. But I do not want to pull down in order to re-build; I want to

THE TRAVELLER

CONDUCTED BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

Autumnal Ireland

IRELAND for the holidays has but recently come before the majority; much has been written on its possibilities, but one aspect has so far been rather jealously guarded. I refer to Ireland in the autumn. It is at this time of the year that it will particularly appeal to the keen sportsman, to the nature lover—and to those who appreciate restful beauty. The autumnal shading and tones presented by distant hills, placid fens, and wooded slopes are wonderfully impressive. Nowhere is exotic nature so lavish with her colour schemes as in this favoured land.

Round Dublin.

THE journey itself presents no difficulty, and the fact that by travelling via Liverpool a normal night's rest may be enjoyed is but an added inducement. The visitor will undoubtedly want to spend a day or two in Dublin, viewing its many historic piles, and seeing such treasures as the Book of Kells and the Cross of Cong. From Dublin a day's motor run should be made to the Wicklow Mountains. There to see the "meeting of the waters" at Avoca and that jewel-set spot Glendalough, with its seven ancient churches, two lakes, and towering rocks. From Dublin the choice is wide as to where to go, and you cannot err. North, south, or west, whichever your choice, you will become enamoured with this genial land. Your jaunty car driver, your porter, your *vis-à-vis* at table or in the train will all speak with that soft, pleasant intonation and slight brogue that is captivating to hear. Of the many places of outstanding appeal I would mention Glengarriff, Bantry Bay and Dingle, Leenane and Kylemore.

A Fisherman's Paradise.

THERE are many interests for the holiday maker, but the strongest of all in the autumn is sport. Fishing over there—well, it is a fisherman's paradise. If you are a real artist the gamest fish are there for you to lure. If you are but a modest exponent, record bags are to be had by even the veriest tyro.

Regarding shooting. There are many topping "lets" to be had. For the man of modest means, the finest sport can be had amongst the foothills and bogs; snipe, woodcock, duck, plover, geese and wild pheasants, brent, barnacle and widgeon. Sportsmen's hotels down the west coast generally have anything up to 60,000 acres of rough shooting for their visitors.

A day in Ireland with a gun will give you such sport as will make an ineffaceable memory. The morning starts as the warm mist lifts, say a few miles run in a car to get to a special beat, and the steady work with every nerve keyed and your two dogs tensed with excitement. Then, at the close of day, with an unbelievable mileage walked to your credit and you take the car back to your hotel, your road winds through the real lovable Ireland, flaming gorse, purple heather, ragged stone outcrops, and line after line of mountains, growing ever more beautiful as their contour is softened in the haze of distance, or a rugged shoulder becomes burnished gold in the setting sun. Bogland with its brilliant greens and softer brown-black tints, bracken backed by trees, the leaves of which give a polychrome display to be

the despair of any artist, and subtly pervading all, that faint tang in the air of burning peat.

Shark Fishing.

HUNTING and Ireland are concomitant. To think of sporting Ireland without the name of one of the many sporting packs leaping to mind is impossible. Hunting is exceptionally reasonable and of the very finest. Irish hunters, with good reason, are world famous. If you love the rhythm of a gallop, the thrill of a well-run chase, the deep call of hounds, this is the land that offers you of the best. Day in and day out you can take your fill. For the big game hunter or fisher who requires to keep his hand in I recommend trying to secure the horns of the wild goat on the cliffs of Achill Island and shark fishing off Galway's coast.

A very general impression is that the roads are execrable for motoring. This is not the case. For anyone with a car who desires a holiday off the beaten run this is the place. Writing from recent personal experience covering the best part of the country, I unhesitatingly recommend the roads.

True, some are full of unexpected twists with, mayhap, a browsing be-panniered donkey occupying the fairway. Enjoyment is to be had throughout the length and breadth of the land by any motorist.

Another myth that dies very hard is that of inferior accommodation. Speaking generally, the vast majority of hotels are clean, wholesome, and up to date. Fresh local produce figures largely on the bills of fare—eggs, butter, cream, Limerick ham, salmon, trout, barn-brack, and soda scones, food of the gods.

ERNEST R. READER.

Concerning Books of Travel.

IN days gone by, when "sailings" meant sailings, and ships were forced to wait upon the winds, a man who really travelled was a person who caused considerable interest and admiration. Now no one looks at you unless you've motored across the Sahara or flown to the South Sea Islands and back.

It was the traveller of old who alone could tell us of the strange things that were to be found across the seas, but to-day every schoolboy has seen the North Pole a dozen times on the films.

This mental travelling, enriched by books and illustrated papers, is perhaps one of the most remarkable privileges that civilisation has given us. For 1s. 2d. we can be transported to Kamchatka or Vesuvius or the Saragossa Sea, and for 3s. 6d. we can see the same trail of '98 as for 2s. 4d., only the seat will be more comfortable.

AT YOUR SERVICE.

Captain d'Egville, who knows more about it than most people, has been specially retained to advise readers of BRITANNIA on all matters appertaining to travel within Great Britain and the Empire. All inquiries should be addressed to him

c/o BRITANNIA,

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Strand, London,

accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.



Aasleagh Falls on Arif River, Co. Mayo.

Reading and Travelling.

EVERY day some new book of travel appears upon the stalls, and there is practically no spot on earth that has not got its own particular travel literature. Some deal with lands beyond the reach of most of us, lands only for the explorer or rich traveller with time and money to dispose of at his leisure—but perhaps it is the lure of the unattainable that renders so popular those books that deal with the remotest parts of the globe.

But many a book has inspired a journey, and I remember once reading one, called *Studies in North Africa*, as a result of which I travelled 4,500 miles across the country so delightfully pictured. *An Englishman in Paris* was the cause of my spending some eighteen months in that lovely city.

Such books are something the guide-book can never quite be. For while the guide-book will tell us all the things we ought to see—officially, so to speak—the travel book more frequently takes a personal and human view, and goes out of its way to find those quaint and hidden corners that the speeding tourist so often misses.

He will visit the Town Hall and pass by the fifteenth-century inn that lies within a stone's throw, did he only know it and where to look for it. He will stare up at the grandeur of the Senate House built in his father's lifetime, and never know that just behind it is some unobtrusive gem of ancient architecture.

A Vision of Carthage.

AND so, though the guide-book must inevitably go along in the suit-case in case of accidents, the intending traveller will do well to read such travel books as he can find about his destination.

Perhaps Jerusalem is the most striking example in this respect. If it were just the capital of Palestine, we might just trust to our guide-book alone. But any man who visits the Holy City has in his mind those stories on which he had been brought up—stories from the Bible. What colour do these stories lend to every stick and stone in the city.

Without *Studies in North Africa* my trek could never have been so full of interest. To know where Carthage stood is one thing. To have the picture of Carthage conjured up in my mind by a vivid pen picture—that is another. As I stood in that queer spot, I could rebuild the city in my mind, see once again the heavy triremes return within the safety of that harbour, and hear the busy traffic in the streets, the babble in the gaily-decked bazaars.

So, if you are going to Land's End or Peru, Hastings or Soudan, read it up.

A. H. D'E.

BRITANNIA'S PULPIT

BISHOP WELLDON

on the CASE for RELIGION

RELIGION is essential to humanity. The religious faculty is as vital a part of human nature as the intellectual or the artistic.

That such a faculty is more strongly developed in one person than in another is no evidence that it is not proper to human nature. There are people to whom intellectual research means little, as there are people who feel little pleasure in beautiful objects, or who can scarcely distinguish one tune from another. But nobody doubts that the sense of beauty or the love of music is an endowment of human nature itself.

According to the authority of anthropologists like Tyler and Tiele, not to speak of Sir J. G. Frazer, there is no instance of a people, however savage, who have not conceived and professed some religious belief. Individuals who are, or who claim to be, destitute of the religious instinct there may have been; there have been no irreligious peoples. The witness of history to religion is conclusive.

An Inevitable Goal.

There are many reasons why man should speculate upon his place in the universe, of which he once thought himself to be so great, and now knows himself to be so small, a part born, as he is, into an environment in which manifold phenomena bid him inquire, Whence came I? Whither am I going? How did the universe in which I live come into being? What is my relation to the Power by which the universe is governed? It is impossible that, as an intellectual being, he should not essay to solve the problem of his destiny.

He might as soon be expected to abstain from trying to learn what is the cause which governs the alternation of day and night or the succession of the seasons as from seeking to read the secret of his own origin and his own destiny. But as soon as he begins his inquiry, he finds himself confronted by phenomena which irresistibly suggest that the universe is not only governed by a Force infinitely more potent than any which he can command, but that, as his reason tells him, it is ordered to a definite inevitable goal, the

One far off divine event

To which the whole creation moves.

It is so that man came to be religious, because of his relation to the invisible Power which governs him and all mankind and Nature itself. "I would rather," says Bacon in his Essay on Atheism, "believe all the fables in the Legend and the Talmud and the Alcoran than that this universal frame is without a mind."

The Darwinian theory of Evolution makes no difference to the argument for the existence of the Power which Christians and all Theists designate as God. It offers no theory of creation; it does not explain the origin of life or of the soul; it is only a scientific account of the process by which living things have advanced and still advance from a lower to a higher stage. But apart from the revelation of force, order and design as lying

behind or within the world of Nature, man, in his speculation upon himself and his environment, becomes aware that he stands in a certain definite relation to God. He is himself homogeneous with the God whom he knows and serves. According to the Scriptural phrase, he is made in God's image; he is a spiritual being, as God Himself is Spirit. The most authoritative witness of his affinity to God is conscience.

Conscience, when it is instructed and refined, is the voice of God. It is, in Cardinal Newman's words, "A king in its imperiousness, a prophet in its predictions, a priest in its benedictions and anathemas."

Conscience, above all else, is the ever-present motive to fear, worship, obedience and sympathy in the relation of man to his Maker.

The Ways of God to Man.

Other considerations there are which powerfully support the religious conception of human nature. Man is greater, and feels himself to be greater, than the circumstances in which he lives. He is born not for a time, but for eternity. It has proved impossible for him to escape the conviction that his life is not bounded by the span of three score years and ten. His faith in immortality is wellnigh indispensable to a complete moral code of human duty. It is difficult to see how the supreme moral achievement of which man is capable, as in the instance of the patriot or the martyr when he flings away his life for a cause which he holds dearer than life itself, can be justified, if the present life is all. The life beyond the grave affords the only

BRITANNIA'S PULPIT
will be occupied next week by
Father Bæde Jarrett, O.P.

complete justification for supreme virtue; the only valid consolation for the present life's apparent inequalities and injustices; it is the only rational vindication of the ways of God to man. Human life seems to be poverty-stricken, if it is not the heir to an undying future.

It is so that the greatest triumphs of Art, as in the temples and cathedrals of all the ages all the world over, the greatest triumphs of Music as in the oratorios, and the greatest triumphs of Literature as in the *Divina Commedia*, the *Paradise Lost*, and the *In*

Memoriam have been inspired by religious faith and feeling.

The conclusion seems to be inevitable, as indeed is proved by the example of Russia today, that human life, if it is lived upon a wholly secular basis, is a poor, sordid and ignoble existence. The highest aspirations of human nature find and can find their satisfaction only in God.

Belief in God is difficult in the light of imperfections, discrepancies and the catastrophes which mar the beneficent aspect of Nature. It

cannot indeed be denied that, if God is infinite and man is finite, the Providence of God must in some sense transcend the capacity of the human intellect. Lord Tennyson was wont to say that it was difficult to believe, but more difficult not to believe.

Mystery of Divine Things.

An agnostic has sometimes been said to be an ignoramus, because the word agnostic means literally one who does not know; but he might, perhaps, less unreasonably, be called a coward. For certainty is seldom obtained in human life. It is the course which is most probably correct that man is bidden in virtue of his nature to adopt and pursue. He who makes this course the rule of his life will not, I think, stop short of religion.

All religion is the expression of man's voluntary attitude towards the Power which created and governs him. But there are many religions in the world; and, as man advances intellectually and spiritually, he feels himself drawn towards the highest among the religions of the world, i.e., towards Christianity. For Jesus Christ is the acknowledged Head of the whole human family; His is the one religion which contains in itself the promise or hope of universality; and beyond His moral law human nature, as Goethe has said, can never rise.

What Religion Must Be.

It must be reasonable; it must never set itself against new truth. It must welcome the light of Heaven through whatever windows it may flow in upon the mind or the soul. He must avoid laying down the law upon Divine matters. He must respect all strivings of all souls after the Eternal.

Religion too must be useful. It must supply an answer to the question, What does religion or what does the Church do for humanity, that could not be done without religion or without the Church? All the services and ceremonies, the devotions and aspirations of the religious spirit, are so many incentives to charity and piety. The Church of Christ has never wholly failed in her sympathy with the poor, the sad, the suffering, the afflicted and the bereaved children of earth.

Finally, the true religion will be intensely spiritual. It will lift the hearts of men above the low-lying clouds of earth into the serene and sacred atmosphere of Heaven. For, after all, the highest human character is the saintly. Saints have been few, but they have taught the world a lesson which it can never forget. Sanctity is to morality as the landscape when it is bathed in glorious sunshine is to the same landscape when it is wrapped in wintry fogs. It was Joubert, I think, who said that he should feel he was wrong "if in poetry he differed from the poets, and in religion if he differed from the saints."



Bishop Welldon.

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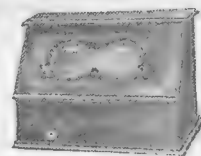
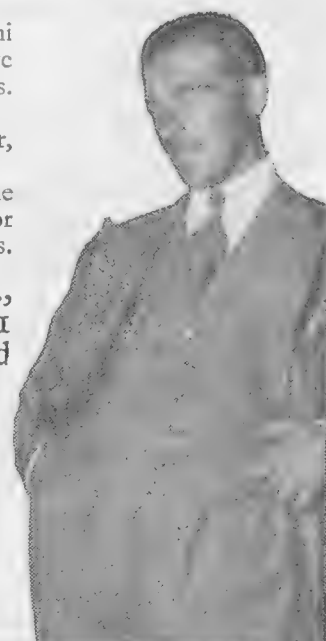
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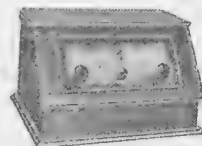
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MY LIFE



By Benito Mussolini

JUSTICE requires our recognition of great rectitude in the private life of Giolitti; we cannot, however, say as much for the rectitude of his political character. He was a dissolver. He never gave evidence of believing in the deep idealistic springs and streams of Italian life.

As a creature of the bureaucracy, he placed the whole Italian problem on the vicissitudes of democratic and parliamentary pretence and artificiality. Thus, owing to his temperament, he held aloof during the War. Soon after the victory, he returned to the political scene like a man who had to wind up a business. That business which he was liquidating had been certainly the most bloody, and yet no doubt the most magnificent (and in idealism) the most successful in our history as a united people.

The purposes disclosed by the Giolitti Ministry for domestic policy were good. After the most unhappy Nittian mire, public opinion was induced to accept new pilots without hostility. Foreign agents, provoking elements, supported always by domestic political compromises, were inciting against us the Albanian population. This noble land, which is but twelve hours distant from Bari, and which always absorbed an influx of our civilisation; this land in which had gleamed some sparks of modern civil life, only on account of the influence we exercised there, all at once revolted against our garrison. We had been at Valona with sanitary missions since 1908, and since 1914 we had troops there. We had built the city, the hospital, and the magnificent roads which were a refuge for the Serbian army in its rout in 1916. In Albania we had sacrificed millions of money, and devoted thousands of soldiers to maintain and give this little state a future and a well-ordered existence.

IKNEW and urged that it was useless to expect any decided Albanian policy from Giolitti. The domestic situation, which continued to remain troubled, deprived him both of energy and mind to devote to foreign policy. At that time the Honourable Sforza was Minister of Foreign Affairs, which in itself was quite enough to accomplish the last vandalism in the Adriatic question. Meanwhile our military garrison was obliged to quit Valona owing to the incompetence of our Government. So we entered another phase of defeatism.

In 1920 the railway employees adopted the systematic practice of preventing the move-

The iron need for violence had already been confirmed. We all felt it. Now was the time for action with a clear sense of the ultimate issue.

ments of trains carrying soldiers, carabinieri or policemen. Sometimes a similar policy was extended also to the clergy. I alone protested against this inconceivable abuse of power. The Italian people were suffering passively from a stupid conception of their opportunities. They could not see their own power and pride. Those who dared to resist and were critical of the bureaucracy or of government policy were themselves persecuted by the Government.

There was the incident of the station-master of Cremona, Signor Bergonzoni. He ordered the railwaymen subject to his authority to hook on to a train a car conveying some troops to Piacenza. For this episode, exhibiting the most ordinary case of regularity in routine, the railway syndicate, domineered by Socialists, demanded his dismissal. And because the Ministry, by its firmness, rejected this demand of the syndicate, Milan, which had nothing to do with all this matter, had imposed upon it a railway strike lasting thirteen days.

MILAN, a city of 900,000 inhabitants, choked by an enormous traffic, found itself cut off from its suburbs and the whole world. It was thrown back on the use of stage coaches, motor cars and lorries, and was obliged to use even small boats along the Naviglio River.

Milan, our greatest modern city, in the power of political anarchy!

The same military elements who could easily have handled the situation were put at the mercy of the local authorities. They were even obliged to ask the authorities for flour to make bread for the troops! The stations situated at the boundaries of the district of Milan had in their sheds, in store, heap on heap of goods; of course, these stores decayed or deteriorated, and were at the mercy of warehouse and freight-car robbers. At length, after thirteen days, after a meeting of the striking railway employees, during which there was a revolver fight, with dead and wounded,

the railwaymen, overpowered by the indignation which had spread over the whole body of citizens, were convinced that they had better return to work.

But the State's authority was dead; it was now ready for the grave.

THE Giolitti Ministry muddled along amid financial difficulties. Giolitti hoped to appease the Socialists with the promise of a general confiscation of all war profits, and still more with a plan to institute a strong tax on hereditary succession. This latter measure, wholly Socialistic, would have annihilated the family conception of a patrimonial line. It would have threatened the rights of an owner to bequeath to his heirs his earnings and his name. It had consequences which were not only economic but also moral and social.

In international policy Count Sforza, Minister of Foreign Affairs, concluded the agreement of Spa, signed the protocol of Tirana with the renunciation of Valona and Albania, signed the weak treaty of Sevres with Turkey, and prepared, by fits and starts, to attempt an end also to the question of Fiume. This last happened at the conclusion of the treaty of Rapallo. The application of the Pact of London, by which Dalmatia was assigned to Italy, seemed to have been twisted without a single justifiable reason into something which could not be further argued. And Senator Scialoja, a gentleman of the old stamp, said amid the weak voices of the Senate that the London treaty had "continually been tricked

out of force and effect by those who are themselves Italians."

BELIEVING with all my heart that it was necessary to stop the flood of decadence in our foreign policy, I began to use our Fascisti organisation in collaboration with the *Popolo d'Italia*. I tried to raise dykes, but it was difficult to hold back the dirty water! There was a tendency toward Communism at all costs.

The power of Lenin—I admit it—had assumed the character of a potency only paralleled in mythology. The Russian dictator domineered the masses. He enchanted them. He charmed them like hypnotised birdlings. It was only a long time afterwards that the news of the dreadful Russian famine, as well as the information furnished by our mission which had gone to Russia to study Bolshevism, opened the eyes of the crowd to the falsity of the Russian paradise mirage. Enthusiasm ebbed away little by little. Finally Lenin remained only as a kind of banner and catchword for our political dabblers.

The aviation fields of Italy had been closed, the machines were being dismantled. There had been, however, some attempts to engage in civil aviation. One of the most unhappy and dramatic episodes of that time came out of the sky above Verona. Returning from a trip to Venice, a big airplane fell on the city. The crash caused the death of sixteen persons, including the pilot. Among the dead were several journalists from Milan. The tragedy affected all Italy. Mourning was general. But to my horror the authorities seized on this opportunity to abandon discussion of aviation, and to dismantle the few machines, motors and spare parts which were left.

IT was just at this period that I wished to become a pilot. The machine which crashed in Verona had been guided by a neighbour from my own home town, one Lieutenant Ridolfi. His body was carried to the churchyard of Forlì, whither I had gone for rest with some political friends. My reception in my own home district had been cold and even hostile. My efforts to be agreeable and my willingness to learn to fly just after Ridolfi had lost his life seemed to be quite wasted. Anything in those days that did not have a material value seemed to be superfluous. These were years when men's hearts were grey.

But I did not give up. I repeated my flights. I flew over Mantua with the staff of the *Popolo d'Italia*. I was determined to show in action that aviation ought not to disappear from our vision of Italian possibilities and progress, even



Blackshirts pa'rolling the streets of Milan.

at the cost of hardships. I gave an example personally every time I had the chance and my friends did likewise.

THE growing exaltation of the bewitched masses and the incredible weakness of the Government culminated at the beginning of September in the occupation of the factories by metal workers. This occupation of factories was to be an example of Bolshevism in action. The doctrine to be illustrated was the taking possession of the means of production. The workmen, with their childish understanding, and much more the chiefs who were betraying them—well aware of their treachery as they did so—pretended that they were able to administer all the workshops, all the processes, and even the sales of output, without orders from anyone.

In truth, though it is not commonly realised, they did nothing else beside making some side arms, such as daggers and swords. They lost not less than twenty-one days in forced leisure and childish manifestations of hatred and impotence.

The occupation once begun, the managers, the owners, and the employees of the establishments were sequestered by the workmen. The trade marks and factory signs were taken away, while on the roofs and doors of the factories the red banners with sickle and hammer, symbol of the Soviets, were hoisted with cheers. In every establishment a committee

was formed subject to a Socialist-Communist set of bye-laws. Telephones were used to threaten all who were keeping out of the movement, and who, as we of the *Popolo d'Italia*, were setting out to wage war against this grotesque Sovietic parody.

The seizure of the factories was accompanied by the most ferocious acts. At Turin, the old capital of Piedmont, which had such glorious monarchical and military traditions, the red court of justice worked with all its might. Mario Sonzini, a nationalist and patriot, among the first to adopt Fascism, was arrested by the workmen, put under a cruel and grotesque revolutionary trial, riddled by bullets, and thrown into a ditch.

Somebody had a kind Christian thought and threw him into the smelter ovens, but as these were extinguished and as cold as the industry itself somebody else thought to put an end to the poor martyr by beating and kicking out what remained of his life. Sonzini's only guilt was that he was a Fascist. The same fate befell others. Even the women were not strangers to this kind of inhuman brutality.

The occupation of the factories in several Italian towns was merely an opportunity for violent demonstrations. There were dead at Monfalcone, there were dead in Milan, and there were dead in other towns on the peninsula.



A barricade in the streets of Milan, manned by Blackshirts.

OUR credit abroad had been extinguished like a puffed out candle. Even after the conclusion of peace there was little thought any longer devoted to a rehabilitation of our nation. One could sense collapse. The printing presses began to spew out paper money. It was necessary to increase circulation, it was necessary to have recourse to inflation in order to prevent our economic life from going into complete ruin. After ten years, we are still feeling the burden and the consequences of that inauspicious period. The exigencies of such artificial finance hastened the wreck. I denounced the peril in a series of articles in a debate with Meda, a member of the Chamber, a man believed to be erudite in public finance. I can say now that nobody in that murky time had the ability to indicate any clear course to the Italian people; in financial matters we went straight to utter ruin—and playing an accompaniment on the strings of his foreign policy, Sforza was continuing his series of renunciations. He arrived at Rapallo, and from that moment Fiume was doomed to become a detached, exiled city, lying on a bed of thorns.



Giovanni Giolitti, who died in 1928.

On November 4th the celebration of the anniversary of our victory gave opportunity for slight symptoms of reawakening. Rome and Milan both had extensive patriotic demonstrations. All Italy celebrated. I did, too.

BUT that was transitory. Almost at once there were those mournful incidents—the tragedy of Palace d'Accursio in Bologna, that of Palace Estense in Ferrara, and the Bloody Christmas in Fiume.

There was at Bologna a bold handful of Fascists, led by Arpinati. We were aware that the Socialists were preparing pompous demonstrations to celebrate the installation of the new city government of Bologna, composed for the most part of Reds. On November 21st quantities of red banners were hoisted on the high towers of the City Hall Palace as well as on private buildings.

It had been planned also to release flocks of pigeons to take the greetings of the Bologna Socialists to their comrades of other places. The whole town was in the hands of the Socialists. They were on the point of adopting a constitution of the Soviets. The city government minority, composed of elements of good order with Fascists and combatants, was present at the meeting, and this was considered by the Red as a provocation and a challenge.

The Fascist group of Bologna, which had its headquarters in a street called Marsala, organised several squads to defend the public order at any price. In the afternoon the Fascists were subject to continuous and increasing insults and provocations.

FASCIO—the organisation of the Fascisti—by placards made it plain that it was resolved not to be “bulldozed,” and it warned the women and children to keep at home behind locked doors. It was foreseen that the streets of Bologna might witness a tragedy. This firm attitude of the Bologna Fascists, guided by Arpinati, whipped up the Socialists, not only because they were feeling no longer able to do as they pleased, but also because physical fear had taken possession of their leaders all up and down the line. I say categorically that fear and cowardice have always been typical characteristics of the Socialist party in Italy.

At the moment when about thirty Fascists formed in tiny squads and tried to go from Indipendenza Street, an open space crowded with the Socialists, there was a general scattering and a disordered shouting and clamour.

A portion of the terrified crowd poured over to the City Hall and entered the courtyard, The Socialists, barricaded there as in a fortress, blinded by their own base fears, supposed that all fugitives were Fascists; they feared that the City Hall might be invaded, therefore they threw from above, upon the crowd, hand bombs with which they had armed themselves.

This increased the general terror in the crowd. Many of the people ran off—tearing up the tickets of the Socialistic organisations.

WHILE these events were going on around the Palace, and in the courtyard, in the Hall of the City Council tragedy was being acted. The Red members of the Council, frightened by the apprehension of a Fascist invasion, thronged for the most part toward the exit. Some of them, however, preferred joining the public composed of Red elements, some flung themselves against the little group of the council conservatives. Shots were now heard in the Hall. The guards, not to be caught, threw themselves upon the ground. The few minority councillors—among whom were the advocate Giordani, and advocates Oviglio, Biagi, Colliva, Manaresi—kept their places, offering a conspicuous mark for wrath whipped by fear. Somebody fired. The bullet missed Oviglio by a miracle. But a second shot killed the lieutenant Giordani, Bersagliere and wounded war veteran, hated for his record by the Reds.

Meanwhile the organisers of the bloody riot were hurling bombs, like demented demons, into the crowded square, hitting fugitive Socialists under the impression that their victims were Fascists. The carnage and butchery was horrible.

Something of the same kind happened a little later on at Ferrara on the occasion of a great Socialistic manifestation which was to have taken place in the historic castle of the Estensi. A column of Fascists, advancing to the spot of the meeting, met a fusillade of lead. They left three dead and numbers of wounded. Ferrara the Red; Ferrara, which had all municipalities and the province in the hands of the Socialists; Ferrara, which had threatened to arrest its own Prefect, passed hours in anxiety.

I CALLED to Milan the responsible chiefs of the Fascist movement, the elements of the Po Valley, of Upper Italy, of the towns and countryside. Those present were not many, but they were men resolved to take any risks. I made them understand, as I had suddenly

understood, that through newspaper propaganda, or by example, we would never attain any great success. It was necessary to beat the violent adversary on the battlefield of violence. As if a revelation had come to me, I realised that Italy would be saved by one historic agency—by righteous force.

Our democracy of yesterday had died; its testament had been read; it had bequeathed us naught but chaos.

THERE are times when violence has a deep moral effect. In our land, a leading class did not exist. The Liberal party had abdicated everything to the Socialists. There was no solid, national unity. Ignorance was still uppermost among the workmen and peasant people. It was useless to try and blaze a trail by fine words, by sermons from chairs. It was necessary to give timely recognition to chivalrous violence. The only way was to fight and beat the violent forces of evil on the very ground they had chosen. With us were elements who knew what war meant. For from them grew the Italian Fighting Fascisti. Many were volunteers from our universities—students touched by the inspiration of idealism, rallied to us.

WE knew that we must win this war, too, casting into the background the period of cowardice and treachery. It was necessary—by violence, by sacrifice, by blood—to establish an order and a discipline needed by the masses but impossible to obtain through milk and water propaganda and by words, words, and more words, and Parliamentary and journalistic sham battles. We began our period of rescue and resurrection. Dead there were—but on the horizon all eyes saw the dawn of Italian rebirth. The unhappy year of 1921 closed with the tragic dissolution of the Fiume drama. After the treaty of Rapallo, by which Fiume was doomed to be a separate body, the Italian resistance in Fiume became more decided than ever. D'Annunzio declared that, whatever the cost, he would not abandon the city which had suffered so long and painfully in keeping its Italian soul alive and pure. D'Annunzio and I had been close together since the first days of the campaign. For more than a year I had been accustomed to receive his brotherly letters. They brought me the spirit of Fighting Fiume. Since the first moment of the occupation the poet had disclosed to me his firm will to fight. Significant evidence is found in a letter which



The Piazza Del Duomo in Milan.

D'Annunzio sent me on September 14th, 1919, for my newspaper. He wrote:—

"My dear Mussolini:

"Just two lines in a hurry. I have been working for hours. My hand and my eyes are aching. I send my son, Gabriellino, brave companion, to bring you this manuscript. This is only the first act of a struggle which I will see through to the end in my own way. In case the censors should dare to cut this letter, please publish the letter with the white erasures showing where words are omitted. Then we will see what we shall see!

"I will write to you again. I will come. I admire your constancy, and the strength of your well directed blows. I clasp your hand.

"Yours,

"GABRIEL D'ANNUNZIO."

FROM July to December the situation in Fiume grew more and more difficult. In face of the determined attitude of D'Annunzio, Giolitti, then Premier—faithful to the engagements assumed at Rapallo by Count Sforza—resolved to blockade the city. The results of the blockade were dubious, therefore the Government made up its mind to occupy the city by a military expedition. They chose Christmas, because there were two holidays during which newspapers did not appear. Italian soldiers were being hurled against an Italian city, against a handful of audacious, ardent-souled Italians. There was blood on the streets. Many were killed. All Italy was indignant. But a way out was found. D'Annunzio surrendered his authority to a committee of citizens. He left Fiume. He had held it for sixteen months with invincible faithfulness. Now it was necessary to entrust its destinies to her best citizens. I wrote at that time a message which found its echo in all Italian hearts.

"Beneath all the verbosity and the shuttle of mere words the drama is perfect; horrible, if you choose, but perfect. On one side is the cold 'Reason of State' determined to the end; on the other, the warm 'Reason of the Ideal,' ready to make desperate, supreme sacrifices. Invited to make our choice, we, the uneasy minority, choose calmly the 'reason of the ideal.'"

A FEW days later, on January 4th, 1921, I commemorated the dead of the Legion of Ronchi by one of the most fervid articles I ever wrote. It ended with the following words:—

"They are the latest to fall in the Great War, and it is not in vain! The Italian tricoloured banner hails them, Italian earth covers them. Their graves are a shrine. There all factions and divisions are obliterated. The dead of Carnaro bear witness that Fiume and Italy are one, the same flesh, the same soul. The opaque ink of the diplomats will never undo that which has been sealed in blood for ever.

"Hail, then, to the Ronchi Legion, to the Duce—the leader, to D'Annunzio—to his living who return and to his dead who never will."

The iron need for violence had already been confirmed. We all felt it. Now was the time for action with a clear sense of the ultimate issue. The formation of squads and battling units which I had devised were now in being. I had given them precise orders with well specified tasks within clear limits. They began their work of discipline and retaliation. Our brave legionnaires had been trained to be loyal, as were the legions of Garibaldi. The Central Committee of the Italian Fighting Fascisti co-ordinated, under my direction, the whole work of the local executives and of the action

squads, not only in the provinces but even in the towns. Valiant and vigorous elements joined us from the universities. Italian schools are enriched to-day by the glorious names of students who closed their desks for Fascism. These eager boys left a merry existence, without regret and without wavering, to face mortal dangers in action against the betrayers of our country. Later on, to these bold young heroes I gave the award of "degré ad honorem." They had given their blood freely, so that their nation might be saved. Among them were the best types of Italian young



A characteristic attitude.

manhood, who, by disciplined methodical action, met and destroyed the Social-Communist spiders who, in a web of foolishness and ignorance, were exterminating every life-germ of the Italian people. Wherever there was trouble,

There are times when violence has a deep moral effect. In our land, a leading class did not exist. There was no solid, national unity. Ignorance was still uppermost among the workmen and peasant masses.

It was useless to try to blaze a trail by fine words. It was necessary to give recognition to chivalrous violence. The only way was to fight and beat the violent forces of evil on the ground they had chosen.

a ransom, a case of blackmail, an extortion, a disorder, a reprisal—there gathered the Fascist squads of action. And the black shirt—symbol of hardihood—was our uniform of war.

THE Liberal-Democratic Government quite naturally put difficulties in the way of the Fascist movement. It relied principally on the Royal Guards, a blind instrument of anti-national hatred. But we, with our sane courage, resource and ability, accepted ambush, traps, and death. When we were taken to prison we remained there for long periods waiting for trial. I had an effect on my soldiers which seemed to me almost magical. The boys saw in me the avenger of our wronged Italy. The dying exclaimed with fervour: "Give us our black shirts for winding sheets."

I could not remain unmoved when I knew that their last thoughts were of "our native land and the Duce." A revival of youth, of virile male beauty, obliterated the fear of the Socialists, nullified the ambiguity of the Liberals. The poesy of battle, the voices of an awakening race were multiplying, in those years of revival, the energies of our nation. Our dead were innumerable. Italy's imps, the red dabblers, our organisation of so-called Freemasons who were steeped in political intrigue, were already seeing the danger, menacing to them, of the coming of Fascism. Therefore they tried by every means to destroy us; they laid their snares and ambushes more and more carefully, and built their pitfalls with more and more cunning. Day by day the public streets, highways, and the open fields of Italy were smeared with the blood of frightful conflicts. Sundays, holidays and any occasions of gatherings seemed particularly marked out for attack.

I RESTRAINED our own violence within the strict limits of necessity. I enforced that viewpoint both with lieutenants and with the rank and file. At times they obeyed with well concealed regret. They were thinking of companions treacherously murdered. They thirsted, my brave boys, for revenge. But they always submitted to my orders against reprisals. They accepted my authority voluntarily but absolutely. If I had had a mind to do so I could have raised pitched battles everywhere. The boys would have leaped at the chance; they looked up to me as a chief whose word was law. There were episodes which showed me their deep attachment so greatly that I felt lifted up and refined. It created in me a profound sense of responsibility. I remember a man, twenty years old, the Count Nicolo Foscari, treacherously stabbed to death by Communist daggers. This fine boy died after two days of agony. With the pain of the wound, and at the point of death, he wanted to have always near him my photograph. He declared himself glad and proud to die. He said that I had taught him how to die for his country.

I was callous as to political battles. I understood the sadness of civil strife; but in desperate political crises when the bow is too much bent, the arrow either flies off or the cord breaks. In a few months of action and violence we had to win back no less than fifty years lost in empty parliamentary skirmishes, lost in the marshes of petty political intrigues, in the wretchedness of an atmosphere defiled by selfish interest and personal ambition, lost in the maze of attempts to treat government as if it were a jampot to attract the flies.

IN 1921 I attempted political agreement with the adversaries, under the protection of the Government. The utter incomprehension of the Socialists and Liberals was incredible. My gesture, prodigal and generous, served only to raise new fogs, miasmas and equivocations. The truce had been signed by the Socialists,

but not by the Communists. The latter continued the open struggle, hand in glove with the Socialists.

So my generous experiment in pacifism proved useless!

Socialism had corrupted Italian life, and so the struggle, after a short period, broke out again. I will not tell of all the deadly frays of this year. They belong to the past. But in the houses of my men the votive lamps of the survivors burn perennially.

The first months of 1921 were characterised by an extreme violence in the Po Valley. The Socialists sank to the level of beasts. They were even willing to shoot at the funeral processions of the Fascists. It happened in Rome. In Leghorn the Socialists held a Congress. A schism was developed which led to the formation of that autonomous Communist Party which afterwards, in all the manifestations of Italian political life, took such a loathsome part. I knew, and it was evident to everyone in spite of concealment, that the new Communist Party was inspired, supported and even directed from Moscow.

A GREAT Fascist meeting was held at Trieste, a city dear to every Italian, which had always kept the flame of faith and enthusiasm burning. At the head of the Trieste Fascists was Giunta, a member of the Italian Chamber and an ardent and valiant Fascist from the first. He knew how to raise formidable barriers against this Slavic inroad, and against the stupidity of the men who had taken authority in Trieste. The gathering was held at the Rossetti Theatre. There I spoke.

I set forth our fundamental principles, not only for the Fascists but for all those who were interested in a new and complete Italian policy. After a panoramic examination of the knotty problems which at that time were vexing Italian foreign policy, I demanded a complete definite withdrawal of the Rapallo Treaty by which Sforza and Giolitti had signed away Fiume. I acknowledged, none the less, the impossibility of setting one's self, at that moment, against the tragic consequences of the Treaty, the fruit of a long disintegration followed by those who had led us into a morass.

"The fault of the renunciation," I affirmed, "is not to be attributed entirely to the negotiators at the last hour; the renunciation had been perpetrated already in Parliament, in our journalism, even in a University where a professor has published books—translated, of



Mussolini among the athletes.

course, at Zagabria—in order to demonstrate according to his style of thinking that Dalmatia is not Italian! The Dalmatian tragedy lies in this ignorance, this bad faith and utter incomprehension. We hope to put a stop to these grotesque errors by our future work. We will know, love and defend Italian Dalmatia. The Treaty signed, it was possible to make it void either by a foreign war or by insurrection at home. Both are absurd! It is impossible to excite the man in the street against a Treaty of Peace after five years of bloody calvary." Having delineated clearly the uncertain and transitory position in which Italy found herself at that time in respect to the Fiume tragedy and herself, having shown the impossibility of creating a revolution which would have been premature and condemned to failure, I laid down and fixed firmly what should have been the political programme of the Fascists in 1921:

"FROM these general premises," I said, "it follows that the Italian Fighting Fascist should ask —

"First, that the treaties of peace be re-examined and modified in parts which are revealed as inapplicable or the application of which can be a source of hatred and incentive to new wars;

"Second, the economic annexation of Fiume to Italy and the guardianship of Italians living in Dalmatian countries;

"Third, the gradual disengagement of Italy from the group of occidental plutocratic nations by the development of our productive forces at home;

"Fourth, an approach once again toward the nations, Austria, Germany, Bulgaria, Turkey, Hungary, but with a dignified attitude, and maintaining the supreme necessities of our north and south boundaries;

"Fifth, the creation and intensification of friendly relations with all peoples of the Near and Far East, not excluding those which are ruled by the Soviets;

"Sixth, the indications in colonial policy of the rights and necessities of our Nation;

"Seventh, the reform and renewal of all our diplomatic representatives abroad by elements of special University training;

"Eighth, the building up of Italian colonies in the Mediterranean Sea as well as those beyond the Atlantic by economic and cultural institutions and rapid communications."

I concluded my speech by an ardent affirmation of faith.

"It is destiny," I said, "that Rome again takes her place as the city which shall be the directress of the civilisation of all Western Europe. Let us dedicate the flame of this passion to the coming generations; let us make out of Italy a nation without which it is impossible to conceive the future history of humanity."

A further instalment of
Benito Mussolini's story of
his life will appear next
:: :: week :: ::



Predappio, Mussolini's birthplace, is now a growing town.

THREE HUNDRED GUINEAS

for the

ENCOURAGEMENT OF TRUE POETRY.

Nowadays it is a little the fashion to scoff at Poetry.
Yet Poetry actually is the soul of a people.

It is my belief that the stream of British poetry has
run clear and undefiled from Chaucer down to the
present day.

Firm in this belief, I offer the following three
prizes of one hundred guineas each to the poets of
the Empire:—

- (1) For the finest poem embodying the
Spirit of our Empire, one hundred guineas.
- (2) For the best story told in verse,
one hundred guineas.
- (3) For the best lyric, one hundred guineas.

This Competition will remain open for six months
from October 19th. Closing date, April 19th, 1929.

All poems must be in typescript, and must be
addressed to the Editor of BRITANNIA, Inveresk
House, Strand, marked "Poetry."

No correspondence with regard to this Competition
will be answered, and my own judgment as to the
merit of the various poems will be absolutely final.

Pending consideration by me, no MS. sent in for
this Competition must be printed in any other paper.

Edmund Spenser





The Woman's Section

EDITED BY

Julia Cairns

HOME

COOKING

CHILDREN

GARDEN

BEAUTY

FASHION

and

COMPLETE

SERVICE

SERVICE! That is what BRITANNIA wants to give to every woman reader. Not only service for all collectively, but service for each and all individually. For mother and housewife, for mistress and maid, for the young girl starting out in life, desirous to know what life to-day has to offer her, and for the older woman, who, knowing much of the past, is progressive enough to want advice on the things of the present . . . For the woman with the small home, for the woman with the large home—in short for every woman reader.

And, what a marvellous response to this Service BRITANNIA is getting! The following are extracts from a few enquiries taken at random.

DEAR MADAM,

I have been interested in your articles about decorating the house, and would so like to take advantage of the service you offer through BRITANNIA. I have quite recently bought a house and am now in the midst of alterations, etc., and would so like your advice on decorating the following . . . I feel that I should like to have your advice on the subject.

DEAR MADAM,

It is indeed splendid to have the benefit of an expert opinion in matters appertaining to the home. I will briefly state my problem. I own quite a nice bungalow. . . . I shall have to spend as little as possible. . . . I shall be most grateful for the helpful advice I know you can give, and I thank you.

DEAR MADAM,

I am in some difficulty in making a satisfactory selection for Wall Treatment. I enclose a sketch which, if somewhat rough, will give you some idea of the entrance hall of my semi-detached house.

MADAM,

In the near future we will be moving into a new house which at present is being built, and we would like your advice about gas for heating purposes. . . .

Kindly advise us if you know of some small reliable gas device for placing in kitchen for giving odd amounts of hot water for washing dishes, etc., and its price.

Also what kind of geyser for bathroom

(baths only) would you advise, and is it worth while having it white enamelled so as to save cleaning?

MADAM,

Even a bachelor makes use of your Home Section. Will you kindly send me the address of the dealers offering that little Bedside Book-rest and the Book-Ends? . . .

I have read, with great interest, of the "Service Department" of BRITANNIA; and I should be very grateful if you could tell me of a few savouries, also a recipe for a successful common soufflé.

DEAR MADAME,

Mr. . . . will be much obliged if the Julia Cairns Service Dept. will give him the name of six robust H.T. dwarf roses, sweetly scented, half yellows or orange.

. . . . thanks the Julia Cairns Service Dept. for the reply in anticipation.

DEAR MADAM,

Having read with interest your fashion article in the first issue of BRITANNIA, I am writing to ask your advice on my winter wardrobe, as you kindly invite your readers to do.

I enclose a list of the chief items. . . .

Thanking you in anticipation of your help.

DEAR MADAM,

Could you please tell me where to obtain patterns of the Tweeds illustrated in October 5th BRITANNIA, page 173. I want a tweed jacket made to wear with a Mackenzie tartan kilt. Can you help me?

DEAR MADAM,

We have just started to have you book BRITANNIA, so I am taking advantage of your offer to help with beauty hints. Will you kindly tell me how or where I can improve or rather restore the contour of my face?

BRITANNIA's Complete Sports Section will be found on pages 473 to 480.

THE JULIA CAIRNS

SERVICE DEPARTMENT

EVERY regular reader of BRITANNIA is invited to make full use of the Special Service Department which I am personally directing.

My object in organising this Department is to let each reader feel that she may write in and obtain from me and my staff of Experts, free of charge, sane and helpful advice and suggestions on any matter concerning Home, Cooking, Children, Garden, Beauty and Fashion.

The fullest information about all articles described or illustrated in the Woman's Section is available to all readers on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. Write to:—The

JULIA CAIRNS SERVICE DEPARTMENT,

Britannia,
Inveresk House,
Strand,

London, and mark your envelope according to the nature of your enquiry. E.g.—"Home."

Julia Cairns

Just Imagine!

By Oscar M. Sheridan

IT was one of those rather wonderful mornings in early November when a cheerful fire is burning in your bedroom, and a jug of steaming hot coffee is waiting to be poured into cups of delicate Sèvres china. It was one of those mornings when the newspaper is really full of news, when, outside in the cold air, people, really nice people, are breaking their necks on the slippery pavements and augmenting the net sale of their favourite newspaper by dropping it in the mud; it was one of those nice mornings I speak of when you, with a tender movement, are drawing the feather eiderdown closer to you and your wife. Just a morning, in fact, when life is your friend.

To-day was a red-letter day in the happily married life of Vanity and I. Through the frosted windows came the necessary ray of sunshine to light up the carelessly brushed black tresses which are only one of the qualities of my beautiful wife. As usual, the delicately arched, demi-circle eyebrows were raised in surprise.

"You know you promised you would be kind to them," said Vanity, "you know they rather adore you, although they never have had the pleasure of meeting you. They have, of course, seen your photograph. Daddy said you had rather a weak face, but Mummy, clever Mummy, saved the situation by explaining that all passport photographs were necessarily weak after so much exposure to the sea air. . . ."

"Sure she didn't mean Casino air?"

"Darling you, if Mummy knew that I had a gambler as husband she'd never forgive me for having married you. She'd probably stop my allowance. . . ."

"Then for Heaven's sake don't tell her," I said hastily. "Money is so useful!"

DOWNSTAIRS in the yellow and blue hall of our two-floored flat in Shepherds Market, the clock struck fourteen.

"That means it's ten past three," said Vanity, spraying her nose, half the boudoir carpet and the tail of the Borzoi, with powder. "Fond parents should be here in another minute now."

No sooner had I finished counting sixty, when the door bell rang; another minute elapsed just as quickly and much in the same way, and I found myself shaking hands with a wide expanse of waistcoat welded together, as it were, by a stout watch chain of aluminium and brass (Sorry, Vanity says it's platinum and gold; she should know, it's her father).

"Well, my boy," said the kindly old gentleman, with a magnificent beam across his jovial, three-storied features—you know, two chins and the rest, "Well, my boy. . . ."

"Yes, thanks," I said, heartily, "Won't you sit down?"

"I will, but I hate to spoil the new furniture." I liked his deep chuckle. So like a Sunday in Regent's Park.

"And I am Vanity's mother," said another sweet voice from beneath a large hat. What happened then was rather like being kissed by a French general, except that it was much nicer; she didn't stick a sword into one's ribs.

"Now, my boy, I've come to have a serious chat with you," said Old Man Vanity. "First, I must say that all relations, even ideal relations like we are, are a damn nuisance. Personally I don't see why you ever condescended to receive us."

I TRIED to expostulate, being the best thing I could think of at the moment, but my dear father-in-law wanted to continue to exercise his engaging candour.

"First of all we don't want to see the house. From the outside it looks simply delightful; this room has been charmingly decorated, and we know there's plenty of h. and c. We have only to look at our fine, strapping handsome son-in-law to know at once that he is the kind of man to make our Vanity supremely happy."

WITH almost a sob in his throat the fine old man delved into his pocket. He produced, instead of a flask, a pocket book. From this he extracted a slip of pink paper.

"This," he said, with a charming smile, as

he handed the piece of paper to me, "is a cheque for £5,000. I thought it might come in useful."

"Yes, and we thought perhaps that you wouldn't mind accepting the country house for keeps as we are going to settle in France," added Vanity's mother, nervously.

Vanity's father half rose from his chair.

"Now is there anything else we can do for you, my boy?" He blowed (or blew) his nose vigorously, he was so agitated. And he kept glancing at his watch.

"You're sure we are not keeping you," they both said, concernedly, "we would hate to do that."

"Not in the sense you mean," I said, gently and kindly.

"Pooh, pooh," said my distinguished father-in-law, "what's a mere £5,000? If ever you need any more just drop me a blank postcard. Don't trouble to write. I'll understand."

They were just preparing to leave when my charming mother-in-law turned to Vanity.

"And oh, darling, I quite forgot; so silly of me. I've given *carte blanche* to Suzanne, my dressmaker, for you to have all your clothes charged up to my account for the next five years. . . ."

"That's a great idea," said Vanity's father. "I say, my boy, how would you like me to do the same with my tailor?"

"Oh, but I couldn't," I said, and cast my eyes to the ground.

"It's already fixed!" and his loud guffaw echoed and re-echoed through the house. Another second passed, in the course of which he had given me his gold watch, his gold pen and pencil, and a £50 note to take Vanity to dinner, and we found ourselves on the pavement by the luxurious Benham.

THEY were about to step into it when suddenly Vanity's mother whispered something to Vanity's father. A look of delighted enlightenment dawned on both their faces, and they smiled joyously. With a careless wave of his hand Vanity's father hailed a decrepit taxi from the rank across the road.

"But your car?" I said, and Vanity squeezed my arm.

"It's yours, my boy, it's yours," and with another huge chuckle my delightful father-in-law jerked Vanity's mother into the cab. I shall always remember his parting words.

"Be good," he said, "for your in-laws won't have the heart to bother you again for quite a long while."

"Oh, but you must come and see us again!" I said.

And, do you know, I really honestly mean't it!

Just imagine! . . .





The £ s. d. of SIMPLE FURNISHING

THE LOUNGE (No. 3)

By Marjorie Day

WHAT more attractive pieces of furniture could you have for your lounge than this carved Mahogany Desk at £17.10.0 and the Chippendale style Bookcase at £13.10.0. The Lamp with its vellum parchment shade is obtainable from 4 guineas.

PERHAPS we should have furnished the Lounge first, even before the Hall and Dining-room, because it is, in my opinion, the most important—and the most lovable—room in the house. But, now we have come to it, let us consider it very carefully.

In the room I have furnished on this page, you will see a delightful three-piece suite which combines comfort and good taste. It is in mahogany, as is all the other furniture in the room, chosen because mahogany is a very restful tone to live with.

No lounge can really be complete unless a few of our favourite books are within reach.

Your choice may fall on the sectional bookcase, which can be added to from time to time, as your library grows; or you may prefer a series of unconventional shelves which can find a home in any odd corner. For my part, I have selected one of Chippendale style; simple, yes, but its beauty of line appealed to me, and I loved it, too, because it harmonised so happily with the writing-desk in carved mahogany which can be seen in the same picture.

Why not set aside one corner of the room for writing: under the window, if possible, on account of light? I can call to mind a room where this was done. It added such a charming colour note too—the blotting paper was carried out in three shades of brown, each of which appeared in the flowery design of the cretonne curtains. Quill pens formed delightful contrasts in green—the fresh green of leaves—and the whole effect was completed with a simple vase of chrysanthemums in the same tawny autumn tones. It is only a small point, but just one of those *very small* things which make such a difference to a room.

THE writing desk you see on this page, although of carved mahogany, and in an exquisite design, is priced at £17 10s. only, and rather a delightful effect, and a colourful one, too, is created by the table lamp—really a Chinese vase, adapted for this purpose.

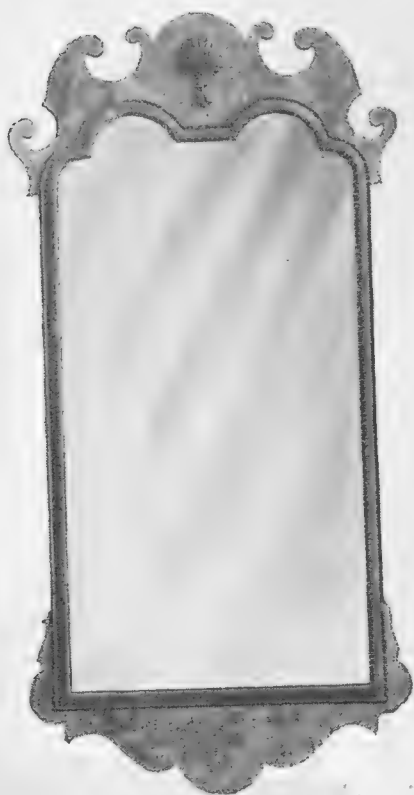
Finally, may I emphasise one point? All these pieces of furniture used in illustrating this article can be actually purchased, and I shall be only too happy if those readers who wish to know any fuller particulars and the name of the shops who can supply the various articles will send their enquiries as directed on page 443.



THIS delightful Mahogany Suite upholstered in damask is priced at £39.10.0. The small pouffe has a surprise for you—the lid lifts off and reveals a spacious box. The price is £3.3.0.



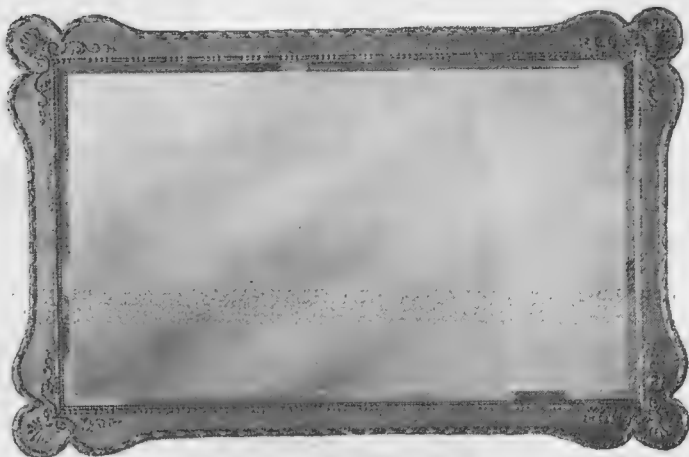
MIRRORS—



Placing a full-length mirror, as shown on the right, between two windows, is a most effective way of increasing the apparent size of a room of small proportions.



Mirrors, whether framed in gilt, after the French manner, or set off by the deep, rich hues of walnut in William and Mary style, are a most effective form of wall decoration.



WHATEVER you say about it, I am going to stick to my guns—or rather to my title—for they are! Veritable magicians, are mirrors, if you give them a fair chance. They are very essential too, believe me.

By which I do not mean the decadent, be-bracketed overmantel of earlier days, which, no doubt, was merely an institution intended to test out the patient forbearance of an overburdened housewife. Or the thoroughness of an underpaid domestic, whose worth was largely gauged by her ability to keep down the dust screen, that deposited itself upon the several meaningless brackets and within the many useless ornaments which huddled themselves together there.

No. What I *do* mean is that mirrors, well chosen and judiciously placed, can perform quite magic feats in every home—particularly in the small home.

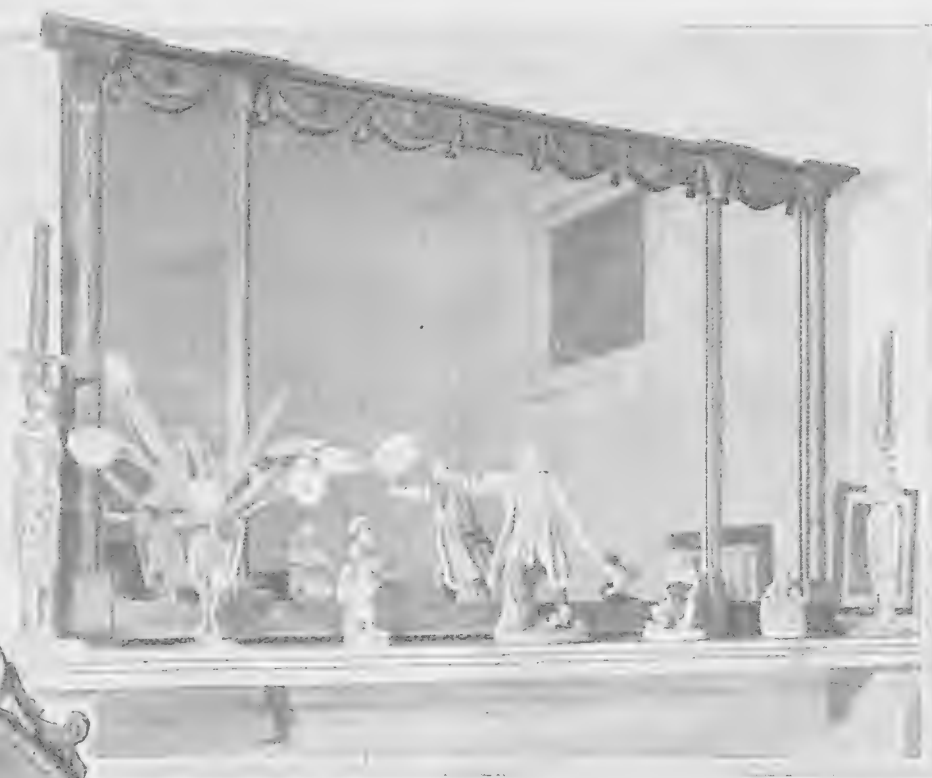
Let me prove what I say. Recently I was asked for an opinion on a certain bedroom, which, in fact, was rather on the small side. It was quite a charming room, decorated mainly in shades of antique ivory, with here and there pronounced notes of violets, some pale helio, some deep

The MAGICIANS of the HOME

By Julia Cairns

a good bevelled piece, unspotted by damp? Back came the "find," its frame cleaned and gilded, and to-day it stands occupying the entire space between the two windows. So decorative, so useful, to say nothing of doubling the apparent size of the bedroom.

The glory of beautiful glass and china, and tastefully arranged flowers, is doubly reflected when they are placed judiciously on a mantelpiece that has for a background a large mirror, simple and dignified in design.



THE difficult north room—it almost makes one shiver, doesn't it? I had one once, so I know! Yet I'm glad I had it, for it taught me many things. Chief among them, what a very clever magician the rightly placed mirror can be.

It was like this. The small sitting-room in a country cottage, and knowing its aspect was due north, all the care in the world was taken to use sunny, mauve-coloured paper above the dark oak paneling, to use golden browns, tango and primrose shades; everything, indeed, that would help to bring sunshine to that sunless north room. Then, one morning, as I watched the sunshine flooding the lawn outside, it occurred to me to hang a mirror facing the window. With the result that all the gaiety of the sunbeams was recaptured. And another practical hint, each side of the mirror, if burnished, a brass or copper plaque will also help to catch the sunbeams. So you see, even a north room need not be sunless!

purple, and the main pieces of furniture had been painted with deep burnished gold. There were two windows curtained quite simply, and below each window the deep window-seats were filled with mattress cushions, covered in similar material to the curtains, thus retaining a pleasant uniformity in the furnishing fabrics.

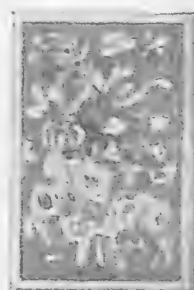
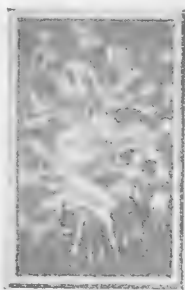
THE room was small. And admittedly an unfigured curtain

fabric might certainly have helped to give an effect of added space. But the fabrics could not be scrapped. Besides, they were essentially suited to the room. Gave life, gave feminine charm!

"Of course, if we had plastered the walls with pictures, I could have understood it," explained my friend. "You see, we were so careful to be wary of that pitfall."

"Leave it to me," I suggested. And out I went in search of a suitable mirror, which I discovered in a small secondhand shop. It was two feet six inches by six feet, including its two inches discoloured wooden frame. But what matters discoloration when the glass is

result that all the gaiety of the sunbeams was recaptured. And another practical hint, each side of the mirror, if burnished, a brass or copper plaque will also help to catch the sunbeams. So you see, even a north room need not be sunless!



A mirror facing the window, and flanked by brass plaques, will help to bring the sunshine into that sad sunless North room.



Send your queries, marked "Home," to the Julia Cairns Service Department, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope.



FLOWER

SOMETHING rather delightful, rather stimulating, don't you think about fabrics which, in the latter days of autumn, whisper to us, as it were, happy memories of a summer that is past—a happy reminder of the summer that is to come?

That is what I feel about these flower fabrics. Take, for instance, the ones which I have chosen here. Surely there must be some among them which will inspire you to brighten up the little morning-room . . . to add a cheerful note to the dining-room . . . to bestow in the drawing-room something of the simple elegance of the blossoms themselves? Or, maybe, one of them will bring an atmosphere of natural charm into your little spare bedroom . . . Will even make your bathroom window a little less like everybody else's bathroom window—a little more typical of you. Think of the charm of a cretonne whose background is of a practical shade of beige, relieved solely by large masses of flame and amber-coloured tulips, mingled with branches of pussy-willow. Can't you see how happy this would look with that dark oak furniture of yours? . . . With the simple breakfast service in orange and golden brown?

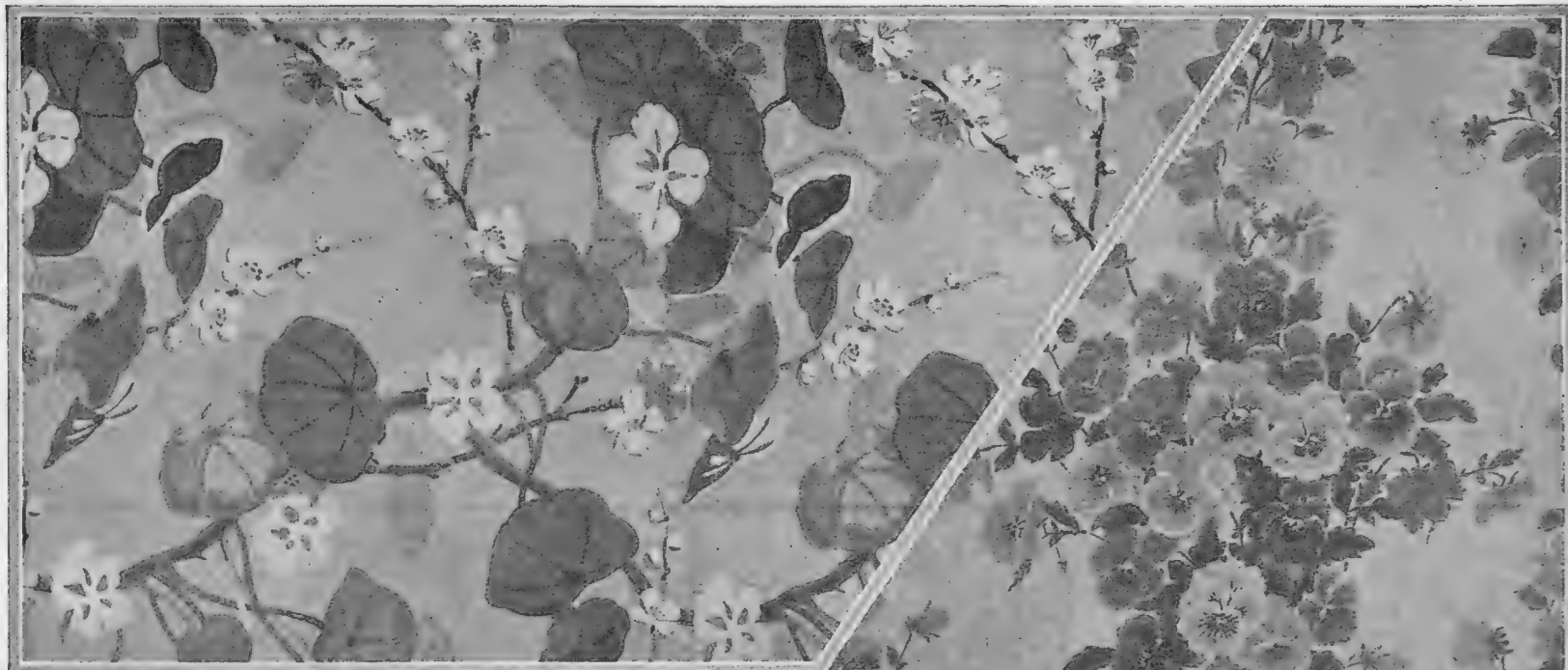
Or your drawing-room. Can you imagine a simple cretonne more full of charm than one whose lavender grey background, so soft, so restful, is relieved only by realistic branches of those old-fashioned favourites—phlox flowers, some vividly cherry-coloured, some almost amethyst in their depth of colour, some creamy-white, with bright little centres that seem to peep out almost puckishly, as it were—the very eyes of the flower people themselves? Amidst it, too, a wealth of restful green foliage which makes neither the bright cherry shades nor the deep amethyst tones, too violent in contrast?

For your dining-room perhaps you feel, like so many others, you want a touch of real coziness for the winter—in short, you want a touch of red. Then there is a very effective cretonne whose background is stone-coloured, relieved by shadow leaves in soft sepia.

(Above left). Restful lavender grey and (Above). On a beige background, phlox flowers, some cherry-coloured, some amber and flame and amber-coloured deep purple, amid a wealth of restful green tulips, mingled with branches of pussy-leaves, compose a very effective harmony. willow, create an exquisite effect. Width 31 ins. Price 2/9 per yard. Width 31 ins. Price 4/6 per yard

(Below left). Poppies in deep, rich red, zinnias in blue, and bright antirrhinums in fiery shades on a neutral background, flout themselves in a stimulating harmony. Width 31 ins. Price 2/6 per yard





FABRICS

By Julia Cairns

AND in direct contrast to this neutral background appear large red poppies, bright blue zinnias, and in their midst sprays of flaming antirrhinums. It is rather a pronounced design, and is one which I would recommend for the fairly large room. Imagine this cretonne used for the curtains with, maybe, little squab cushions fixed to your dining-room chairs, these in plain tawny-brown fadeless case-ment cloth or linen, and piped with the deep, rich red of the poppies.

Then there is another simple inexpensive design which might be used anywhere in the home, but particularly in the spare bedroom which is inexpensively furnished, provided the existing colour scheme will blend happily with orange coloured nasturtiums, large green and brown nasturtium leaves, branches of rather beautiful yellow blossoms, and here and there a touch of violet. This is an arresting design, but essentially one that asks for a simple environment.

Pansy faces. What more intriguing for the little bathroom, bedroom or morning-room if you will, where you want to mingle simplicity with colour charm? You have it in the pansy cretonne shown here. Its background has a moiré effect in a soft greenish-grey, and the pansy faces themselves peep out in deep wanton reds, in softer cherry-pinks, in shades of deep blue, and in softer tones of violas—some are cream with yellow markings, others yellow tinged with pink. Briefly, there is almost every colour ever known to the pansy world, so you see how simple it will be to link this up with your scheme, and at the same time forget drear October in the memory of June.

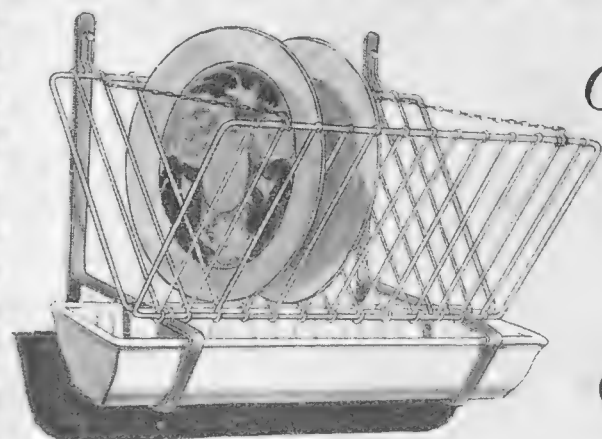
There is another—a linen finished cretonne—which I would like to tell you about. Its background is a delightful apple-green, and on it are mingled together peonies, gladioli, trails of dainty white blossoms amid trails of mauve and blue, and more blue in the mass of borage which contrasts so exquisitely with the delicate background. Essentially a design for the drawing-room or living room—essentially one whose colour value should be considered, if you want to give your home that little colour thought that means so much. And you do, don't you?

(Above). Nasturtiums and leaves of flare colours and greens with other blossoms of saffron-yellow, on a tawny-brown background, compose a pleasing colour picture. Width 31 ins. Price 1/1½ per yard.

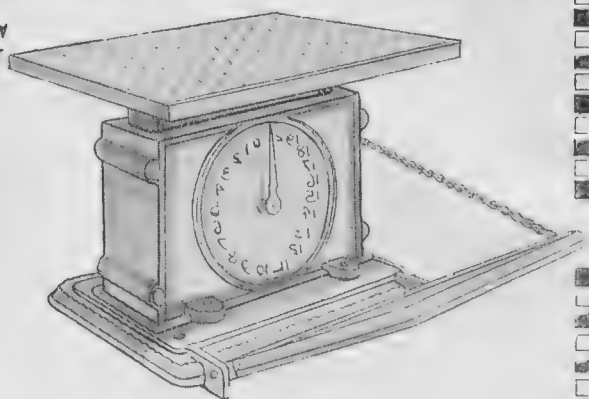
(Above right). "Pansy faces" you might call the central fascinating design. Pansies in every shade, from deepest reds to softest mauves, on a creamish-grey background. Width 31 ins. Price 2/4½ per yard.

(Below right). There is something more than pleasant in the happy association of peonies, gladioli, and trails of delicate white blossoms on a background of apple green. Width 31 ins. Price 2/11 per yard.

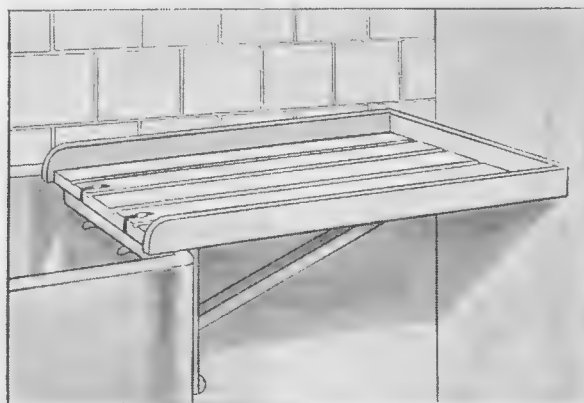




CHECKING up the HOME GADGETS

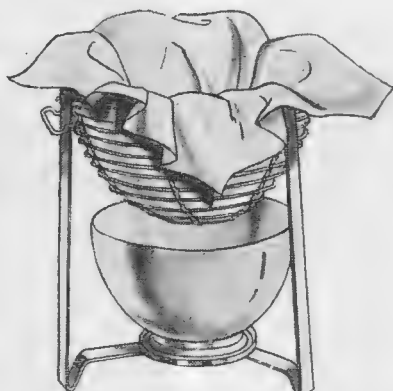


You will find a plate rack or drier, that will hold 14 plates, a useful gadget for use in your scullery. It costs but 6/3 and is of white earthenware, with very strong iron brackets and a sturdy tinned wire frame.



A particularly neat and compact weighing machine. Your weight is instantly recorded as soon as you stand on the platform. A glass is there to reflect the figures for you. Its capacity is 20 stone and its price 39/6.

The folding draining board above is unbreakable and once fixed on the sink is a fixture, folding away against the side when not in use. There is no fixing apparatus. It is of strong wood with metal fittings and costs 9/9.



A really useful strainer for general household purposes. Invaluable in the kitchen, it is strongly made to last a lifetime. It consists of a strong, galvanised iron stand, wire holder and earthenware bowl and costs 6/9.

The Handy Tool, on the right, supplies in one a hammer, hatchet, nail extractor and a case opener. Imagine the labour saved—there will no longer be that feverish search for a tool—all are here together. Price 2/6 and 3/9.



This brush is a very useful one in itself for a multitude of household purposes, but it has in addition a fitted rubber rim that squeezes water along the floor with pressure, cleaning it thoroughly. Its price is 4/6.

AN EMERGENCY REPAIR.

SHOULD you discover, when about to use a special cooking pan or saucepan, that you didn't remember to have that small hole repaired, deal with it in this way: Mix some whitening and soap into a paste and press it into the hole. Then smear soap over the outside and—carry on. It will see you through until you can get the hole repaired. If it's a big hole, stuff a small piece of rag into it and follow up with the same simple treatment.

THREE USEFUL HINTS.

DO you know that a pinch of soda placed on a hot stove will dispel the smell of cooking and that the way to deal with cooking apples is to pour boiling water on them so that the skins rub off easily. Another good hint—that bottle out of which the cork will not come: stand it in cold water for a few minutes—then plunge it into very hot water. The air inside expands and out comes the cork!



TREASURE! What an alluring word—what pictures it conjures up of pirates' hoards, of maps and plans and secret hiding places! And now *we* are going treasure-hunting! We are going to search for some of those lovely old "antiques" which you have always longed to possess. Up till now you have never seriously thought about buying old furniture, dainty china or fragile glass to add to the beauty of your home; they are so expensive, and besides, how are you to know that they are genuine? That is just what these articles are going to tell you. There is not a bit of need to wait until you can afford to buy "expensive" antiques. No, you can collect them bit by bit and have into the bargain all the excitement of the hunt and the joy of the find. The search will lead you along the byways of collecting, to local auction sales and wayside inns, to thatched cottages and dusty lumber shops, where many a treasure trove awaits you. In this article and others to follow you will learn something of "touches" and "marks" and the methods by which you can date and name the maker of your find, whether it is a rare old piece of china or a pewter tankard, a toby-jug or a pair of quaint old brass candlesticks. The photographs, too, will be especially chosen to give you an idea of what to look for—clues to help you in your treasure hunt.

Tankards and Tappit-Hens.

OF all the things that we can collect old pewter perhaps is the most delightful. True, it lacks the delicate charm of china or glass, but it has a beauty all its own; there is something very English about it, too, for it has been used by generations of our ancestors. Again, pewter is seldom faked; it is, or should be inexpensive to buy, and you will not have to contend with "marks" and dates to any great extent. Pewter has been made and used since Roman times, and certainly since a very early date in England. In an account of the coronation of King

Edward I. it is stated that "he had a supply of over 300 pewter dishes, salts and platters" to be used at the coronation banquet. The making of pewter was under the supervision of the Worshipful Company of Pewterers, to whom every master pewterer had to belong—on condition that he "wirke truely," and there were severe punishments for members who were dishonest or did bad work.

VERY old pewter is extremely rare, as one of the strictest rules of the Company of Pewterers was that all damaged pewter had to be melted down and re-cast from the existing moulds; no pewter was allowed to be repaired. There are two reasons which make it very difficult for even the expert collector to name and date pewter. Though every pewterer was supposed to stamp his work with his private trade mark or "touch," as it is called, this rule was frequently evaded, with the result that many pewter articles have no distinguishing marks of any sort. Again, though the Company of Pewterers kept registers of the various "touches" of the master makers, many of these registers have now vanished; probably they were destroyed in the Great Fire of London.

FROM early times good pewter was stamped with an X or a Tudor rose, either crowned or uncrowned. This mark was also used by foreign makers, but with this difference, while there are often letters on the crown in foreign articles they are never found in the

English. Pewter was made for use and not for show, and in that fact lies its value for modern decorative purposes. There is great beauty in the simplicity of line found in good pewter, and the only decoration added was the owner's monogram, often beautifully engraved.

The golden rule for every collector of pewter is "The Greater the Simplicity—the Greater the Age." Straight or slightly curved lines are older than the broader curves, flat lids came before domed lids with knobs or other ornaments, and the older the plate or platter the broader is the rim. There are, broadly speaking, two different classes of pewter ware which you are likely to find, first Domestic, secondly Ecclesiastical. The domestic includes tankards, flagons, measures, spoons, candlesticks, various kinds of bowls, dishes and platters and porringers. Ecclesiastical pewter includes lavens, patens, tokens, chalices and baptismal bowls. Tankards are usually wide at the base and taper towards the mouth; more rarely they have straight sides or are bowl-shaped.

In Jacobean days whistles were sometimes made in the handles so that mine host or his comely daughter could be summoned without delay to serve a fresh round of drinks to the merry company round the inn fire.

FROM over the Border comes a pewter drinking vessel with the quaint name of "Tappit-hen." These Tappit-hens are shaped rather like coffee pots; some are large enough to hold three quarts and others only a pint.

THOUGH pewter, when it left the hands of the maker, was almost as bright as silver, it will be grey and often badly discoloured and stained by age and hard use by the time it reaches your hands. There are various methods of cleaning it, but perhaps the best way is to soak the piece in paraffin for some time and then rub it clean. Once clean, a thin coating of vaseline will prevent it from becoming discoloured again.



Communion Plate, Flagon and Cup, from Midhurst Church, Sussex.
(Crown Copyright reserved.)

MARION CRAN Says, "GARDEN BABIES ADD SUCH A PICTURESQUE CHARM"



Flowers bloom and pass away, but the Garden Baby remains unchanged through the years. It acquires a personality of its own and becomes a part of the year's happenings.

Fortunately there are a great many more artists nowadays, working for our "outdoor rooms," than there used to be, and a really nice piece of chiselled stone or cast lead is within the reach of most of us; if we will only go to the right places to look for it!

The queer thing about a nice garden baby is the way it acquires a personality and becomes a lively part of all the year's happenings; winding its cunning little form into every garden picture, accommodating itself to all the weather and showing a comely face in every mood of the seasons.



*A tiny pond in a tiny garden—
"Water is a lovely thing to play with"
—say these happy Garden Babies.*

GARDEN figures are not solely the perquisite of large and expensive gardens, though it is generally in those that we first learn to admire them and see how they can add to the beauty of a garden plan. Some of the noblest effects have been gained in famous gardens by the perfect placing of a stone or lead figure; at the end of a long walk, perhaps, between clipped hedges of ancient yew; or by the side of a lake or lily-pool. Once having discovered how decorative they can be in great places it remains to learn pleasantly, by observation and experiment, what charm the smaller figures can bring to the smaller garden. The chief thing to remember is that, however little the piece of stone, lead, marble, bronze, or whatnot we choose, *it must be good*. The smaller the garden the more perfect must the figure be, since it will become an intimate of every day and must face the terrible test of time.



This small boy, balancing precariously on a lily-leaf, is so beautifully designed that no one in the world could grow tired of him.

shoulder when he sits there between songs at dawn. When the sun goes to the West it catches little Sally's chubby elbow, and gives a wistful sweetness to the shadowed side of her impish smile; in the rains her lead skin gleams like satin; the beautifully modelled little body changes its expression every hour,

FLOWERS bloom and pass away, and we can redeem last year's mistakes of form or colour; but the garden baby will stay unchanged, and prove in the crucible of the years the quality of our taste; if we have imported a crude piece of insincerity, or something shoddy and pretentious, it is certain to end by getting on our nerves, however much we may have admired it at first, before we had to live with it and learn its faults.



LITTLE Sally, in the oval photograph, stands under a walnut tree, with lupins and peonies round the plain brick pedestal, and she has become so much a part of the simple garden where she lives that it would be hard to imagine it without her. She has her fat little hands held to her sides and laughs impudently under the wildest whippings of wind and rain; in the snowtime she puts on a white cap, and the robin loves her sleek



The charming piece of statuary on the left is part of the fountain at Cliveden, Bucks.

and composes into a fresh picture with each season as the various flowers come and go beneath her feet. Mother-of-thyme and forget-me-nots, musk and heartsease, daisies and pinks make a carpet for the taller flowers, all the year round there is some thing fragrant and colourful beside the baby; she is as much a pet as the cat or dog or pigeons; perhaps more



The beautifully designed Garden ornament on the left, built somewhat on the lines of a sundial, shows a winged Cupid almost poised for flight.

of a pet because she is a better gardener.

An amusing idea was that I found in a garden devoted to birds where a sleek stone cat sits beside the bird-table and makes a useful place for the thrushes when they want to crack their snail-shells!

I once saw a small lily-pond in a tiny garden so beautifully designed that it looked twice as big as its actual measurement, and there a slim nymph in bronze sat by the brink, drawing her feet away daintily from the shuddering cold of the water; making her gesture so sweetly that one never tired of her.

THE placing of the garden baby is the next important matter after the choosing of it; and in that matter the safest thing to do is to move it about from place to place and live for a while with it in each place, observing it day after day from every angle and in every light. If it needs a pedestal the height and the

Little Sally, under the walnut tree, has lived so long with the lupins and peonies that the simple old-world garden would not be the same without her



proportions of that must be perfectly harmonious. The best way to get the right size of the pedestal in relation to the figure itself and to the garden, is to try the figure on wooden boxes of different sizes or on a shaped block as a try-out. And again, this must be studied, and lived with, before one comes to the final mounting, which will have to stand the test of critical eyes and constant companionship through the flowing years.

ON November 2 and 16 I am going to talk to my readers about the planning and planting of a Rock Garden. It always seems to me a terrible pity that every lovingly tended garden, whether measured by feet or acres, does not include one. Representative plants from all over the world can be grown successfully in this way, and the luxuriance of growth and variety of planting appeals alike to the artist and horticulturist; often the pocket-handkerchief of a Town Garden provides a most attractive background.

And on November 9 I shall look forward to Tulip time, for it is during the first fortnight in November that tulip bulbs must be put into the ground, if we are to enjoy to the full one of the most attractive of the Spring flowers—attainable alike to both town and country dwellers, if a few simple rules are followed.

REMEMBER TO—

Clear up litter and dead leaves to rot for leaf-mould. Divide your rock-plants, refresh the pockets and re-plant rockery. Plant tulip bulbs. Prick out seedling cauliflowers where they can be protected during cold weather.

Make fresh plantings of raspberries and strawberries and begin planting roses. Make cuttings of gooseberries and currants.

Divide and re-plant pansies, violas and michaelmas daisies, plant your new borders and remember to refresh the old ones.



The boy in the bird-bath below wears such a wise smile! As subtle as that of the Sphinx. Maybe he listens to the secrets of the flowers when you and I are in bed. Give him a place in your garden. He costs £7 0 0.



Garden bunnies are not shy like their big wild brothers—at least this one seems to have made firm friends with the Dutch boy who carries a tray to feed the birds. The Dutch boy costs £12 18 6, whilst the bunny is 40/-.



Sedate and a little prim is the Dutch girl above, but not so the squirrel. He knows where all the best nuts are to be found and he isn't going to share them either. The squirrel is 53/6 and the Dutch girl costs £12 18 6.



HOW TO EAT MACARONI

By W. Teignmouth Shore

A BIG book of recipes could be written for the cooking of macaroni. I will not do it. Because it is not needed. All that the cook-lady should know is the general principle of dealing with macaroni, and she should have a few typical recipes; the rest is—thoughts and contrivances. It is indeed strange that the national dish of the Italians should be so little appreciated by other races, especially our own. For to most of us the name of macaroni conjures up a vision of rather indigestible "Macaroni Cheese"—little else. More's the pity, for there is very much else. The scope given to the cook-lady by macaroni is immense.

Macaroni is not only a delightful but also a most nutritious food; it and its near relations Messrs. Vermicelli, Ravioli and Co., not very Limited. It is nothing more than tubes of dried paste made of wheaten flour and water. Simple, as are most good things and people. The best kind—beware of the second and other bests!—is of a slightly yellow tinge; is elastic, yet breaks cleanly; is a bit rough to the touch; and when boiled swells to almost double its original size and retains its tubular shape.

The Boiled-Basis.

THE basis of most macaroni dishes is to boil it. If you like, you may then consume it in the primitive fashion of fastening one end of a whole length of it to the ceiling, then eating it from the floor upwards, using the household steps if necessary. But this is neither comfortable nor pretty. The more discreet and seemly way is to break the macaroni before boiling it into pieces about two inches long. Practice varies, but you will not go wrong if, when boiling macaroni, you have the proportions of half-a-pound of the "paste" to a quart of boiling water. It should be boiled rapidly, for fifteen to twenty minutes, the pan or pot being sufficiently large to give free play, so that the macaroni does not stick together on to the bottom. For each pint of water a salt-spoonful of salt. When cooked drain under the cold water tap in a colander till cold. That is the boiled-basis.

As in Italy.

SIMMER half a pound of boiled-basis in a pan or a casserole with half a pint of strong stock or "made" meat essence until the liquor has been dried up by the thirsty macaroni. Or you may prefer, as I do, to use milk. Then gradually stir in a quarter of a pound of fine-grated cheese, using a fifty-fifty mixture of Parmesan and Gruyère preferably, but other cheese if you have not these. Lastly, a fat tablespoonful of butter. Turn the whole round and round, in one direction only, until the cheese grows a bit "ropey." Then eat—Hot!

Macaroni Cheese.

OLD, familiar friend of my childhood days, greeting! Properly prepared, it is as digestible as it is delicious. Too often the top is done to a frazzle, and is dry and tough. Cover the bottom of a fireproof dish, or a pie-dish, with a layer of the boiled-basis; sprinkle it with salt, and, if you are a fire-eater, with a little red pepper. Then a layer of thin slices of cheese, preferably mild, and a few shavings of butter. Repeat until the dish is nearly full up. Then a top layer of stale breadcrumbs, brown or white, and a few more shavings of butter. Bake very gently; no fierce heat, or the result will be a most indigestible toughness. Will take from twenty to forty minutes. If you choose, you can add to the flavour a touch-up of tomato ketchup.

Macaroni Soups.

HERE are two of the many ways of making macaroni soup, which is almost, if not quite, a complete meal in itself—unless you and yours are awfully empty! To half a pound of boiled-basis add a quart of milk and make it very hot, but do not quite boil it, keeping it so for ten minutes. Then stir in half a teaspoonful of curry powder, mild or hot; two tablespoonfuls each of grated Parmesan and Gruyère; season with pepper and salt. Other cheese can be used, but the two named are the most satisfactory. Hot for about five more minutes. That's that. Here is an Italian soup: chop and fry until they are nicely browned a

couple of onions, and put them into three pints of boiling stock; add three tablespoonfuls of tomato purée (tinned or fresh made); salt; pepper; six tablespoonfuls of grated cheese; stir well. Lastly, a quarter of a pound of boiled-basis, but in inch lengths at most. Or vermicelli can be used, boiled in the same way. Stew slowly for half an hour.

Variations.

THE boiled-basis, with the addition of stock, made meat essence, or milk, for the continuation of the cooking, affords a foundation for multitudinous dishes. You can mix the meat of left-overs or boiled fowl or white fish with it; you can put minced meat (no, not mince—meat!) above or under it; you can flavour up with tomato or mushroom ketchup or with Worcestershire or whatever sauce may be your favourite; but beware of overdoing the flavouring. You can put on top of the foundation spinach or fried onions; or fried cut-in-half tomatoes; or grilled mushrooms. In the same way, poached or buttered eggs. To many of these you can finish off with a sprinkling of grated cheese, or a thickish coat of brown or white breadcrumbs, shavings of butter, and so forth and so on. To start out on macaroni contrivings is to set out upon a voyage over a sea of adventurous delights! Cookery that is not occasionally quite venturesome is sure to be dull, both to the cooker and the consumers.

Elaborations.

WHAT say you to a macaroni pie? If you say, "Yes, please," this way will please you, especially if you put on your considering cap. Just add to a boiled-basis, mingling well, the meat only of cold fowl, cold fish, cold rabbit (unless you dwell in Australia!), with a dash of cold lean ham or bacon minced; pepper; salt; a little stock, or with the fish milk instead; put the lid on, and there it is! A pastry lid, of course, on the pie-dish. Bake!

Or a shape? Mix together, in the following order, a breakfastcupful of boiled-basis, with the same quantity of grated breadcrumbs, with four tablespoonfuls of plain melted butter, with two well-beaten eggs, with a breakfastcupful of grated cheese, with pepper, with salt. Put this into a well-buttered basin or china mould, and steam for about an hour. Unmould it. Eat it. And you will quite probably repeat the performance soon.

Lastly, of course, a milky boiled-basis goes quite friendly-like with all stewed fruits; also with jams or other preserves. The basis and the trimmings can be cold with capital results.

I have not said anything particularly about the other "parties" Vermicelli & Co., but hope to do so some day later on. In the meantime, a little thought will enable you to "adapt" some of the recipes above.



What IS the Matter

with

MARY ANNE?

By

Margaret Bovill

DOWN in Surrey near Witley village is an old farmhouse. In it are Mary Anne and her little sister Marion and her two brothers. Their father and mother live most of the time in India, and while they are away a Scottish nurse looks after the children. Her name is Miss Roy. She is severe at times, but on the whole she is kind, and tells them stories about her own childhood in Scotland, near Nairn. The country round Witley is beautiful. There are deep lanes where ferns grow in thick clusters, and in springtime the woods are full of bluebells and primroses and delicate anemones. Near the farmhouse is a duck-pond covered with green slime, where the horses go down to drink twice a day. One part of it is so deep that nobody knows how deep it is. A moorhen builds her nest each year on a snag over the dangerous end. She knows it will be safe from bird-nesting boys, and that even Mary Anne, who climbs better than her brothers, cannot reach the speckled brown eggs.

"It's just the stupid sort of thing she would do, to try for that nest," said her brother Richard, one May morning, to his younger brother, Geoffrey, as they stood together under a big tree near the pond. He pointed towards the snag.

"Yes, the silly ass," replied Geoffrey.

Mary Anne was sitting overhead on a crooked branch of the tree and heard these words. She watched her brothers stroll away. Only last week she had climbed up the slippery bole of a Scotch fir for Geoffrey's sake, because he wanted a tree pipit's egg very much. On the way down she had fallen. The egg was in her mouth. It proved to be rotten—distressingly so.

"Pigs!" she hissed after them. "Pigs! Pigs! Pigs!"

What they had said hurt her so much that she shut her eyes and went into Pretend-Land. The minute she arrived there everything that pained her ceased to exist.

FAIRIES lived in Pretend-Land, and Mary Anne was queen of them. There were no ogres, nor snakes, nor black slugs, nor toads, nor bulls, nor old ladies with bristly faces who kissed you, nor nanas who forgot to, nor devils like the one who lived under the pew in church and tried to make you think Heaven must be dull. All the people in Pretend-Land loved her and knew that she was good and very important. Some of them had faces like her brothers, and one man resembled the head ploughboy who made a pet of Geoffrey. Angels with heads and no bodies flew about with the fairies, and God in a long flowing gown sat in a carved armchair very high up and did not bother anybody. Foxes killed by the hounds

Her eyes were dry, and her face felt stiff.

Richard stared at her.

"Why are you staring at me?" She stamped her foot.

"You look so ugly," he answered, not meaning to be rude.

Mary Anne hit him, and tore off like a wild-cat. She felt half-mad with the pangs of grief and jealousy and thwarted love. That was more than a year ago, and just before the veiled lady came to live in Pretend-Land.

ON this particular morning, after hissing "Pigs!" at her brothers, she forgot them. The first person she talked to when she closed her eyes was the lady. "How I hate boys!" she whispered to her. Then a fairy came

up and said a most important person called Mr. Hinkler had arrived on a star from Australia, and wanted to see the queen of the fairies to do her homage. The queen felt much pleased because she kept a picture of him on the table by her bed. She hurried away to her palace so fast that the part of her which was on a branch in Surrey moved and fell into the dangerous end of the duck-pond.

IT was a strange coincidence that a young Australian doctor should have been standing near by, smoking a pipe. He had come to see Witley village during a first visit to England, because his father had been born there.

He rescued Mary Anne.

When she woke up she was in her own bed and Nana and a strange man were both in the room. They

gave her a hot drink and she went to sleep.

"She does not look like a happy child," he said. "What's wrong?"

"Juist self-love and vanity," replied Miss Roy, who was the daughter of a minister. "A good, hard Christian school is what she needs, and so I shall tell her mither, who's coming hame in June. The bairns do not know yet. There's some foolishness about its being a surprise."

MARY ANNE saw the Australian doctor every day for a month. They went for long rambles together, and she showed him her favourite haunts. Night-jar Lane; Banacle Hill; the copse behind the steep fields, where primroses smelt like honey; elder-tree "arbour," and a tame robin who came at her call. Last of all she told him about Pretend-Land and the veiled lady.

"Never seen her face, you say?" He stuffed some tobacco into his pipe.

"N . . o," said Mary Anne. "But . . ."

"Carry on, dearie."

(Continued overleaf)



Mary Anne was sitting overhead and heard

and trapped rabbits, and kittens which had been drowned in a pail, all came alive again. They chased each other in a friendly way across wide plains called Australia and Canada and New Zealand, where enormous snowdrops grew, bigger than those in a part of the wood that only Mary Anne knew about. The rector praised her in front of a lot of grown-ups for bringing a bunch of them to a christening.

And the most wonderful person in Pretend-Land was a veiled lady, who loved little girls and did not take much notice of small boys of nine or ten. She had the same shaped figure, tall and slight and gracious, as Mary Anne's Mother.

"Dear little Mary Anne," she used to murmur, kissing her hair, "my own girl."

They were the words her mother said so often the last time she came home on leave, only she said Richard instead of Mary Anne, and my own boy instead of my own girl. Geoffrey and Marion did not mind Richard being the favourite and he himself disliked being kissed. On the morning the car took their mother away all the others cried. Mary Anne gazed after it,

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH MARY ANNE?

(Continued from previous page.)

She loved the way he said "dearie," with an accent on both syllables. It helped her to speak.

"But—but . . . oh, she talks like mother does to Richard."

The words came out with a rush. It was like taking an old bandage off a raw wound to say them, and hurt dreadfully. She did not know why she felt so much better afterwards.

Her new friend nodded, as if it was the most natural thing in the world, and did not seem surprised. "Tell me," he went on, "why you call Pretend-Land Canada and New Zealand and Australia?"

"Because of the kangaroo mothers. They're so nice to their children. They carry them about with them."

"That's true," he smiled, "kangaroos are very good mothers, but they do not live in Canada or New Zealand. You must tell your own mother about them when she comes home. I am glad you like Australia."

Soon after that the doctor went away.

MARY ANNE never saw him any more, but he had a long talk with a lady in London, who had just arrived from India, before he sailed back to the land of sunshine and blue skies and wide spaces. The first thing Mary Anne's mother did when she came to the farmhouse was to open her arms very wide and take her into them. She kissed Richard and Geoffrey and Marion, too. But Mary Anne first. That evening they measured the time by the clock to see how long each of them should sit on her lap—and an extra five minutes went to Mary Anne!

THE veiled lady disappeared from Pretend-Land. She had been a comfort. But the only person who matters now to Mary Anne does not wear a veil. This is a true story, and if you like, you can call it an essay on "The Psychology of the Day Dream in the Super-Sensitive Child."

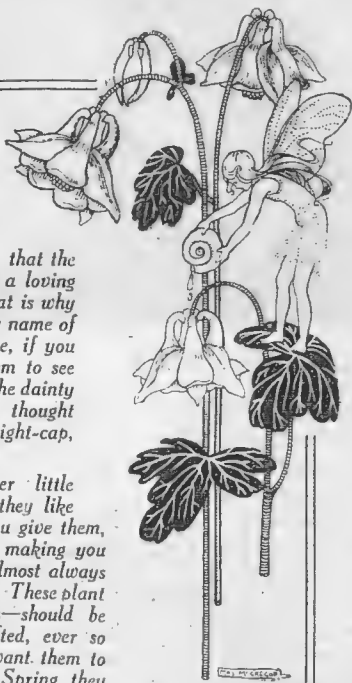
THE CHILD GARDENER

WONDER if it's true? . . . that the Columbine flower is really a loving cup for fairy doves, and that is why country people still give it the pretty name of "Little-doves-drinking"! You see, if you hold one upside down, you will seem to see the tiny wee birds sipping dew from the dainty blossom-cups! Though I always thought they looked like Grannie's frilly night-cap, with their funny crinkled edges.

Anyway, Columbines are queer little flowers to grow, aren't they? If they like you, and are happy in the home you give them, they will go on growing seeds and making you baby flowers like anything, which almost always spring up round their mother's feet. These plant babies—which are called seedlings—should be left until the spring, and then lifted, ever so carefully, and planted where you want them to bloom next year. You see, by next Spring, they will have grown just big and strong enough to leave the Mother plant.

BUT if they don't like you very much, you will have to save your pennies and buy a packet of new seeds and sow afresh every year. They love a rather light, damp soil and a little shade to protect them from the hot summer sun. To start with, sow your seed in June and, in the autumn, plant the seedlings out in small groups, or circles, or triangles, three or four inches apart.

SOME of the Columbines are much prettier in shape and colour than others, and it is fun to watch and mark the ones you like best, so that you can collect from them the black shiny seeds when they are quite ripe and rattle in the pod. Then you can sow your very own favourite "Little-doves-drinking" without having to spend any pennies on packets from the shop.



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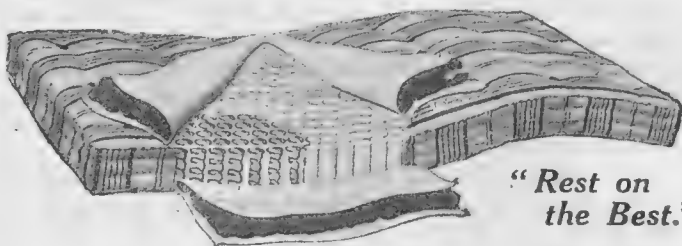
THE

Vi-Spring Mattress

The decision of the L.M.S., L. & N.E. and G.W. Railways to install the Vi-Spring Mattress throughout their new third class sleepers is a clear indication of their great regard for the comfort of their passengers and their efforts to popularise this form of travel.

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"The Paint and The Powder"

"She is pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with, and pleasant too, to think on."

By
Sonia

SO far, I have ignored—purposely ignored—the question of make-up altogether. And many of my readers have written asking me why. Do I not approve of it? My answer to the first question is that I prefer to deal with the foundations of beauty first, to get them as nearly perfect as possible. To the second question I answer "Yes." I approve of make-up if it is used discriminatingly.

If you have a beautiful plant in your garden, you do not leave nature alone to do its work; rather you cultivate it, help it daily, by care and attention, even by a little artifice here and there, and so attain the height of beauty which you know can be achieved. So with yourselves.

I READ the other day what seems to me to be the true description of the art of make-up; it was this:—

"The hand of art must be invisible."

Exotic, or blatant, make-up does not suit the average type of woman. There has been, for the last few years, a tendency to over-exaggerate—to copy too closely the Parisienne, with her totally different features, colouring and type. But that, I think, has abated, and we are coming to realise that unduly scarlet lips are not for us. Rather it is up to us to set a standard of our own, a standard true to our own type, whose clear, delicately tinted cheeks and lips, that owe their colour to nature, demand comparatively little artifice.

I HAVE been accused of trying to make my readers vain; but I am going to risk it and ask you to look into your mirrors again. Study your colouring, and then set to work to find a rouge, lipstick, and powder which will harmonise with and enhance the natural tint of your complexion.

IF I can help you solve your own individual beauty problem, or aid you in the choice of the purest toilet preparations, do not hesitate to write to me. Address your letters to the Julia Cairns Service Dept., BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

It may Interest You to Know this

LEMON Cream, which is invaluable for whitening the skin, can be made at home, by the following method:—

Melt two teaspoons of Spermaceti in a saucer or porcelain dish, and as it cools stir in one ounce of oil of almonds. Then add sixteen drops of essence of lemon and allow it to set.

A CREAM such as this should be applied to the skin several times a week, at night. It will keep the neck and hands beautifully white, and also it will keep them from becoming discoloured.

BEFORE making up—A pure Complexion Milk to cleanse and soften the skin. An astringent lotion. A day cream which leaves a velvet-softness behind it—then a final touch of powder.

For thin features the rouge should be applied from the cheek-bone and toned down towards the side of the face and towards the bridge of the nose. For full features it should be applied from the side of the face and toned down towards the centre of the cheek, leaving the cheek-bone almost clear. It is well to keep a darker powder which is lighter than the rouge, but one which will harmonise with it. This should be applied to the cheeks for blending purposes so that there is no hard line left where the rouge begins and ends. If your face is thin, add just a touch of red to the chin.

The make-up which you use for daytime should be quite different from the evening outfit.

Under the electric light you can use a lighter powder and more colour. A hint of blue shadow on the upper lid, and the beauty of your eyelashes should be accentuated by a touch of colour too.

I HAVE seen so many faces marred by the eyebrow pencil, or a liquid cosmetic which was not the right colour; it is possible to-day to obtain both in a shade to suit any complexion, so please do not rest till you have found the right colour for yourself.

I can really lay down no fixed laws for the use of lip-rouge or lipstick. The selection is so largely a matter of individual taste, but experiment for yourself; and when you have found one that pleases you, stick to it. Perhaps you may get the right shade by blending together two; it often happens so.

A WORD as to eyebrows; personally I think they are one of the most important features of the face. If they are too fine they can be encouraged to grow with the nightly use of vaseline, and if too profuse they can be plucked. I would advise you to seek the assistance of a beauty specialist if you are plucking your eyebrows for the first time. She will be better able to judge which is the right line for you; then it is quite easy afterwards to carry out the treatment at home.



THE OLD WOMAN SYMPATHISES

IT has occurred to me that there is a great advantage in not being intelligent. The village idiot and the fool of the family are well known if not well respected. No village need limit itself to one idiot. The surrounding farmers accept the weak-minded members of the well endowed family as the most desirable boarders. And some of these will have enough astuteness to sense the passer-by who is a glad giver, while he has sufficient experience to grin gratefully at the ungenerous joker. But the fool of the family, especially a sentimental family, can make more interesting reading and writing, giving some excuse for wondering whether the state be genuine or affected, whilst it is blatantly so blessed.

Cleverness is so common these times that it is obvious that those in search of assistance, artistic, domestic or financial, would call upon the efficient to supply them. And the slow stare of the silly can obviate the demand for any co-operation in the highways or the byways.

"Ivy is so silly, it is no use asking her to do the shopping," saves Ivy much fatigue and tusselling with tradespeople. Ivy, too, has a knack of looking so tired, and is so languid in her movements that anyone else is requisitioned for even light tasks, ringing the bell, or putting on coals; while Ivy's pathetic assurance that she never can remember anyone's number, or hear what anyone says upon the telephone, gains her immunity from the burden of replying to the tiresome tinkle of our daily lot.

Ivy clings during the winter to the most comfortable chair round the fire. Ivy preserves still the tradition that she cannot drive on a back seat; and Ivy, hinting that she is delicate, persuades any hostess that she may eat only of the white of a chicken.

"We are both strong and clever," say Ellen and Maud, the elder sisters, who have supported all the rights and wrongs of Women for a dozen years; and John and James have been reared in the same belief from childhood, when Mother, speeding them all on pleasure trip or dance, would remind them gently, "Ivy is very weak, don't let her get tired."

"IVY" will ultimately outlive the lot of them, contriving meanwhile by deprecatory method to secure and retain most of the plums of existence. She is patent for pity: her want of intelligence protects her from blame, and makes her safe from responsibility under every circumstance. Everyone helps her, no one consults her or demands her assistance, for "Ivy is no use." Nor is she, except to herself.

But does this prove her the fool of the family? or of the wisest of the wise women of this work-a-day and night world?

I pause to reflect that she belongs to the army of social offenders who insist upon talking about the weather. Heavens, how I hate these bores, and live in fear of being told the well-worn tale which never long escapes repetition; the tale of the lady who met another to remonstrate, "You have not been to see me for years," and received reply, "Well, look at the weather we have had."

Thus and thus and ever more is the weather declared guilty of all the ills our bones inherit. "I slept badly last night," is answered: "It rained so hard, and it is going to snow."

Most of us are offered our early tea with "Awful morning!" and not a few of us are consoled by attributing every kind of ache and pain to the lord high offender—the climate.

AS first aid to nurse and doctor, the weather is invaluable. Every symptom is more patiently endured if its cause can be traced to the weather; the temperature chart excused by the weather chart and the authentic reports from Greenwich. The weather is as popular a cause for living in other countries as the Super-tax.

A wet or a fine day will affect the offertory plate as decidedly as it will influence bargain basements, where the financial difference may run well into a thousand pounds. But the barbers and the beautifiers and the charwomen are amongst those who can benefit by "Set in for rain." What could be more conducive to face massage and the cleaning of cupboards?

AUNT ELIZA.



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Even the frailest of human beings is safely protected against chills and 'flu by wearing Wolsey Pure Wool Underwear next the skin.

For your health's sake therefore

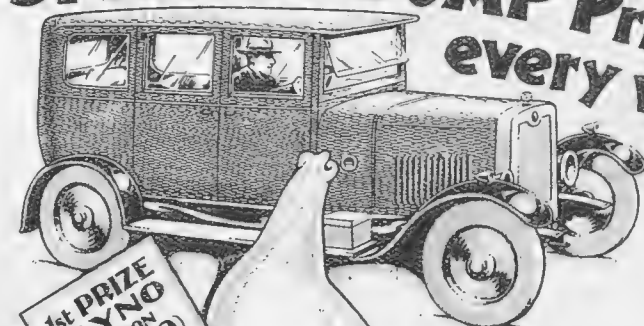
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Lustral Artificial Silk Lingerie and Hosiery.
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CHIC!

FOR THE WOMAN

WITH THE LARGE

INCOME

THE women who are fortunate enough to have dress-allowances of generous proportions are surrounded by traps into which it is only too easy to fall. They are not beset with the difficulties of dressing well on a limited sum, but quite often they do not realise that to be expensively dressed is not necessarily to be well-dressed. Nowadays what dressmakers call "good style" counts for everything, and it is a mistake to wear anything that is over-conspicuous—in fact, it is possible to be too smart and so overshoot the mark. The really *chic* woman of to-day, that much photographed cosmopolitan with whose features we are so familiar, wears what is more or less the "uniform" of the well-dressed world, individualising it by the little touches which make all the difference—something new in jewellery, an original handbag, a way of tying the scarf. The clothes of the real *élégante* are noticeable for their simplicity, an expensive simplicity achieved by subtlety of cut and beauty of line and fabric.

LET us take the hypothetical case of Mrs. Brown, and see the mistakes that she makes where her clothes are concerned. She has a dress allowance of £800 a year, but never looks really distinctively dressed and never feels quite happy about her clothes. She attends with unflagging enthusiasm fashion parades in some of the famous dress houses in Paris and London, and always picks out the one model that is sure to be copied over and over again by every little shop in the town. This is due to the fact that she does not apply to her brain the knowledge taken in by her eyes, otherwise she would realise at a glance that certain models are not for the real *élégante*, but are so easy to copy and so widespread in their appeal that they are sure to enjoy too great a popularity to be really *chic*. What she should do, of course, is to study carefully the various fashion points of the season, and then pick out a model that combines the season's line, colour and fabric—the type of dress or coat, in fact, that is not likely to be worn by everybody everywhere.

MRS. BROWN also makes the mistake of not studying her own type in any way, and she chooses frocks that were intended for her antithesis. (She herself is dark, brown-eyed, and inclined to heaviness below the waist-line.) An incredibly slim mannequin sails into the room, wearing a Lanvin evening frock of raven's-wing blue velvet, that has a low-cut back, shoulder-straps, and a stiffened peplum (our old friend the *basque*) standing out below the waist. At once she is filled with enthusiasm, and orders a replica of the model for herself, thereby spending a good deal of money on a frock that will not be kind to her complexion or her figure. A happier choice for her would have been honey-beige or a caramel shade of velvet, both colours that are as much in the mode as blue, and very much more becoming to her colouring. As for the low back and stiffened peplum, these are not for her figure, which would have been infinitely better suited by a Lanvin frock with soft yet rather formal lines (a frock such as "Casanova") or one of the becoming lace Chanel models that are somehow easily worn by Englishwomen.

Besides making the mistake of not studying her type where line and colouring are concerned, Mrs. Brown buys her clothes without, in any way, planning out a wardrobe beforehand, with the result that she finds she has too many of one kind of garment and not enough of another. What she should aim at is having a collection of clothes that are suitable for the various occasions for which she needs them; that are in the mode where colour, line, and fabric are concerned; and that are yet becoming to her face and figure.

If she is unsure of her own judgment, she might put herself in the hands of a really reliable *couturier* and be guided by his knowledge of dress until she feels that she has learnt enough to make her own decisions.

Are you someone with a dress allowance that runs into four figures, or do you have to manage on one that may not exceed two and then feel guilty? Whichever you are, you need not be envious of the "other fellow." You both have your pitfalls. In fact you are, according to the size of your income, playing the same game—the clothes game—and the finest sport in the World, only the rules for each of you are different.

FOR THE WOMAN

WITH THE SMALL

INCOME

THE woman with the small income! How she longs to be able to give away all her frocks, coats, hats and shoes, that coat and skirt which refuses to look out-of-date, that still wearable evening dress which never really suited her and buy an entirely new outfit from top to toe. With what care she would avoid the mistakes of the past, never again buying a hat, a little doubtful in colour, never again choosing dresses and coats completely unrelated to each other. Although such a wholesale clearance is out of the question, she can at least, when planning her clothes for the coming season, adapt her existing wardrobe to the changes of the mode in line and colour by choosing clothes which will supplement those she already has. She wants to aim at an effect of what the films call "continuity," and adopt the *ensemble* idea, in which every item of the outfit is related to every other item in line, in colour, in fabric and above all in feeling.

LET us take a woman's average wardrobe and suggest how it could be brought up-to-date in the most practical way. Mrs. Robinson (let us say) has a black broadcloth coat that was new last winter, trimmed with a lynx fur collar; a brown tweed overcoat; a red jersey sports dress; a black satin afternoon dress that she bought last Spring; a white evening dress, and a blue evening dress. The black coat fastens on the left and is of a length that requires no alteration. She will be wise to have the lynx collar changed for one of some fur such as golden shaved lamb or opossum, since these flat furs are all that is most fashionable, whereas lynx is a last year's mode. Sleeves and cuffs are important nowadays, so she should have wide cuffs on her coat, of the same fur as the collar, pointing upwards towards the elbow. These alterations would ensure her the possession of a really smart and "up-to-the-minute" afternoon coat. Her black satin frock can be worn under this coat in order to make an *ensemble* for the afternoon; the frock has a V-neck and the skirt is two-tiered and therefore in the mode. There is a narrow

black satin belt tying in a bow—this could be altered to fasten with a pearl buckle, and the effect could be completed by wearing one of the new twisted necklaces of pearl, ruby, and emerald beads. This black dress and coat should be accompanied by a black felt hat, cut away at the nape of the neck, narrow in front, wide at the sides.

IN the morning Mrs. Robinson can wear her brown tweed coat, which is "classical" in line and therefore does not date, over her red jersey dress, since brown and red are one of the smartest of this season's colour combinations.

A brown felt hat should be worn with this outfit and will also do duty with the brown tweed costume that she proposes to order for country wear.

The white evening frock of chiffon dips at the back, and is, therefore, quite fashionable still. The blue satin evening frock wants lengthening at the sides (luckily there is a deep hem), and both these frocks require a new wrap to protect them in the evening. She could choose a blue velvet cloak lined with silver, because blue is the colour of the season and velvet the material. Her last year's Chanel round-beaded crystal necklace should be put away, and pearls worn instead, or one of the new Chanel necklaces of triangular pieces of crystal.

NONE of these alterations need be costly. It is a pleasing fact that *chic* in the Paris manner is achieved by having, not a lot of clothes, but an adequate and up-to-date wardrobe consisting of a few that are carefully matched and planned. And as to the additions—Mrs. Robinson has a vast field from which to choose, whether she has her clothes made for her or buys them ready to wear. So infinite in their variety are models to-day that there is no sameness in the clothes bought in this fashion, moreover, every imaginable size is stocked, and every type of figure taken into consideration.

W. B.



The Trend of Fashion

Beige and brown are the latest "Sports" colours and are used effectively in an ensemble, in which the three "pieces" have amicably agreed to differ as to fabric. Rodier's Fancy Jersey carries out the jumper, Cashmere Hopstock the skirt, Cumberland Tweed the top-coat and beige felt, the practical, becoming hat. (Asprey & Co., Ltd.)

Here is something very debonaire in afternoon costumes, for which black Pony-skin cloth, very new and smart, is used, trimmed with fur dyed the fashionable mushroom shade. Mushroom coloured satin carries out the jumper trimmed with tucks and tying at the side in the new way, and black Velours the hat, that has a bow of Ciré ribbon. (Reville.)

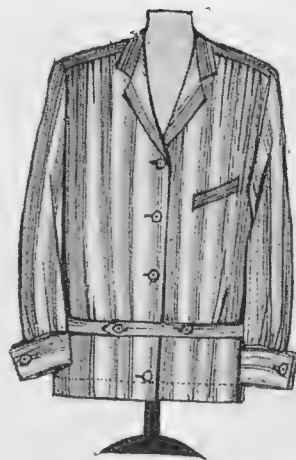


By Day and By Night

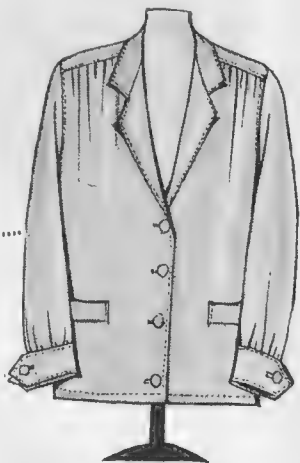
Wear lace if you want to be fashionable. Especially Chenille Lace, in a warm shade of parchment, such as carries out this delightful afternoon frock, the becoming bodice cut with a bolero and the graceful skirt flaring, peacock fashion at the back after the new manner, a most unusual model designed on simple, almost tailored lines. (Marie Lightowler.)

Picture frocks hold the floor at the moment, and the smart woman's dream of something new in the night, has come true in this charming model! Black tulle with the new uneven neck line—a crystal and Dianan's bird with one wing forming the shoulder strap and a butterfly bow on the shoulder. Note that the skirt touches the floor at one side. (Marshall and Snelgrove.)

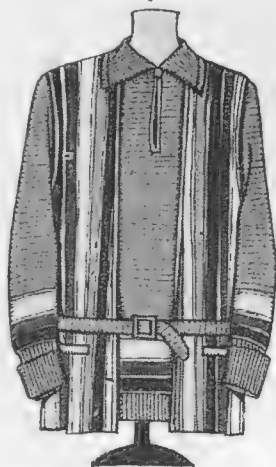
YOU wear the Jumper on the extreme right with your sports suit or tailor-made, and it is carried out in two shades of wool in all the newest colourings at 16/6. The model immediately on the right, also for wear with a tailored suit, and smartly belted and pocketed, is made of striped Celes silk at 63/-. Or if you don't care about stripes, you can choose the one directly below, likewise of washing silk and cut on tailored lines at 33/9.



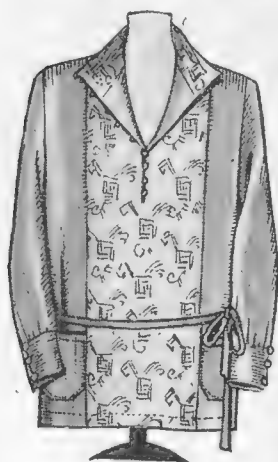
THE striped model below, complete with belt, represents "the new idea" in Sports kit—a Jumper and matching sleeveless Cardigan, carried out in wool woven with tinsel, the Jumper being priced at 32/- and the Cardigan at 23/-.



THE model below (second from the bottom) is designed for House wear—for Bridge and the many other occasions when something "dressier" than a Sports model is indicated. Artificial silk expresses it in various attractive two-colour effects, and the price is 21/-.



AT the foot of the page see an embroidered afternoon model of crêpe de Chine, at 79/6. This model can not only be worn with a costume, but, in conjunction with a matching pleated skirt, will achieve a smart afternoon outfit.



This Jumper Business

MAY I tell you about Diana? The reason why I want to is because, in her own set, Diana and her jumpers are quite a byword. You see, although possessing a small purse, Diana has a large amount of dress-sense and knows the value of a cleverly chosen jumper-wardrobe.

When she "goes a-buying," just because they are pretty in themselves, she doesn't choose models haphazard and never, never allows herself to be carried away by the wrong style of jumper (the wrong style for her purpose, I mean) but keeps well before her, the colouring of her suits, sports skirts, etc. So she, wise person, is never faced at the end of the season with a collection of "white elephants," in other words, the "extravagances" that, although quite charming in themselves and probably reasonable in price, never "go" with anything. For her tailor-mades she chooses something that is as simple and well-tailored as the suits themselves, picking up one of the colours in them, or sometimes achieving an effective contrast. She never wears a frilly, lacy affair with a costume that is cut on severe lines, nor does she sit down to bridge, equipped as for golf, but meets the case with something effective in crêpe de Chine or artificial silk.

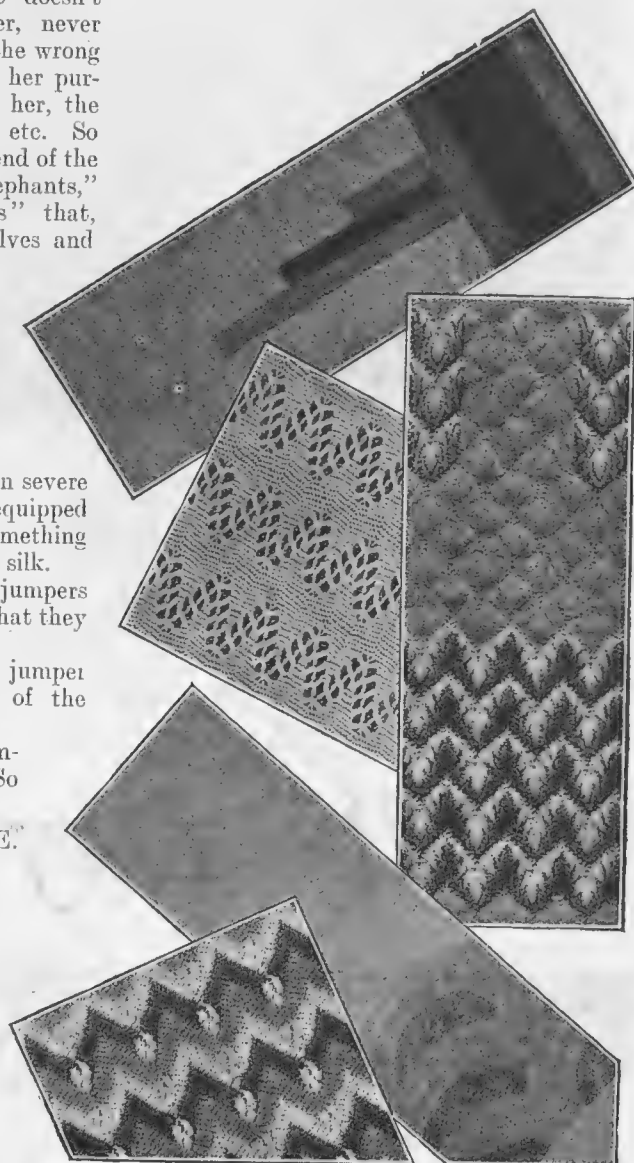
She doesn't always match her sports jumpers to her skirts or costumes, but she sees that they pick up the latter's colouring.

If her skirt is boldly checked, her jumper is invariably plain, taking up one of the colours in the overchecking.

Diana can always find the right jumper—for herself and the occasion. So can you, with the help of BRITANNIA.

M.E.

Discretion is the better part of buying these most important members of the Wardrobe



MAKING your own Jumpers is simplicity itself with the new printed stockinettes, sold in panels, one length being sufficient for front and back. The panel with stripes is 12/9, the scalloped design is 10/9, and plain fabric is obtainable for the sleeves. The shell, lace and Vandyck designs are 12/9, 9/11 and 12/9 per yard respectively, 2½ yards being sufficient for a jumper.



Between You and Your Frock

DO your undies live up to your frocks? You see all the fascinating little secrets between you and your frocks are really of great importance. Besides it does give one a kind of personal satisfaction to know that these "secrets"—though I admit this may be a new name for undies—do make a world of difference to the general set of whatever you may be wearing on top. For the fashionable low *décolletage* there is the new backless model, which, carried out in crêpe de Chine and lace trimmed, is sketched at the top of the page to the left. (29s. 6d.) Immediately below, a Georgette slip, with a wide lace hem, is designed on the same lines as the latest picture frocks and dips at the back. (55s. 9d.) At the top of the page, on the right, there is something new in "sets"—knickers and Princess Slip in crêpe de Chine! Note the diamond-shaped lace insets. The Slip costs 15s. 11d. and the knickers 12s. 11d. And just below, printed Georgette carries out the daintiest of chemises and knickers for evening wear at 35s. 9d. each. Nightie or pyjamas! Which do you prefer? The nightie, of printed Georgette, edged with a *rouleau* of satin ribbon, costs 49s. 6d., and the pyjamas, made of crêpe de Chine, and trimmed with picot-edged net, are priced at 39s. 6d.

M.E.



JIS GINTX



CHARITY AT HOME

Conducted by

PREBENDARY A. W. GOUGH



I DON'T want readers of *BRITANNIA* to be bored—and, for some of them, charitable appeals go a long way towards filling the waste-paper basket.

But that Annual Service for Seafarers at St. Paul's, last week, is rather on my mind. And I did hint in the appeal I wrote a week ago that there were other good marine charities. Well, some of these have been "heaving into view," and I have satisfied myself that they ought to have their cases presented.

The Decay of the Roman Empire.

The point which I made when I was preaching last week to the Seafarers was that "as this Empire had," in Halifax's words, "its root in the sea," it was incumbent upon good citizens to treat marine interests as of first rate importance. I pointed out that the other great Sea Empires of the past, the Babylonian, seated on its rivers in the Persian Gulf; that of Egypt and that of Rome, have passed away. So the British Imperial Power might decay or be overthrown if it included the secrets of imperial greatness.

The fact of the geographical position which qualified a nation for sea empire would not enable that nation to keep its imperial place—as the case of Rome showed clearly enough—unless it kept the Imperial spirit and the Imperial spirit is a spirit which gives value, credit and encouragement to the things that make for Imperial strength.

Rome fell because it failed in this respect and allowed its system to be worked for the benefit of an ever-growing bureaucracy which, after the manner of bureaucracies, developed an ever-growing burden of taxation.

Thus it was that the sea services of Rome suffered together with the other Imperial services and the people who could have saved Rome by their strength were put out of action.

Now these Marine Charities are having a prominent place given them in *BRITANNIA*, because they tend to strengthen the Empire by the recognition and the help which they give to those who render invaluable service on the seas.

So, once more, and for the last time for the present, I offer some Marine appeals.

Seamen's Hospital Society, "Dreadnought."

For over 100 years all seafarers overcome by the hardships of their calling have been afforded hospital treatment in the establishments of this old Corporation. From 1821 to 1870 the activities of the society were carried on aboard a converted man-o'-war lying in the River Thames off Greenwich. One of these was the *Dreadnought*, and this name is still known to mariners the world over as a haven to which they can turn in their hour of sickness.

At the present time the Society's establishments are seven in number:—"Dreadnought" Hospital, Greenwich; Albert Docks Hospital, E.16; Tilbury Hospital, Tilbury, Essex; Queen Alexandra Memorial Hospital, Marseilles; Hospital for Tropical Diseases, Euston, W.C.1; King George's Sanatorium for Sailors, Bramshott, Hants; Angas Convalescent Home, Cudham, Kent, which contains 630 beds. The annual expenditure required for the maintenance of these hospitals is £85,000. Last year

In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is Charity.—*Pope*.

alone close on 30,000 patients received treatment.

It has been said that "The sailor's life is the hardest to which the destiny of man can wed him." Across tropical seas and 'midst frozen waters of the north, the men of the Merchant Navy carry foodstuffs and other costly merchandise from one part of the Empire to another.

All those who recognise the part which the merchant sailor takes in their daily well-being will receive the heartfelt gratitude of those who are sick and injured in the Society's hospitals, if they will send their donations to R. E. V. Bax, Esq., Secretary, Seamen's Hospital Society, Greenwich, S.E.10.

The Mercantile Marine Service Association.

This Institution works for merchant seamen who are past service and for their widows and dependent children. The Institution comprises admirably appointed Homes for (1) aged mariners; (2) the widows of seamen; and (3) a most happy feature of its work, it has provided 42 cottage homes for certified British sea-masters who are no longer able to serve at sea and who possess (the home being provided for them) sufficient income to provide for themselves and their wives the ordinary necessities of life, food and clothing. The advantage of this feature of the Institution is that it enables the old shipmaster to have a home of his own. The address of the Mercantile Marine Service Association is Tower Building, Tower Street, Liverpool.

British Council for the Welfare of the Mercantile Marine.

Here we have something of quite a different character. It is an organisation with which many institutions working for the welfare of seamen are associated, such as the British Sailors' Society, the Company of Master Mariners, the Missions to Seamen, the National Union of Seamen and the Shipping Federation.

I have great pleasure in drawing the attention of our readers to the following appeal from Admiral Sir Reginald Tupper, G.B.E., K.C.B., Carteret House, Carteret Street, London, S.W.1:—

"Many a tourist enjoys a leisure hour in the sunshine of some foreign quayside, watching a tramp steamer come alongside to take on cargo, or to coal. To the landsman's eye, it is a fascinating spectacle, full of interest and romance. But if he were to return to the quayside at night, when work has finished and the seaman has an idle hour or two, what would he find?

"The romance would not be quite so apparent. Dock areas at night are a sort of international 'No Man's Land'—ill-lighted, lacking the normal restraints of law and order, with loafers, beachcombers and other undesirable characters moving about furtively in the shadows. Almost the only 'recreation'

available is that offered by a few low drinking dens—haunts filled with perils that have made ports the plague-spots of the world.

"Not an ideal place—is it?—for a man away from all home influences, anxious to escape for an hour or two from the 'old tub,' that must perforce be his prison for weeks at a time.

"It is hardly surprising to learn—from a recent Blue Book—that the seaman's risk of death from disease exceeds the average by 48.8 per cent., while his risk of death from violence or accident is nearly 4½ times that of the ordinary individual, and twice that of a miner.

"What is the remedy? This Council is tackling the problem on the lines suggested by Mr. Havelock Wilson in his report to the Joint Maritime Commission:—(1) By forming in each port committees representing the municipal and port authorities, together with social and athletic organisations, to organise a co-ordinated effort to provide visiting seamen with the social and recreational benefits enjoyed by citizens. (2) By establishing clubs to afford sailors wholesome social centres for their leisure and in the management of which both officers and men will have a voice.

"The missions attract the 'safe' men when in port; but the others can be appealed to through their love of sport. That has been proved.

"The great difficulty of the Council at the moment is to finance the scheme. At least £10,000 is needed to put the whole machinery in motion. The Prince of Wales, as Master of the Merchant Navy, has subscribed, as also have the Seamen's Union, the Ship-owners, and the British Red Cross Society. If those who benefit by the services of our seamen will now give their generous support, the success of the scheme is assured. For the Nation's very existence our seamen must often be 'in peril on the sea.' Will you help to save them from peril when in port?"

The Seamen's Christian Friend Society.

This Society, with its headquarters at 30, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1, is one of the oldest, having been started in 1846, it is interdenominational and international, is supported by the King George Fund for Sailors, and has representatives of the Navy, Army and Merchant Services connected with it.

It is run on economical lines and with a general income of just over £3,000 maintains eleven institutes, mission halls and a small sailors' home, the missionaries working in 26 ports, and with an income of just over £6,000 maintains an efficient hospital with an English medical and nursing staff at Malta.

By arrangement with the Admiralty and at their special request, the Society receives into the hospital families of naval officers and ratings requiring treatment as in-patients, treating a large number as out-patients and, in addition, visiting the families in their own homes.

The Committee were encouraged by a Report of Naval Officers last year to the Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean Fleet, which stated that "The King George V Hospital is admirably equipped and situated for meeting every requirement and is worthy of all possible support."

ON "THE SONG OF ENGLAND"

By JANE SAVILLE

She told a tale of England, of England's hopes and fears,
The name of her, the fame of her,
And the manner of her telling shall travel down the
years,
For her voice was clear and loyal, so full and rich
and royal,
So thrilled with exultation as it fell upon our ears.
Hers was the charm of England, the sunny calm of
England,
The wonder and delight of her, the mystery and might
of her
That held that vast arena in a breathless hush of tears.

She made us long and tremble for grander things and
higher
By the will of her, the thrill of her,
As she told of England's exiles whose faith will never
tire—
Underneath the stars they're lying, waiting, praying,
longing, dying,
With uncomplaining patience for the land of their desire.
She was the whole of England, the heart and soul of
England,
The glory and the youth of her, the beauty and the
truth of her,
The living incarnation of her courage and her fire!

"CANNY TALES"

By Allan Junior

WHEN I published *Canny Tales frae Aberdeen*, I sent a copy to Lord Dewar, and in a characteristic letter of acknowledgment he wrote:—

"The English cannot understand why the Scotch invent so many stories against themselves. They cannot see that it is prompted by the Scotsman's vanity (in superiority complex) believing that he is big minded enough to smile at the bludgeonings and misfortunes and his own failings in life. He laughs best who laughs at his own misfortunes. The Scotch get their amusement in the grim comedy of disillusionment."

The Virtue of the Scot.

THERE you have in epigrammatic form the distinctive characteristic of Scottish humour. No other nation possesses it. The Scot is the only person in the world who can stand being laughed at.

An English humorist might reply with the cheap gibe that that is all he does stand. But that by the way. Try laughing at an Englishman and you produce an atmosphere in which a polar bear would feel at home. Try laughing at an Irishman and prepare for a Donnybrook. Try laughing at a Frenchman and get your seconds nominated, for your hour has come. Try laughing at a German and the fat will be in the fire. Try laughing at a Chinaman and prepare to join your ancestors, and as for laughing at an Italian the thing is quite out of the question.

But laugh at a Scot and he'll be the first to join in the mirth, for he is the world's entertainer. He can afford to be laughed at, for it pays. In this respect, and for the same reason, the Aberdonian has taken upon himself the whole glory of the Scot, and if there be any suffering in it, it is vicarious.

By no Means Mean.

THE bulk of the humour against the Scot is at the expense of his reputed meanness. Of course, anyone who knows the Scot as he really is knows there is no truth in the accusation. He is generous to a fault. That is why he can afford to smile at the gibe. An Englishman does not laugh if you say he is mean. Nor for that matter does an American.

Scottish humour covers a very wide field, embracing love, courtship, marriage, the Church and State, provosts, magistrates, ministers, and common men and women. There is a subtlety in it which is altogether absent from English wit or Irish repartee. It has often the delightful merit of spontaneity arising naturally out of a given situation.

Take matrimony to begin with. "It's a solemn thing getting married," said a Scotsman to his daughter, who had hopes of a certain young man. "Ay, faither," she replied, "but it's a far mair solemn thing no' gettin' merried."

Matrimony has been subject to many definitions, but the best one I know is contained in the story of the schoolboy who on being asked to explain the word replied: "Please, ma'm, my faither says matrimony's no' a word; it's a sentence."

The Last Word.

SPEAKING more from casual observation than from personal experience, it is wonderful to note the difference matrimony makes to some

couples. Before the wedding day she may be the most demure of maidens and very shy in his presence, but—and hereby hangs a tale.

Weelum MacNab was a man of strong character. After he married he wasn't long in discovering that he had met his match. She was a woman of like turn of mind and always referred to the house and furnishings as "my this" and "my that," until Weelum could stand it no longer and complained. "Look here, Marget," he said, "I'm fed up wi' the way you speak o' 'my hoose,' and 'my this,' and 'my that.' You'll hae to stop it, and say 'oor hoose,' and 'oor this,' and 'oor that.'" To which harangue Marget replied:

"Are you quite feenished? Because, if you are, oor breeks are torn, so you'll better tak them aff and get aff to bed and let me mend them."

There is a finality about that which is absolutely terrifying and brooks no argument.

But sometimes man, like the worm, turns, and then—well, to make a long story short, Tammas MacDonald had married a tartar, and consequently he had many a lively time. On one occasion because he could not, or would not, give an account of what he had done with twopence short of his weekly wage, she chased him round the house with a poker.

Flying for refuge, he hid himself below the bed and refused to budge. "Come oot o' there," she shouted to him, but all the reply she received was: "I'll no' come oot. I'll let you see I'm maister in my ain hoose."

Sermons and Ministers.

IN Scotland, sermons come in for a great deal of criticism, and some of it is very much to the point.

On one occasion the minister had been preaching about the fall of man. Two farmers met at the close of the service. "Weel, Dauvit," asked Tammas, "and what did ye think o' the sermon?" Dauvit replied, "Oh, the sermon was a' richt, but I was just thinkin' what a difference it would hae made to the history o' the world if I'd been in Adam's place. Ye see I dinna gie a hang for apples."

Sometimes ministers get all their thanks in one day for the kindly deeds they do. A ministerial friend of mine happened to be travelling in a Glasgow tramcar. It was crowded, but he got a seat at the very end. Presently a drunken man entered and staggered up beside him. My friend felt very uncomfortable and at last rose and gave the man his seat. But all the thanks he got was, "Thank ye, sir, I see you ken what it is to be drunk."

Which reminds me that even professors are subject to the attention of tipsy men.

An Edinburgh tramcar is responsible for this story. One of the passengers had been partaking rather freely of liquor and was in a fine conversational mood. Eyeing a well-known professor, he addressed his remarks to him. "Some



"Look here, Marget," he said, "I'm fed up wi' the way you speak o' my hoose, and my this, and my that. You'll hae to stop it, and say 'oor hoose, and 'oor this and 'oor that."

To which harangue Marget replied: "Are you quite feenished? Because, if you are, oor breeks are torn, so you'll better tak them aff and get aff to bed and let me mend them."

folks think they ken an awfu' lot," he remarked. The professor made no reply. "I was sayin'," he repeated, "some folks think they ken an awfu' lot." But still the professor maintained a rigid silence. This irritated our friend, and he became more personal: "I suppose you think you ken an awfu' lot," he blurted out, "but I ken mair than you. My wife's your wife's washerwoman, and I'm wearin' one of your shirts."

"The Devil yer Faither."

SCOTTISH humour finds a place even in the Sunday schools.

The lesson on a particular Sunday was on the subject of miracles, and after explaining them to the best of her ability the teacher, an elderly lady, who was supposed to have an eye after the minister, asked the question: "Now can any of you tell me what a miracle is?" Promptly little Johnnie made answer: "Please, ma'm, my mither says if you dinna marry the new minister inside three months it'll be a miracle."

Which reminds me that questions of theology are sometimes discussed by the young people. "Do you believe in the Deevil, Tam?" a little Scots lassie asked a Scots laddie. "Ach no," he replied, "it's just like Santa Claus, it's yer faither."

The Scot is proverbially canny when it comes to money matters, and generally wants to know what a thing will cost before he embarks on a purchase. Sandy Gordon was getting married, and as the wedding day drew near he began to find that it was costing him more than he had bargained for, so he asked a crony what the minister charged for officiating at the ceremony. His friend replied, "Weel Sandy, after I got married I asked the minister, 'Hoo much am I due for that?' 'Oh,' he replied, 'just what you think she is worth.' So I handed him a shilling. 'You're far too generous,' he replied, and handed me back a sixpence. And d'ye ken Sandy, he was richt."

Dear Sir



BRITANNIA'S OPEN FORUM

"Difficult Ages."

From Viscountess Erleigh.

DEAR SIR,

I think readers of *BRITANNIA* might be interested to know that a series of lectures is being organised by me this autumn, on "Difficult Ages" in childhood. These lectures were intended for educated mothers who desire help and information in the upbringing of their children.

So far as I know there are no other lectures especially arranged for such mothers, and I feel that such a need must surely exist. I have therefore endeavoured to meet it in the programme of lectures, in time, in place, and in all details. Various aspects of babyhood, childhood, and school years will be dealt with.

I have been fortunate in securing well-known specialists on each subject to speak for me. Such previous courses as I have arranged have met with a very encouraging success, and I am now including two lectures for both fathers and mothers.

I shall be very glad to send particulars to anyone who may care to write to me at 65, Rutland Gate, S.W.7.—Yours faithfully,

EVA ERLEIGH.



Gaetano Salvemini.

Signor Salvemini Answers The Duce.

SIR,

In the *Memoirs of the Dictator of Italy*, published in your review, I read the following statements:

"My first battle was against treason. Some of these perfidious ones were led on by complicity and selfish desires among the Allies. These Italians were actually setting themselves against the Mother Country . . . Dalmatia, Italian in its origins, ardent as a saint in its faith . . . had waited for the victorious war with years of patience. The policy of renunciation, helped by foreign propaganda, galloped forward. It was Wilson who was the distiller or supporter of theoretical formulas. By his unconscious aid this treason was nourished. . . . In the first months of 1919, Italy, led on by politicians of the Nitti, Albertini and Salvemini stamp, had only one frantic wish which I could see—that was to destroy every gain of victorious struggle. . . . These leaders wished to satisfy foreign dictations of doubtful origin and doctrines brewed of poison. This attempt at matricide of the Mother Land was aided and abetted by Italians of perverted intellect and, of course, by professional Socialists. Towards both, later on, the Fascist revolution showed a forbearance which was more than generous" (*BRITANNIA*, October 12th, 1928, p. 247).

I am sure you will not deny me the right of proving to your readers that these statements of the Dictator are a string of deliberately libellous perversions of the truth.

In August, 1924, as soon as the European War broke out, I was the first in Italy to affirm that Italy had no choice between neutrality and intervention; she could choose only between intervention on the side of Britain, or on the side of Germany; and ought to intervene on the side of Britain. As the Italian war aim I indicated the annexation of the Trentino and Istria (*Unita*, August 14th, 1924).

I soon realised the danger that the Italian Government might include in its programme the annexation of Dalmatia and South Tyrol, which I regarded as unjustifiable and harmful to Italy's interests, since South Tyrol is German and Dalmatia is inhabited by an almost solidly Slavonic population and would be impossible to hold against its Hinterland in time of war. For this reason by the end of 1914 I openly declared myself opposed to the annexation of South Tyrol and Dalmatia. So to commit the crime which Signor Mussolini attributes to me, that of "having only one frantic wish to

destroy every (sic) gain of victorious struggle," I did not wait until the first months of 1919. Signor Mussolini knew these facts about my past, when on February 4th, 1918, he wrote in the *Popolo d'Italia*: "Where did our friend Salvemini get the idea from, that we covet Dalmatia?"

Mussolini passes over a man under whose leadership I fought and whose influence in the "policy of renunciation" was far greater than mine: Leonida Bissolati. On October 29th, 1924, Mussolini unveiled a monument to the memory of Bissolati, with the words:—

"It is still too soon to judge of the disagreement between Bissolati and myself after the War. History will give the final verdict. It arose from a divergence of opinion as to what at that moment really constituted the national interests."

In February, 1918, and in October, 1924, Mussolini could hardly have reckoned Bissolati and me among "those perfidious ones led on by complicity and selfish desires among the Allies."

The last man to raise such a calumny should be Mussolini. More than once he has been publicly accused of having "bargained" with the French Government in October, 1924, over his change of front towards the War, and of starting his paper in November, 1914, with "patriotic cheques" cashed by the French Government.

Far from rebutting the charge, he writes in his *Memoirs*:

"I needed a daily paper. I hungered for one. . . . Where money alone is concerned I am anything but a wizard. When it is a question of means or of capital to start a project such as a newspaper, I grasp only the abstract side, the political value and the spiritual essence of the thing. To me, money is detestable, but what it may do is sometimes beautiful and sometimes noble. . . . We had no need for much money. . . . On November 15th, 1914, the first number of the *Popolo d'Italia* appeared." (*BRITANNIA*, October 5th, 1928).

Such is the man who, not content with forcing me to leave my students, my home, my country, depriving me of my citizenship, sentencing me to confiscation of property, allowing threats against my life to appear in the Fascist Press, now tries to destroy my honour, the only possession left to me, by the insinuation that I betrayed my native land in the service of foreign interests.—Your obedient servant,

GAETANO SALVEMINI.

A War to end Wars.

DEAR SIR,

I have only one criticism, but I leave it to the end. In the meantime would you not lay a ghost for myself and your comrades of 1914-1915? It has become the fashion, particularly among pacifists (and has got the length of a cinema film) to say that our men went to war in 1914 and 1915 because it was "a war to end wars." The phrase was not invented until the war was nearing its end—until the advent of President Woodrow Wilson!

It is a libel on our soldiers of 1914-15, and should not be allowed to stand uncontradicted. It may be a beautiful idea, but I prefer the plain fact that men went to war then because they believed it to be their duty, and, if a further reason is to be looked for, to insist that among civilised peoples a solemn treaty or pledge cannot be treated as "a scrap of paper."

This brings me to my only criticism of your paper—your attitude towards Mr. Baldwin, which, frankly, I cannot understand. Mr. Baldwin wanted Protection. He went to the Country and was defeated on that issue. He saw that the only way to a Conservative victory at the subsequent election (a victory which at the time was

essential for the welfare of the country) was, for the time being, to drop Protection. He consequently gave a pledge. As a gentleman he has kept it. What is your grievance?—Yours, etc.

EX-SERVICE MAN.

The League Challenged.

DEAR SIR,

As a sincere supporter of the League of Nations, I was naturally interested and more than a little apprehensive to learn that Mr. Reginald Berkeley challenged its record. On reading his article, however, I was relieved to find that he had done nothing of the kind.

Mr. Berkeley aptly compares the Covenant to "the insurance policy of the nations against war," and goes on to express his doubts whether, in the event of a big disaster, the League would honour its policies. Certainly, in the instances which he quotes, the policies were not in all cases honoured to the full. But why was this so?

The reason is simple. All existing insurance companies of which I ever heard, however generous their policies, invariably make the payment of them conditional on the policy-holder's having in the past paid his premiums. If there be an exception to this rule, I hope you, Sir, or Mr. Berkeley will give me its address.

Mr. Berkeley says that the peoples of the world, especially the British peoples, have accepted the League policy at its face value. Unfortunately, this is not the case. The nations of the world, including the British nation, have consistently declined to accept the policy at its face value, for the excellent reason that they are well aware that the nations of the world have been evading payment of their premiums.

In an ordinary insurance company, which exists ultimately for the benefit of the shareholders and not of the policy-holders, such a situation could not arise. A policy-holder who defaulted on his premiums would lose his policy; otherwise the company would go bankrupt. But in the League insurance, the shareholders, the policy-holders and (in the case of the Council States) the directors are one and the same. Hence it is that the issue becomes confused, and men think that they are "challenging" the League's record when they are really unconsciously drawing attention to the fact that the policy-holders of the League are systematically defaulting on their premiums. Then they complain that the company has no funds with which to honour its policies.—Yours faithfully,

C. A. MACARTNEY.

The League of Nations.

DEAR SIR,

There must be many thousands who, like myself, secured a copy of the first number of *BRITANNIA*, and, realising that this was the weekly paper for which they had long been looking, went at once to their newsagent and placed an order for its regular delivery.

Recognising, therefore, the immense influence which *BRITANNIA* is bound to exert on national thought, I venture (and here again I am undoubtedly but one of many thousands) to hope that *BRITANNIA* will not exert that influence in any attempt to ridicule or oppose the work of the League of Nations. This week's issue, besides a long article devoted to the belittling of the already remarkable achievements at Geneva, contains in "The Week in the Dominions" a scarcely veiled sneer at the League.

The League of Nations is mentioned in no less than eight different articles in this issue—no small tribute to the influence it has already acquired in the life of the world.

May we hope that *BRITANNIA* will not adopt a policy antagonistic to the whole world's and its own best interest by opposing that institution which millions regard as the greatest, or only, hope for the future of the human race?—Yours faithfully,

M. M. SYNGE.

(Continued overleaf.)

Lunacy Control.

DEAR SIR,

The urgent need at the moment is for reform of the present Lunacy Laws and not for more institutions, as you remark.

The chief aim should be to restore—not to detain. There is too much superstition in connection with mental infirmity, and so long as bodily disease is regarded as respectable and mental disease as criminal there can be no substantial progress, for an informed public opinion must precede any radical reform in the law.

What this Society is determined to fight for is that the recommendations of the Royal Commission be embodied in a Lunacy Reform Bill without further delay. The mental health of the nation is of supreme importance, and for the recovery rate to remain stationary for a quarter of a century indicates a sad lack of control.—Yours faithfully,

FRANCIS WHITE, Secretary,
National Society for Lunacy Law Reform.

Smoking in "Non-Smokers."

DEAR SIR,

Many people will wish to thank Margaret Thomas for taking up the question of dirt in railway carriages. Her able pen was well employed, but personally I am sorry that she made no reference to what is to many the most offensive form of dirt that has to be endured in railway travel.

Now there are still some people who do not like tobacco smoke, some who like only their own, some to whom the fumes are positively injurious, and these people are given to understand by the railway companies' regulations and bye-laws that compartments in which smoking is prohibited will be provided on every train. As one who does not like smoking and who frequently travels with a relative to whom it is actually hurtful, I can say that it is a very happy but rare occasion when we make a railway journey of even only an hour or two's duration without having one or more of the following unpleasant experiences:—

(1) Hustling up and down a platform in the hope of finding accommodation in a clean, non-smoking compartment, and having at last to accept seats in one already fouled by smokers—yet a "non-smoker."

(2) Taking the risk of strained relations and embarrassment, saying "Yes, I do," when a smoker, says, nonchalantly, "You don't mind my smoking, I suppose?"—in a "non-smoker."

(3) Taking the greater risk of asking someone who is lighting up without even such pretence of courtesy, to refrain from doing so—in a "non-smoker."

(4) Entering a carriage and then asking a smoker already there to put out his or her pipe or cigarette—a "non-smoking" compartment.

(5) Asking a railway official to do the above for you—result probably worst of all.

(6) Enduring the discomfort of making the journey with smokers for want of the courage to protest—in a "non-smoking" compartment.

The heads of the companies must be to blame, for it is as common to see smoking in "non-smokers" while trains are standing in stations as it is rare to see any official attempt to stop it. And these officials, who could and should enforce the company's regulations, seem ordinarily to be decent, kindly men, helpful and obliging to the public, and presumably efficient and loyal in the performance of their other duties.

If BRITANNIA can bring the "Four Colossi . . . with furrowed brows" to study this point, she will earn the gratitude of many travellers.—Yours faithfully,

MARGT. A. STEWART.

Trade with Australia.

DEAR SIR,

It is evident that Mr. J. Saxon Mills (in "The Week in the Dominions") is just skimming over that frothy subject, Emigration. One seriously asks, does this gentleman really know anything about it; does he know the extent of unemployment in New Zealand and Australia, does he know the usual fate awaiting the British migrant to those Dominions?

And fancy quoting Mr. Amery as an Empire builder! Can Mr. Saxon Mills tell us where he ever laid the first brick? I suggest that those who write articles on Empire building, and its trade should get some first-hand knowledge.

It would be a good idea to study the figures quoted in the Press recently on British trade with Australia, and American exports to that Dominion (without a preferential tariff) in the U.S.A.'s favour.

Does he also know anything about the treatment meted out to the British Trades Exhibition, by the powers-that-be in Victoria, and that which was held in Exhibition Buildings, Melbourne, last February? Even school boys and girls were told by the masters to tell their parents to boycott this Exhibition.—Yours faithfully,

A. ROSS.

The "Encyclopædia Britannica."

DEAR SIR,

With reference to your correspondent's letter of October 12th, concerning the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, I was interested enough to turn up the population and area figures of the districts alluded to, with the following result:—

	Area (sq. miles)	Population
New York State	49,204	11,423,000
Wisconsin	56,066	2,884,734
Virginia	42,627	2,518,589
Wales	7,466	2,206,712
Yorkshire	6,077	4,182,735
Lancashire	1,866	4,923,359

I am, I hope, a reasonably patriotic Englishman, but I cannot feel that if an English county, even one so important as Lancashire or Yorkshire, receives five pages of the *Encyclopædia's* space, nine pages is not an undue allowance for Virginia, with its long history, both under the British Crown and as an independent State—quite apart from the fact that it was the scene of the greater proportion of the fighting in one of the most momentous wars of history prior to the Great War.—Yours faithfully,

A. W. WELLINGS.

LORD BIRKENHEAD

In a forthcoming issue of
BRITANNIA

Lord Birkenhead will write on

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

Tariffs and the Silk Trade.

DEAR SIR,

I enjoyed your criticism of Lansbury and the Labour-Communists in BRITANNIA, but when you ask for a swingeing tariff to shut out goods manufactured outside Great Britain I differ from you, because such a policy will raise working costs and drive trade into the hands of Germany, France, Italy, etc.

Great Britain has but little to protect—iron and coal if you like—but the fact is that our exports are a necessity for our existence, and in spite of tariffs everywhere, we are the big dumpers of the world.

I am a buyer of goods for South Africa and would dearly like to be able to buy everything in Great Britain. I actually get 80 per cent. here, although I have to buy the other 20 per cent. on the Continent.

An instance of the evil of safeguarding is art and real silk. My firm has been obliged to open a buying office in Paris, and we have to ship silk goods direct to South Africa, which used to be bought here before these duties were enforced. We get a rebate of duties on export, but not all, and we have a higher rate of Customs duty to pay in South Africa itself on these silks. Clearing samples, even at the Customs, is a tedious and expensive matter, and, from my point of view, these duties are causing a loss to me, and to the country.

The goods we import must lead to our exporting something. Stop imports, and exports must suffer equally.

What we want is a Government which will stop these heavy expenditures, all of which, taxation included, lead to high cost of living and high costs of manufacture, and trading, as you say yourself.

I quite agree with you about the need for British manufacturers hustling more, scrapping defunct plant, and getting up-to-date. British capital wants relief from having every available bit of profit taken by a spendthrift Government during

one's lifetime and after death, it needs a change from this death duty confiscation to fill the coffers of the Treasury, who spend money on these Socialistic ideas which pamper the workers, to their final impoverishment.

Democracy is ailing, Freedom is gone, but for the country's sake don't let a general tariff complete the detestable work which we have seen of late years, by Government regulation of trade and industry.—Yours faithfully,

J. C. FRASER.

English or British?

SIR,

I was surprised to read in a letter from Mr. V. G. Fyfe suggestions that Scotland has been unfairly treated in your columns; the contrary appears to me to be the case. What is required is the necessary exercise of a sense of proportion in speaking of England and Scotland.

How many people realise the meaning of the word "British," which can only be interpreted as English, Scotch, and Welsh, more particularly; but when it suits the purpose of certain writers, English achievements, either war or peace, are treated as British, but should the subject be such as, for instance, the never-dying Bannockburn, the victory is Scottish.

No fair-minded Englishman would wish to deprive Scotland of any credit which is her due, for of the trade of the United Kingdom, is she not responsible for at least 8 per cent., and to the military forces of the Crown does she not contribute over 10 per cent.?—Yours truly,

HOWARD RUFF.

Scots' Propaganda.

DEAR SIR,

I hope you will ask your contributors to stop using the horrid word "Britain" with which we are being dosed against our will by the daily Press. Let us have at least one paper that boycotts that term. There has been no such country for about 1,500 years.

I trust you will also exclude the Scots from using your paper for the perpetual propaganda that they carry on, for their own benefit, and to everyone else's detriment.—Yours faithfully,

E. B. B.

Condemned to Celibacy.

DEAR SIR,

We have read with great interest the learned contributor on "The Cruelties of Divorce," and agree that reforms suggested by him are needed.

It is, however, rather stressing the case for the married men and women. But what is to be said for the thousands of women, particularly those who are condemned to celibacy or sin against their natural desires, either through mis-directed or thwarted affection, bereavement, or even in not having the gift of personal charm and attraction? Often these last mentioned are so constituted that their natural and physical shortcomings are in many cases poignantly present to them, causing the greatest desire for congenial comfort and protection, yet these many victims of circumstances have to go on with life as best they can, often in loneliness and deadly, dreary monotony through no fault of their own, and very often taunted by pity from others that have wasted or mis-used their greatest privilege. Can you solve the riddle?—Yours truly,

L. AND A. MADDISON.

The Civil Servant's Lot.

DEAR SIR,

If one took what Sir John Foster Fraser stated in his article "The Curse of Bureaucracy" to be authentic, one would be led to believe that the Civil Servant's job is a sinecure. That such is not the case will be borne out by the following fact.

The total number of Civil Servants is 300,000; 50 per cent. of that number receive less than £3 per week and 75 per cent. less than £4 per week, so that it is obvious that the majority of Civil Servants cannot afford to get married; much less can they afford to play golf.

I start work at 9.30 a.m. and finish at 5.30 p.m., if I am lucky; moreover, I am not allowed to have half an hour off in the morning for the purpose of imbibing coffee, which appears to be customary nowadays in most commercial firms. My wages amount to just over £3 per week, and I have three weeks' holiday per annum. It is bad enough to be in a rotten job, but when one is told by the majority of people that it is a good one, it is past toleration.—Yours faithfully,

W. RICHARDS.

Councillor Bennett's Reply.

SIR,

I should dismiss the attack on myself which you have printed in No. 2 of your periodical as one of the usual outbreaks of an interested section of the medical profession, were it not that its authenticity and verity are vouched for by the B.M.A. I am amazed that a body, which professes to include in its ranks the high priests of modern medicine, can be either so ignorant of fact as the article proves, or so base as to sink to the vulgar personalities which serve merely to cloak its complete lack of cogency or logic.

I would not wish to attribute a deliberate attempt to deceive on the part of the writer, rather would I consider him as profoundly misinformed on his subject, and the following remarks may help to enlighten the unimaginable obscurity of his mentality. I wonder if your sense of fairness, Mr. Editor, will give me a tithe of the publicity you have accorded him; we will see!

Professor Jas. McIntosh, M.D., in his Presidential Address to the Section of Pathology of the Royal Society of Medicine on October 19th, 1926, said: "It cannot be disputed that from every point of view, the injection of virus capable of multiplying in the body of the individual is bad." He also pointed out that vaccination against small-pox was the only one in which the injection of a "living virus" is used. These quotations dispose of your claim that vaccination is a "perfectly sterile operation."

The statement that "the manufacture of lymph is carefully controlled by leading scientific workers" hides the fact that no one knows what vaccine lymph is. Says the Rolleston Committee, "the origin of seed lymph is not easy to establish; it may be obtained through various channels, most probably derived from one source—small-pox."

The *Lancet* (May 13th, 1922) says that all manner of lymphs are admitted to the United Kingdom for sale, and no practitioner knows whether his lymph is seeded from small-pox, rabbit-pox, ass-pox or mule-pox. The Rolleston Committee admits that "the criterion adopted in lymph production is satisfactory vesiculation." Does it make a festering sore? That is the test!

Vaccination was not "a brilliant scientific investigation." Jenner was no doctor; he bought his St. Andrews diploma for £15, his Oxford ditto was honorary, and London would have nothing to do with him. He accepted a silly superstition of the dairymaids, but Dr. Creighton and others have exploded his theories repeatedly. Why do you alter Jenner's theory and say that vaccination gives a "high grade of immunity from small-pox"? Surely you know that that "brilliant" discoverer declared that a person once vaccinated was "for ever after" secure from small-pox. Indeed, it is recorded that he stated that revaccination would rob his invention of half its value.

As for the Gloucester cemetery, the solemn thoughts should be with those obsessed with vaccination and its enforcement who never troubled to provide hospitals fit to nurse a human being. Here are the facts, the essential facts that you deliberately omitted, and in so doing bring your honesty of purpose under grave suspicion. The small-pox cases in the Gloucester outbreak of 1895-6 occurred mainly in eight streets, most damnably drained and with a vilely defective water supply. The stench from the man-holes for long before the outbreak was atrocious.

Why do you not state that two-thirds of the Gloucester cases were vaccinated cases and that 10,000 unvaccinated children escaped small-pox? Why omit the fact that many children who were vaccinated and shortly afterwards contracted small-pox were entered as *unvaccinated*? Your figures stand self-convicted as mendacious and misleading. And for your information, be instructed that Gloucester is still an unvaccinated city, and has never had another outbreak of genuine small-pox because she has installed a pure water supply and overhauled her drains.

And now for the London epidemic of 1901-2. Permission to investigate was refused by the Metropolitan Asylums Board, but in the few cases that were gone into, it was found that vaccination had been performed and certificates were produced. About a quarter of the children who were registered as "unvaccinated small-pox" deaths, were babies under twelve months, many of them born on the hulks, vaccinated when a day or two old, and who developed small-pox and vaccinia coincidentally.

As regards the Glasgow epidemic, permission to investigate was refused, though it was elicited by a question in the House that a child who died had been vaccinated ten days before smallpox developed.

There, again, you omit the vital fact that 16 per cent. of the vaccinated cases in Glasgow died, and that the huge majority of the cases were vaccinated persons. Truly "a high grade of immunity"!!

And now to the supposed rarity of encephalitis after vaccination. The Dutch Government think otherwise, judging by their suspension of compulsory vaccination. If it were rare it would not make the operation any the more acceptable. The mother, whose baby died at the Birmingham Children's Hospital, when told that only one case in 5,000 like hers (generalised vaccinia) had occurred, replied: "But that one was MINE." Not your baby, doctor, remember. But is it so rare?

It matters nothing what a special committee consisting of vaccinators (some of them actually the heads of vaccine factories) may say. The people will decide this question. Bethnal Green mothers would not care if a whole army of doctors came with their lancets; their children would never be vaccinated. They have seen the demon of small-pox in their midst, but they have not rushed to be vaccinated. They know that clean sewers, clean houses, and clean living have driven small-pox from these shores, and that only by these necessities can disease be kept at bay.—Yours faithfully,

CHARLES BENNETT.

A Medical "Index Expurgatorius."

DEAR SIR,

BRITANNIA is a new paper—a lively, lusty youngster I may add—but many of its hundreds of thousands of readers have no doubt reached the middle years. Those who have will remember the hectic days when Mr. Lloyd George levied toll upon the community in order to give his promised 9d. for 4d. Amazingly large numbers of people quite seriously believed that they would, indeed, "eat of the rare and refreshing fruit."

It is deplorable, but interesting, to observe how they are being disillusioned. The administration of the National Health Insurance Act can be riddled with criticism, but I do not think there has been yet anything quite so flagrant as the recent action of the London Insurance Committee.

It is scarcely believable, but this authority has lately intimated that doctors and chemists on its panel must no longer prescribe various commodities, including vitamin D preparations in the form of ostelin, that new element which the medical profession has accepted as one of the richest sources, as part of the medical benefit for insured persons.

Questions in the House just before the last session ended suggested that this action on the part of the London and other committees was displeasing to the Ministry of Health, but for some reason best known to themselves, the Ministry has pursued an invertebrate policy and has refrained from telling these Committees to do their duty.

Some of the Committees, however, are recalcitrant. For example, not only has the Middlesex Committee refrained from following the London example in setting up this "Index Expurgatorius," but at its meeting on Monday the chairman told a member that it had not interfered with the prescribing of vitamin D preparations because it was advised that there was no statutory provision or regulation empowering any Insurance Committee to restrict the right of insurance practitioners to order such drugs and prescribed appliances for insured patients as are, in the exercise of his professional judgment, requisite for such patients.

The truly comic situation thus arises that you have all over the outskirts of the Metropolis areas adjoining, one administered by the London Committee and the other by the Middlesex Committee, in one of which these vitamin D preparations are banned, and in the other are permitted.

Truly we are a docile people. Quite obviously there is no legal authority for disallowing any preparation of prophylactic or curative value such as ostelin, which the practitioner, in the exercise of his professional discretion, may think it necessary or desirable to prescribe, and for which the employer and the insured patient have paid in terms of hard cash.

May I suggest to your readers who are in any way concerned, that the indefensible action of these various Committees should not be permitted to rest where it is?—Yours very truly,

GEORGE A. GREENWOOD.

A Polite Correspondent.

SIR,

You are connected with a paper called BRITANNIA. To my disgust this paper recently contained an ignorant attack, from your pen, upon Mr. Baldwin, a man I have the greatest respect for, and a man much abler than you.

Mr. Robert Boothby, M.P. (who gave you a severe trouncing last Sunday in the *Sunday Chronicle*) states that in your article he found it was a "torrent of vitriolic abuse and misrepresentation which for sheer ignorance and effrontery must be without parallel in modern journalism."

This is a nasty knock for you, Frankau, and you would do well to make a note of this castigation and mould any further articles you are unfortunately compelled to write more on the lines of accuracy and fair play.

When you say that "miners may starve by tens of thousands, but Mr. Baldwin with his eye on pigs, etc. (he keeps his eye off you by the way) doesn't care," then I tell you that you are crazy, man (I could accurately call you something else). You represent a type of newspaper critic whose contribution is entirely negative. I have read a number of your alleged "trenchant" articles in various papers, and the only virtue you appear to possess is that of turning out a prodigious number of words, all quite valueless. My advice to you, my good man, is to confine your attention to love stories and the like. On political issues you soon get out of your depth and founder very badly.

We are urged to take in BRITANNIA. Not likely while there are damn fools (in a political sense) like you connected with it.—Yours truly,

R. H. SMITH.

A Farmer's Complaint.

DEAR SIR,

I am an ex-Captain, the father of three sons and three daughters. At the end of the War I suppose I had £20,000 to my name. To-day I am down and out, thanks to my faith in Government promises to agriculture. As my own is a glaring example of probably the greatest fraud perpetrated on any section of the community by any Government of modern times, the following figures will illustrate.

On the strength of Government promises in the way of guaranteed prices to farmers, I purchased a property I knew. A few months after taking over the farm I had the choice of taking £491 as compensation or nothing! The following figures will show the financial loss I have suffered:—

Total cost of property, £58,000; 1922 value £36,000.

The loss in depreciation, therefore, was £22,000.

As regards depreciation on stock, machinery, etc., at the time I gave £4,500 for the finest steam cultivator tackle procurable. They have been sold for £910, in tip-top condition. One expects a good margin in this case, but this set would have cost £7,000 a year later. In fact others were sold at higher figures, I believe.

The main point, however, remains that the property could not be realised at a figure exceeding £20,000 less than the cost which, together with the loss in machinery, stock, etc., totalling some £10,000, brings the sum total to the neighbourhood of £30,000. I have to thank the Government for £491 by way of compensation!

I have at length been brought to bankruptcy and have joined the ranks of the unemployed, after having paid over £50,000 in wages since the Armistice.

Incidentally the Government, in one of the worst years in the history of the industry, came along in 1922 and said "We will advance you by way of mortgage 75 per cent. of the present value of your property." They valued the wretched place, which cost some £58,000, then at £36,000 and advanced me £27,000.

To-day I am asked to vacate the house by December 6th!—Yours faithfully,

FRANK H. COOK,

Captain (late R.A.F.).

The Whip of Unemployment.

Mr. Peter A. Malone, J.P., of 9, Kirkdale Road, Glasgow, wishes us to state that he was not the writer of the letter under the above heading in the issue of BRITANNIA of October 19th.

Auto Suggestions

CARS for ALL

By the Hon Victor
and Mrs. Bruce.

One Man, One Car?

ACCORDING to latest figures, there are now in Great Britain, 55.9 people to every private motor-car. Considering that the ratio for the United States is approximately six persons per car, there is still, apparently, room for expansion. Conditions on each side of the Atlantic are, of course, entirely different, and the saturation point, when the increase in the number of cars must slacken—which so many people dread—for America probably represents a much smaller ratio of people to cars than we could ever attain in this country.

Income, road facilities, character of employment, distances to be covered between home and work and a host of other questions affect the matter, so that a comparison of conditions here and in America need not make us feel that our progress is particularly slow. Anyway, do we want to reach the stage of One man, One car? A mighty chorus answers: "No!"

The Industrial Side of the Question.

THAT chorus came from road users. The manufacturer naturally has different hopes, and although he doesn't want to reach saturation point, he will spare no effort to convert as many fresh people to car ownership each year as possible. At the Citroën lunch the other day, M. André Citroën spoke of an output for the past year of 100,000 vehicles, which it is hoped to increase to 150,000 next year. That, it must be admitted, is pretty good going for a European manufacturer, though it does not throw the figures for our own best sellers into the shade. The rate of progress is indicated by the fact that in 1919 the Citroën output was 4,000 cars, and in 1920, 14,000. A jump in eight years to 100,000 sounds enormous, and one wonders where it is going to stop.

But just to show that there is, apparently, no limit, let us consider the latest statement as to the output of the biggest American manufacturer. He is said to be, at this present moment, producing cars at the rate of 6,000 per day, and confidently anticipates reaching five figures by Christmas. On a twenty-four hour day basis, the latter figure—10,000 per day—represents more than 416 vehicles per hour, nearly 7 a minute, or a complete motor-car every 8½ seconds. In a little over twelve days, the number of cars turned out would be sufficient, if placed in line, with noses and tails touching, to reach from London to Manchester. But do we care? The obvious reply of the simple, private motorist is that he is jolly glad the motor industry has not yet reached such gargantuan proportions in this country.

A Taxation Suggestion.

SPEAKING of the Citroën lunch, calls to mind an interesting suggestion thrown out by the great French manufacturer in regard to British taxation. He said that it was obviously unfair that a purchaser of a car costing £300 or less should have to pay the same tax as the purchaser of another priced at nearly £700, just because the cylinder bore of the two engines happened to be the same. Taxation according to price would be much more just; and further, a basis having been agreed upon, the amount of the tax should be reduced each

year that the car stayed in commission. Thus, in its first year it would be subject to 100 per cent. of the agreed sum; in its second year, 50 per cent. only should be paid—and so on. While holding strongly the opinion that the only fair basis of taxation is according to use, and that petrol consumption affords an easy and reasonably equitable means of levying the tax, there is still something in M. Citroën's idea. It is, at least, an improvement upon the present form of taxation.

Gruesome, but Practical.

The establishment of first aid stations along the Southend arterial road is rather a gruesome reminder of the possibilities of motoring, but it is a practical step towards the minimisation of the worst results of carelessness. And apart from the actual benefit which might often be derived in the early relief of suffering, in case of a motor accident, I think the mere presence of these field dressing stations, and their gruesomeness, may have a salutary effect.

D'p, Dim—or Dazzle?

THE headlamp question is a distinctly burning one now that we have ceased to be economical in regard to daylight, and though in the near future there is no doubt that every car will be fitted as a matter of course with anti-dazzling apparatus of one kind or another, just at the moment there is no unanimity of behaviour on the road. Some cars, for instance, are still fitted with dimming apparatus, which has proved a failure for the simple reason that if the illumination is dimmed to such an extent that it is non-dazzling, it is of little use as a driving light.

Dipping headlamps, or better still, dipping and deflecting reflectors, are gradually finding their way into the lists of standard equipment, but until a little more time has passed, it is unreasonable to expect every car which one salutes by dipping to return the compliment. Some are still fitted with pneumatic operating gear which, unfortunately, does not always

work; others have no anti-dazzle apparatus at all. Whatever the reason, however, one of the most dangerous actions that can be performed on the road is the translation of fury at apparent lack of courtesy into the violent blinking or waggling of blinding lights.

The Royal Automobile Club itself has pronounced upon the question of the extinction of headlamps when they cannot be dipped. Its advice is: "Don't." Very sensible advice, too, though liable to the use of a little discretion, as for instance, when meeting a lorry or 'bus without headlamps in a narrow road. The heavy vehicle is entirely at our mercy, so we really ought to be merciful, even if we do have to slow down.

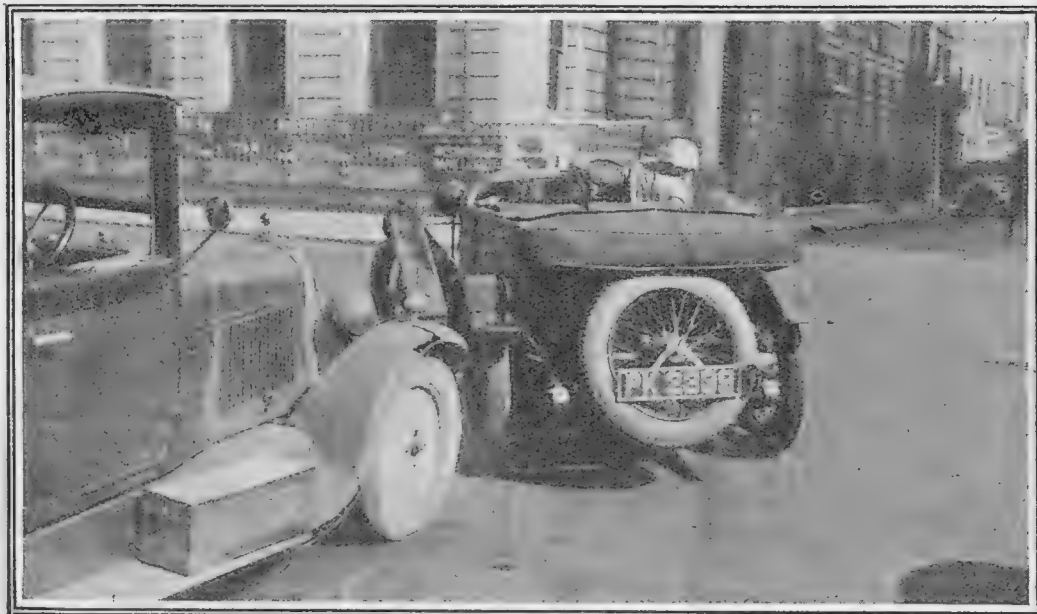
That Second Car.

AN outlet which promises still further to put off the evil day when saturation of the motor market will become painfully apparent is provided by the new baby type of car, which many people have already found to be an addition to the stud that almost saves its cost in quite a short while. A second car is usually purchased to satisfy the aspirations of the feminine members of the family, who find themselves painfully handicapped, while the man of the house is away at business with—the car, of course. And after the baby car is purchased, the arrangement usually concludes with the man using the little vehicle, on the score of economy for a solus journey, while the larger car's ample accommodation is made full use of at home.

There are, even now, scores of families which can, and probably will, economise by running two cars instead of one. Petrol consumption is generally regarded as the least significant of running costs, but the difference between the 45 or so miles to the gallon of the baby type and the 16-23 of the family car is worthy of consideration. Other costs are in proportion—tyres for instance—and it remains only for the authorities to give practical form to their admitted acceptance of the fairness of a petrol tax to cause a great boom in the two-car idea.



An example of traffic delay caused by antiquated level crossings.

Auto Suggestions—*continued*

A stop signalling device will prevent this kind of thing.

Dirt Track Racing.

TREMENDOUS enthusiasm has been excited by the new sport of dirt track racing—which is new only to England, by the way—and great disappointment will be caused if it is found impossible to carry out the project of all the year round racing.

Those motorists who have so far held aloof from dirt track racing really ought to pay an experimental visit to the track. With the entire absence of the gambling element, since bookmakers are excluded, it is a wonderful spectacle, and the skill and hardihood exhibited by the riders must excite the highest admiration. Whether or not dirt track racing will prove to be but a passing craze it is hard to say, but it is one of the cleanest and most inspiring sports to watch that could be desired. One great point in which it scores heavily over horse racing, or ordinary motor racing as seen at Brooklands, is that there are practically no waits between the acts. No sooner is one race finished than another begins, the previously used machines and riders being rushed behind the scenes in record times.

Also, there is nothing of the Roman gladiatorial business about dirt track racing, as is commonly supposed by those who have not seen it. The regular visitors are pure enthusiasts, and there is nothing morbid in their interest, nor anything to excite morbidity in the sport. There are crashes, it is true, though not to the extent that one might imagine, and the results of a collision are seldom serious.

A Health Hint.

IF we are not very careful, and do not recognise the danger in time, the coming generation will be chronic dyspeptics! Motoring is no substitute for walking and other forms of natural exercise, no matter how health giving it may be in other directions. The possession of a car must be an encouragement to laziness, if only owing to the economy of time that it renders possible.

The same is true of any improvement in transport, whether public or private, of course; but with the use of the car for business, even that ten minutes' walk to and from the station disappears. And a good job, too? Yes, but it is not healthy to sit continuously hunched up at the wheel, and even on a tour it is advisable to take a little exercise each day to counteract the effect of the unnatural position and the unkind treatment to which one's internal economy is subjected. A physician could doubtless describe in detail cause and effect; a layman knows simply that all motoring and

no other exercise is good for indigestion—but bad for the digestion!

Evil Is Wrought . . .

EVIL is wrought by want of thought, More than by want of care." That is a quotation from goodness knows what, but it is very true—especially in regard to motoring.

"Advice to Beginners" might be written till the end of time, and still every point in which care and courtesy are necessary could not be covered. And the most careful and courteous people may err; it is not only the reckless, inconsiderate or insensitive who are at fault.

Just one point, as an instance: One has stopped by the roadside, and a hunter—or any horse, for that matter—is being ridden or led slowly by. If the question is asked: Should one choose that moment to press the button and cause a noisy starter to whirr? the universal reply would be in the negative. But—would you have remembered to wait until the horse was a little distance away? The case is quoted only as an instance, though it is particularly appropriate just at this season, when we may expect to encounter more than usually nervy horses on the high road.

Autumn Motoring Joys.

AT no time is motoring more enjoyable than when the dying year is causing Nature to don her richest garb. The countryside is clad in reds and browns which amply compensate for the lost freshness of spring and early summer; and many a cottage which was a painfully prosaic mass of brickwork earlier in the year is now made glorious with the brilliance of its crimson creeper. But those same leaves which charm the eye flutter down to add to the rich and treacherous carpet on the roads. Beware, therefore, of Nature's dangerous beauty. Drive slowly, brake gently; admire the leaves—but watch your step!

(Continued overleaf.)



The sudden use of a noisy self-starter will s'artle most horses.



Motoring through the picturesque village of Wilney on the Pctworth Road.

Auto Suggestions—continued



A first-aid hut on the Southend arterial road.

Level Crossings Must Go!

HOW can the administrative authority concerned with our national roads justify the great number of level crossings which still hold up traffic on busy highways, cause a risk of accident, and generally keep the road system of this country behind the times? Other countries have level crossings, it may be said; but that is no reason why we should not endeavour to eliminate a large proportion of those which exist. Some, possibly, are unavoidable; but as to others, the cost of building bridges or tunnels should have been undertaken long ago out of the Road Fund.

That fund was doubtless dispensed wisely, but certainly not too well. There should have been no surplus for Winston Churchill to—well, let us say to divert. Many necessary enterprises could have been undertaken—bridge building, to replace level crossings, for instance, which would have served as an excellent means of absorbing the surplus, and the result would undoubtedly have been to the benefit of the nation, as well as to that of motorists. As it is, there are crossings on the Brighton Road and many other main roads about the country which cause the most absurd congestion and delay—and there is still actually one crossing on the outskirts of London. Just imagine—a level crossing in S.W.14 in 1928!

The Sport of Hand-Wagging.

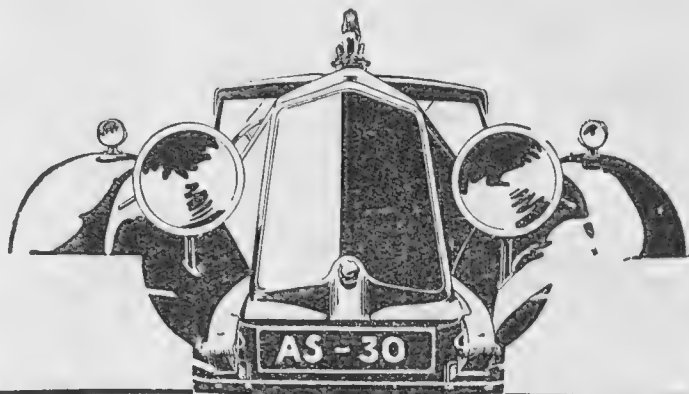
THE necessity for making hand signals to other traffic is a matter upon which we all have our opinions, but some motorists indulge in the pastime to an inordinate extent. There is no occasion now to argue as to which signals are vital, which optional, and which indefensible. It is only necessary to say that a car may be driven in such a manner that a hand signal is necessary to public safety only on very rare occasions. The general adoption of the interior driving mirror, providing it is used, is a wonderful signalling reducer, while the automatic "Stop" sign, operated by the foot brake, is another gadget which is becoming equally general on British and foreign cars.

These two items of equipment ought to be made compulsory, as a means towards checking the growing accident roll. So far as hand-wagging is concerned, it is peculiarly British sport, or pastime. On the Continent it is seldom indulged in, and yet it is to be presumed that conditions are not much, if any, worse in regard to accidents. In some foreign countries, it is true, a mechanical signalling device is insisted upon by the law, and possibly this fact may impress the necessity for using it properly upon drivers.

Automatic Signalling Difficulties.

IT is a pity that the human element cannot be entirely cut out in this operation of signalling, for no matter how much the doctrine of unremitting care may be preached, there will still be people who forget to signal, signal badly, or signal wrongly, and even a mechanical device can be used, in a moment of confusion, to indicate the exact opposite of the driver's real intentions.

The obvious remedy is a signalling device, to indicate a turn to right or left, which is worked by the steering wheel—and it is impossible to estimate the number of thousands of such devices that have been invented. There is an apparently insurmountable difficulty in the way. Such a signal, to be effective, must indicate only an actual turn, and must not dither at every little deflection of the car from a dead straight path, as in the negotiation of traffic. And, on the other hand, it must indicate that turn some moments before it has been seriously begun, or otherwise the device is useless. These two requirements seem to be hopelessly conflicting.



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WEIGHED IN

By
"BLACKFRIAR."

ONE of the main arguments advanced by opponents of the Totalisator is that its use leads to vexatious delays in making one's bet. People with practical experience of these machines assure me that such is not the case, these delays only being occasioned where the Pari-Mutuel system is in vogue. It seems to me, therefore, that the decision of the Race-course Betting Control Board to instal the Pari-Mutuel, pending the construction of the Totalisator machines, is an ill-advised one. If these tedious delays occur, as I am assured they will, the dissatisfaction which will be created will react adversely on public opinion. And the great mass of the racing public are still very dubious as to the advantages which the Totalisator system of betting offers.

I am, and always will be, an ardent supporter of the "Tote," but as we have done so long without it, I think we might well have carried on under the "old firm" until the Tote was an accomplished fact. The Englishman is very conservative, and in nothing more so than his sports. He hates interference with the reigning order, even though that interference may ultimately prove to his advantage. The British racing public has to be coaxed into a liking for the "Tote"; the Pari-Mutuel may have quite the reverse effect.

Mr. Lloyd George at "H.Q."

Mr. Lloyd George had a great deal of lime-light thrown upon him when he visited Newmarket on Cesarewitch Day. The news-editors of Fleet Street sent their special correspondents, accompanied by staff photographers, to follow in his train and faithfully report all his doings and all his sayings. Even Lord Beaverbrook made a point of meeting his car and presenting him with a copy of his own evening newspaper containing all the latest "tips"—a gesture that would have done credit to the noble lord's own publicity agent. Yet all these newspapers seemed to have missed the obvious point of that "first visit to a racecourse."

Campaign Against the Tax?

A General Election is in the air. One of the big points at issue will be the Betting Tax; for there is still a vast section of the voting power of the country strongly opposed to it, at least in its present form. It has already been chronicled how systematically Mr. Lloyd George toured Tattersall's; yet he did not have a bet. He took no race-glasses, so it could not have been a desire to see the racing that drew him.

What, then, was the meaning of his visit? What is more likely than that it formed part of a forthcoming campaign against the Betting Tax?

The Cambridgeshire.

Taken all round, it has not been a very good year for the business of bookmaking. Far too many well-backed horses have carried off the big prizes on the Turf. Arctic Star's victory in the Cesarewitch has hit the layers harder than any other result this season, and the horse has been coupled with so many fancied Cambridgeshire competitors that unless one of the unconsidered brigade comes to the rescue next Wednesday, some of the layers will find themselves in sore financial straits.

However, as I am a punter myself on occasion, my sympathies are naturally on the other side, and I shall continue to hope that one of the best-backed horses wins. It seems highly probable that Sunny Trace will remain favourite

FOLLOWERS of The Sport of Kings will welcome the return of "Blackfriar," whose services have been exclusively retained by BRITANNIA. As our racing expert, he will contribute two pages of news and views weekly.—Ed.

to the end. Here is a colt with the highest credentials who seems to have been let into the handicap with several pounds less than he was entitled to. Though he did not possess the stamina to win the Derby, I doubt whether there is another colt of his age, except Fairway, who could beat him at level weights over a mile to a mile and a quarter.

Dark Lantern II.

History reveals that of the 85 winners of the Cambridgeshire no fewer than 54 have been three-year-olds. Looking over the runners for next week's race the probability that another of that age will again emerge triumphant is at once apparent. First on the list comes Dark Lantern II, a French-bred colt who ran away with a couple of races in England before easily winning the French Guineas. He has not run since Ascot, where, overburdened with weight, he ran unplaced in the Royal Hunt Cup and also in the King's Stand Stakes. He is trained by his astute owner, Mr. Boydie Dav's, and although he seems to have too much weight, I know he is one of the most feared horses in the race. As for his compatriot Palais Royal II, I am not greatly enamoured of him, believing that he is better suited to a longer course.

The Irish Hope.

The Aga Khan's pair, Buland and Parwiz, have been somewhat disappointing and they do not attract me. It is as well to remember, too, that their trainer, "Dick" Dawson, has been giving a special preparation to the Irish "hope," Athford, who was sent to Whatecombe from Ireland a month or so back.

Pondicherry, on the strength of an easy victory at Doncaster, has developed into one of the chief fancies for the race, but there was nothing very wonderful in his win on the Town Moor and I should back Sunny Trace to beat him every time at the weights. Sir Charles Hyde's Baytown is possibly one of the most improved horses of his age in training, while Gang Warily's good race against Ken Hill showed that he has completely recovered from the trouble that interrupted his

preparation for the Classics. Add to these Guard's Parade, Sea Crag, Mara and Grotesque, and one can realise how formidable is the task confronting the older horses next Wednesday.

Fohanaun and Delius.

One of the best public trials we have had for the race was provided by the Select Stakes on Cesarewitch day. Fohanaun ran like the great horse he is to beat Insight II and Orbindos in that terrific finish. Barely a yard divided the trio. It was a wonderful performance on the part of the "Irishman" with ten stone on his back. If he represents Mr. S. B. Joel in preference to Trelawny and Thackeray, no prudent



Lord Dewar.

backer will leave him out, though I rather doubt whether he quite gets this severe course. It is for this very reason that I shall pass over the unlucky Duke of York Handicap second, Delius. I may be wrong, of course, but I shall expect that final ascent to the winning post to prove the undoing of Mr. Reid Walker's horse, just as it did two years ago when Delius started favourite.

Insight II, the winner on that occasion, and in view of many who was the race the virtual winner last year, showed in that effort against Fohanaun for the Select Stakes that he is still far from being a back number for all his seven years. But he can hardly expect to beat Fohanaun with the weights so much against him and a similar remark applies to Orbindos. A good word can be said for Fancy Free and if Lord Wmborne's filly is back to anything like her best, she should take a lot of beating with her light weight. However, I feel confident that

Sunny Trace

will win for Lord Dewar. As a like'y outsider I would suggest FANCY FREE.

Cesarewitch Reflections.

In these days, when so much "in-and-out" running is rife, it is always refreshing to see a big handicap won by a fully exposed horse. Even those people who did not back Arctic Star did not grudge his joint owners, Sir Mathew Wilson and the Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston, their Cesarewitch victory on that account. Long before the weights were known, Arctic Star had been one of the chief public fancies for the race and he justified his supporters by gaining one of the most convincing performances that has been seen in the race for years. He was one of the few real stayers in the field and his victory once again revealed how valuable the Santoi strain of blood is when it comes to a question of breeding stayers.



Photo

W. A. Roach.

Lord Dewar's Sunny Trace.

Weighed In—continued.

Unquestionably the outstanding disappointment was Brown Jack. At no stage of the race did he look like justifying the immense confidence reposed in him. Various theories have been advanced to account for his poor display, but neither the lack of a strong pace nor the lack of an earlier race seems sufficient excuse for such a complete eclipse. When I think of his runaway victory in the Ascot Stakes, where Arctic Star did not finish in the first eight, I cannot believe we saw the real Brown Jack. His reappearance will be awaited with almost national interest.

Bonny Boy II.

And what are we to think of my own selection, Bonny Boy II? There can be little question about him being fancied by a very astute section of the racing world. He was probably the most heavily backed horse during the last forty-eight hours. Yet like Brown Jack he was among the "also rans" from start to finish. Nor did that other Newmarket "hope" Tourist make much of a show. For once in a way the Newmarket wisacres were right. Tourist was more liked at headquarters throughout his preparation for the race.

Perhaps the most surprising aspect of the whole affair was the bold bid for victory made by Blancona. Until Perryman came dashing through his field in that last furlong or so it certainly looked as if the spoils were going to Mr. "Laddie" Sanford's horse and thus produce a parallel to the case of Charley's Mount, who won the Cesarewitch at 100 to 1 in 1924 after an abject failure in the Nottingham Handicap. The old horse made a gallant effort, but the final ascent to the winning-post and that well-timed dash by Perryman proved his undoing.

Versatile Blancona.

Blancona is one of the most versatile horses in training, for he has won good races on the flat, over hurdles, and across a country, and only a few months ago returned from the United States after an abortive attempt to win a Grand National out there. I was discussing his Cesarewitch prospects with Eric Foster, champion cross-country jockey of 1925-6, the other day, and found him quite enthusiastic over the old horse.

"He is one of the finest long distance horses I have known," he said. "He was a brilliant hurdler, too, but putting him to the bigger jumps robbed him of much of his speed." Foster's opinion of him as a 'chaser is not nearly so high, and he recalled that when he beat Jack Anthony on Bright's Boy for the Becker Chase at Liverpool in 1926 he had the worst ride of his life. "At every obstacle Blancona jumped clean over to the right and I had the greatest difficulty in keeping him going. But," added Foster reflectively, "he is a great horse all the same."

The Fall of Arabella.

Two-year-old form has been again thrown into the melting-pot as the result of the happenings at the second October meeting. Tiffin alone maintained her high reputation, and though Mr. Jinks came back somewhat into favour again, thanks to his stylish win in the Prendergast Stakes, Arabella, Reeds mouth, The Black Abbot, and Reflector all badly blotted their copybooks.

No one likes to see a horse who has established itself as a public idol suffer its first defeat even when there is no excuse to offer. But when circumstances have been unfavourable to the horse, the regret at its fall becomes the more

poignant. In common with others, I was genuinely sorry to see Arabella pulled out for that great test in the Middle Park Stakes so soon after her strenuous Kempton race, and I was not greatly surprised that she failed. She ran with her usual dash for nearly five furlongs and then stopped to nothing: a performance perfectly consistent with the view that she had not got over her Kempton exertions. It is



Photo

Sir Abe Bailey's Guard's Parade.

W. A. Roach.

sincerely to be hoped those two hard races in less than a week will have no lasting ill-effects on her.

Favourite for the Derby.

No such excuse could be advanced for Reeds mouth. He had every chance, and to my mind was beaten on his merits. Costaki Pasha, as I suggested last week might be the case, won a convincing victory and in all probability will go into retirement winter favourite for the Derby. The Aga Khan has won only two classics—the St. Leger with Salmon Trout in 1924 and the Two Thousand Guineas with Diophon in the same year; but with two such

Fellow "Blackfriar."

In last week's issue "Blackfriar" gave the following winners:

AT LINGFIELD.

Bagatelle, 7-1.
Pounce, 4-1.

AT NEWMARKET.

Mr. Jinks, 13-8.

good colts as Costaki Pasha and Grand Terrace in the stable his prospects of further honours in 1929 appear exceedingly bright.

It is possible, of course, that subsequent events will prove the Middle Park Stakes running to be all wrong. The position of Grand Terrace at the finish rather suggests it, for this colt was well beaten by Mr. Jinks in their placings behind Tiffin at Sandown, and in his next efforts Mr. Jinks went under to Reflector, who was among the "also rans" in the Middle Park Stakes. On the other hand, it may be that, like his dam, Teresina, Grand Terrace does his best work where the going is on the soft side.

The Rise of Ox and Ass.

Since Ox and Ass went into the charge of the Chilton trainer, L. A. Cundell, the colt has improved amazingly. How much so may be gauged by the fact that while as a two-year-old he was not even included in the Free Handicap, in the first of the races of that name for three-year-olds to be run at Newmarket on Thursday next he is assessed by Mr. T. F. Dawkins, the handicapper, only four pounds inferior to the "Guineas" winner, Flamingo.

I am advised, however, that his next objective is the Newbury Autumn Handicap, which takes place to-morrow. Baytown, too, may have been seen out in the Cambridgeshire the day before, and I am inclined to think

Simalkameen

will win for Walter Nightingall's patron, Mr. J. S. Colton-Fox. The filly is just now at her best and was an easy winner last time out.

Newbury Hints.

Fields are always large at Newbury, but more especially at the Autumn fixture, when so many stables are out to get the "winter's keep." There are some good class juveniles engaged in the October Nursery, which is naturally an open race. I rather like the look of Buoyant, who impressed me by the easy way he disposed of Tobique at Chepstow. He is a half-brother to the Two Thousand Guineas winner, Flamingo, by the way, and promises to bring further credit to Flamboyant as a sire.

Since running unplaced to Fohanaun at Ascot, Royal Crusader has been in retirement; but Lowe has been giving him good work, presumably with a view to the Ormorde Plate. As he is a "maiden," he claims all allowances and should win. It will be recalled that it was over this course in April that he made his debut, and then finished third to John o' London and The Wheedler in the Greenham Plate.

In the Beekhampton Handicap I hope to see the Irish One Thousand Guineas winner, Moucheron, register her first victory in England; while two of the oldest horses now running under Jockey Club rules, Broken Faith and Shippon, may be chiefly concerned with the finish for the Manton High-Weight Handicap. A pull of eight pounds in the weights decides me in favour of Shippon.

Weekend Selections.

FRIDAY—NEWBURY.

Two-Year-Old S. Plate.—Bucks Maiden.
Letcombe S. Nursery.—Petite Cherie.
October Nursery Handicap.—Buoyant.
Ormorde Plate.—Royal Crusader.
Beekhampton Handicap.—Moucheron.
Manton High-Weight Handicap.—Shippon.

SATURDAY—NEWBURY.

Twylford S. Nursery.—Créag-Mhor.
All-Aged S. Plate.—Silver Sword, if absent Lys D'Or.
Newbury Autumn Handicap.—San Vincente.
Theale Mdn. Plate.—Premiere Danscuse.
Reading Nursery.—Mardaw gelding.
Moderate Plate.—Book Debt.

FRIDAY—DONCASTER.

Arksey S. Nursery.—Rose of Persia.
Rossington S. Handicap.—China Tea.
Downe Nursery.—Cross Roads.
Durham Handicap.—Nightfall.
Vynor High-Weight Handicap.—English Fare.
Moderate Plate.—Berkeley.

SATURDAY—STOCKTON.

Cleveland S. Nursery.—Arcadius.
Blythholme Nursery.—Knights' Service.
Tees High-Weight S. Handicap.—Melibeus.
Autumn Handicap.—Lulworth Cove.
Faceby Plate.—Wall of China.
Ironopolis Plate.—Fraudulent.

THROUGH THE FAIRWAY

THE MIXED FOURSOMES

By Gerard Fairlie



Miss Joyce Wethered putting in Mixed Foursomes Tournament at Worplesdon.

The Mixed Foursomes.

THE Worplesdon Golf Club is responsible for what I, in common with a great many other golfers, consider to be the most enjoyable competition of the year. The mixed foursome tournament annually organised by the club invariably attracts a wholly representative and very distinguished entry, and the nature of the competition seems to draw out the very best in everybody. Year after year a great deal more good golf is played than bad, although there is always a sufficiency of bad shots to make the matches of real interest to the spectator.

One feature only is regrettable, and it must be conceded at once that this feature is outside the control of Worplesdon's genial and efficient secretary: the weather persists in being foul, no matter what it may have been only a day or two previously, or be a day or two later. A rainy day is in danger of becoming known as a Worplesdon day.

But no rain, no matter how drenching, is sufficient to damp the spirits of a Worplesdon competitor. The tournament has two distinctive features, and both are enviable. In the first place the golf, although as keen as mustard, is not too serious; a missed putt is greeted with a smile, albeit sometimes a trifle rueful, rather than a muttered curse. In the second, everyone, whether a he or she, is enjoying him or herself so much that an infectious spirit of happiness permeates the atmosphere. I honestly believe that a man could receive at Worplesdon the news of

a serious financial setback and laugh at it.

This year, for the first time, entries were not limited to sixty-four couples. In point of fact there were just twenty more than this figure playing. It must be a pleasant thought for the executive of Worplesdon to realise that no less than one hundred and sixty eight players are truly grateful for the chance given them of playing in such an admirable tournament.

Miss Wethered and Her Partner.

John Morrison will, I hope, forgive me for referring to him as "her partner." But Miss Wethered is an almost impossible person to partner in a competition of this character,

since she is so devastatingly good that anyone playing with her, no matter how well he plays, is bound to figure as "and friend." Let there be no mistake about it, John Morrison played very well indeed right through the tournament; he missed a putt or two, he slashed a full shot sadly off the line at times, but this is human nature, and it must not be lost sight of that the quality of Miss Wethered's golf may have a most disturbing influence on the man who has the honour to play with her. That dread disease, over-anxiousness, may so easily assert itself.

Miss Wethered and John Morrison won, and up to the final, with one notable exception, they won their matches fairly comfortably.

In the first two rounds they won by five and four, and then by seven and six, against opponents who were, I fancy, a trifle overawed by the magic name of Wethered. On the second day they first beat Miss Faraday and A. M. Vagliano, the well-known French player, by four and three, and then in the afternoon disposed of a really good couple in Miss Audrey Croft and J. E. Mellor by the same margin. Then, on the third morning, came a great match.

Miss Wethered and Morrison were no less than six up on Miss Winn and V. C. H. Longstaffe on the eleventh tee. From that moment, however, a great change came over the match, and fortune's wheel veered right round. The leaders had been playing extremely well, the losing couple, if not exactly ill, at any rate not the golf that

(Continued overleaf.)



The Finalists (left to right):
E. Noel Layton, Mrs. Alice Gold, Miss Joyce Wethered and J. S. F. Morrison.

they are capable of. Suddenly they found their true form, and simultaneously Miss Wethered and Morrison began to make mistakes. The result was a magnificent although unavailing spurt by Miss Winn and Longstaffe which took the match to the seventeenth green, and Miss Wethered and Morrison must have welcomed that luncheon more than most.

Then, in the semi-final, the eventual winners won a comfortable victory by three up with two to play over Miss Gow and G. D. Hannay, a couple who make a habit of doing well in this tournament.

The Runners-Up.

Mrs. Alec Gold and Noel Layton, who were defeated in the final by one hole, had, I think, a harder road to plough to reach this stage. In the first round they beat a strong Welsh couple in Miss Pyman and J. W. Pyman by three and two, and in the next two rounds they won handsomely at the expense of Miss Dobson and the Honourable Humphrey Legge, and a pair who did very well indeed not so long ago, Miss Cooper and Colonel J. N. Horlick. Then, on the second afternoon, they took a flying start from Miss Gourlay and W. L. Hope and, continuing to play really beautifully, retained the four holes they had won early to the finish of the match. This was a great victory, for Miss Gourlay and her partner were fancied by many to win the tournament.

In the fifth round Mrs. Davies and W. A. Powell very nearly beat them. Mrs. Gold and Layton, after getting a small lead early, suddenly collapsed in the middle of the round and lost four holes quickly. Then, however, they pulled themselves together magnificently. They were three down with six to play, but the putts began to go in and the holes to come back.

Mrs. Gold and her partner won the next five holes for the match by two and one.

The semi-final saw them once again get right away at the start, this time against such an awe-inspiring combination as Mlle. de la Chaume and Roger Wethered, and they managed to keep in front to finish the match on the fifteenth green.

The Final.

It is easy to write that such and such a match was a great match, but not so easy to explain why. The final was undoubtedly a great match, and it provides an exception to the rule in so far as there are several reasons sticking out a mile to justify this description. In the first place the golf, on the part of all four players, was of very high quality; secondly, no side was ever more than two up in all the thirty-six holes; thirdly, the side which held a slender lead could not be guaranteed to keep this lead for more than a hole or two, a factor which went far to add to the excitement of the gallery; and, fourthly, the match was played in a most delightfully friendly spirit. This last, of course, is only what was to be expected from the identity of the competitors, yet it is worth recording, since it seems to me that a tendency towards the claim or getting away with it is making an unpleasant appearance in first class golf.

Mrs. Gold and Layton early became two up, and although they soon lost one of these holes, they hung on to the other like grim death, sometimes increasing it to two again, but invariably being pegged back to one very shortly afterwards. At the sixteenth Miss Wethered and Morrison did square, but on the very next green Mrs. Gold holed a good putt to regain that slender lead, and Layton did

likewise on the home green to retain it during the luncheon interval.

The first hole to be halved in the afternoon round was the seventh, but mercifully the holes previous to it were not all won by the same couple. In point of fact, the eventual winners won four to their opponents' two, which left Miss Wethered one up. She and her partner won the eighth as well, but Mrs. Gold and Layton, not in the least dismayed, proceeded to win the ninth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth, with the result that they reversed the position and made themselves two up.

Then, however, came a tragedy. Both Mrs. Gold and Layton had been putting extremely well, not merely in the final, but in all their previous rounds. On the fourteenth green they took three putts. On the fifteenth green they took three putts. Both tee shots were bunkered at the short sixteenth; Layton played first and played a beauty, but Miss Wethered had done with pity. She put the ball to within a yard of the hole, and Morrison holed the putt bravely. Thus three holes, two of which should not have been lost, were gone to Mrs. Gold and Layton, and with them all their lead and one hole more.

The seventeenth was halved, well halved, and a terrific drive by Morrison to the home hole virtually settled the issue. Miss Wethered was left with nothing more than a mashie shot to the green, and it went where everybody knew it would, to within a few feet of the hole. So ended a very great match and a most delightful tournament.

Fixture List.

October 31st.—Middlesex Alliance Meeting, Sudbury.

November 1st.—Herts County P.G.A. Meeting, South Herts.

THE TALE of YOUR DOG By Michael Chance

II. The Airedale.

THERE are few British breeds that can boast so interesting an origin as that of the Airedale, an origin unknown to most people and in many cases even to Airedale owners themselves.

The Airedale was first established as a definite breed by miners living and working in the valley of the Aire, between Skipton and Bradford. He was bred for the purpose of riverside water-rat hunting, a sport which the Yorkshire miners of those days treated as seriously as their successors treat football to-day. This waterside rat hunting took the form of money matches (accompanied by heavy wagering) over a course consisting of a strip of about five miles of the Aire lying between two villages or towns. The two dogs, followed by a large crowd, would start off together, hunting each bank.

The Rat Hunt.

If a dog "pointed" a rat in a particular hole the hunt would be stopped, and if his find was verified he would be allotted points according to the existing system of scoring. The rat would then be bolted by ferrets and would naturally make for the river, whereupon the dogs were released again and the hunt was resumed. The rat would dive and reappear at some distant point, but the dogs, by treading water and craning their necks, would rarely miss his reappearance; if they did so, they were guided by their owners, who were allowed to help them by signals from the bank.

Often the rat would dive and reappear further on as many as twenty times; but weakening all the time. Finally, one or other of the dogs would effect a kill and further points would be allotted to him. The dogs would then repeat



Mr. A. J. Edwards's Ch. Mespot Tinker, sire of eleven champions.

the procedure I have just described until the end of the course was reached, when stakes were handed over, wagers were paid, and general celebrations were indulged in.

How He Evolved.

To evolve the ideal dog for this sport these West Riding miners realised that they must breed an animal who was a good swimmer, was rich in sporting instincts and was blessed with considerable stamina. So they mated some local Otter hounds with old English terriers, the predecessors of the modern Welsh terrier, but (although similar in type) larger in size.

The result was a dog that proved so suitable to their requirements that they lost no time in standardising and popularising his type. The name of Airedale terrier was bestowed upon him in 1879, and the same year a separate class was allotted to him in local shows.

Since those days he has grown into a strong, manly type of dog. He can be trained to a gun, can swim like a fish, hunt like a spaniel, fight like the devil, play like a kitten, and guard you like a policeman; a regular all-rounder in fact.

An Airedale may be black on the back with legs and head of golden tan, or he may be a blue grizzle. Personally, I think that the old-fashioned black and tan is as handsome as anything; but that is a matter of opinion.

A Strong, Solid Dog.

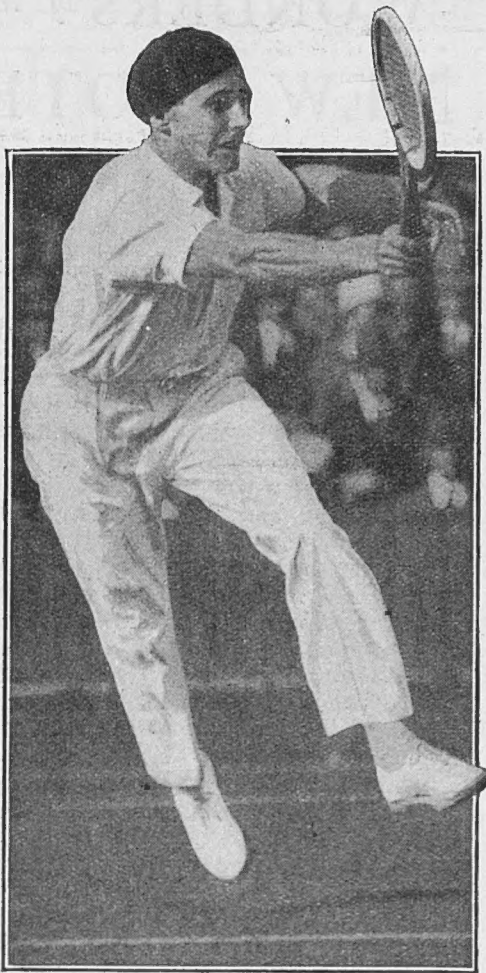
There are, however, no two opinions about his other points. His coat must be so close and thick that he should be able to swim 100 yards without wetting his skin; and it must be harsh to the touch, and on no account soft or silky. He must have a long flat-skulled head, with plenty of power in front of the eyes, which must be small and dark. His ears should be small, and his neck long and clean in line.

He should have a short back and an upright tail. His legs must be straight as gun-barrels, and he must have good length from hip to hock; and round thick feet, like a cat's paws, are essential.

Above all, let him be a strong solid dog with plenty of bone, a dog that turns the scale at a healthy 45 lb.; a light-boned Airedale is as incongruous as a Bolshevik waving a Union Jack.

THE COVERED COURT CHAMPIONSHIP.

By F. Gordon Lowe.



Jean Borotra who won the Covered Court Championship at Queen's Club last week.

Borotra, the New Champion.

FROM the moment Jean Borotra arrived at Queen's Club interest in the Covered Court Championships, possibly the most important English event after Wimbledon, began to quicken. Certainly the name of Borotra, even more so than Tilden, is one to conjure with among lawn tennis fans the world over. They love his unfailing good humour on court and the fireworks which his dashing play invariably provides them with. I have never seen the galleries around the famous East Court so crowded as they were for Borotra's final against Crole Rees.

That the famous Basque would win the championship for the second time (the first occasion was in 1926) was never seriously doubted, although in several of his matches last week he ran things rather fine. Without concentration, Borotra's game dwindles to nothing, and as he was over this time primarily on business his tennis suffered slightly in consequence. This fact may account for some of the sets which he shed on his path through the Championship. As a matter of fact, the Frenchman told me that he considered he played his best tennis on the morning of his arrival when he beat first Mikimoto and afterwards Pat Wheatley with a loss of only seven games in the two matches.

The Prowess of Peters and Sharpe.

Peters certainly gave Borotra his closest run, indeed, if the Frenchman had not romped away with the last two sets for victory after being two

sets to one down, showing that he could make the effort if required, it would have looked as if he had been in imminent danger of defeat. Peters is to be congratulated on tackling a difficult task so cleverly.

He went for Borotra in a way that many of our other young players would do well to copy. There was no inferiority complex, rather a common failing in English lawn tennis just now, about Peters in this match. His back-hand was operating well and he was playing a nasty looped drive with top spin that was pitching on or near the base line; this is a tricky shot for any opponent to deal with and particularly so for Borotra who prefers the pace to be made for him. This *manœuvre* coupled with the slippery patches on the court where the rain had leaked through helped to prolong the match.

Crole Rees in Form.

In the final I have never seen Crole Rees play a better single than he did against the distinguished Frenchman. If Crole Rees's back-hand had been as sound as his forehand a much closer struggle must have been witnessed. As it was, Borotra was admittedly outplayed by the Englishman in the first set. Afterwards, however, Borotra gradually assumed the upper hand and captured the next three sets to emerge a very popular winner of the Championship. The tennis was good all through and Crole Rees, although he lost the fourth set, might easily have won it. He led 3-love and had several chances of winning the fifth and sixth games but just failed. It was that "indefinable something" which enables all great players such as Borotra to come out on top at the critical moments that just turned the scale in this set.

The Younger v. the Elder School.

The final of the ladies' singles was an unsatisfying affair. One felt that Miss Eileen Pennett who is considered the best of the younger school should have been able to score more than three games against Mrs. Godfree. This was the first occasion these two had met and Miss Bennett told me afterwards that the excellence of Mrs. Godfree's game had rather taken her by surprise.

Mrs. Godfree obviously never gave her young opponent the chance to get going. It was indeed only in the last two games of the match that Miss Bennett began to show any real fight. All the same, in spite of her long absence

from singles, I have never seen Mrs. Godfree hit harder or more confidently than she did in this final.

The Davis Cup Challenge Round.

Close on the news that the French Federation had already fixed the dates during next July for the Challenge Round of the Davis Cup comes the astounding report that this same body, owing to the harsh taxes imposed by the French Inland Revenue Officials, are proposing to stage the Davis Cup Challenge Round outside France.

It is all the outcome of a legal case which the Tennis Club de Paris has just lost. The ruling of the court was that not only was the taxation of tournament "gate" receipts to continue on its present scale (which is certainly excessive), but that the subscriptions of private members to all tennis clubs in France would also be liable to taxation. No wonder the French Federation, headed by P. Gillou, are slightly annoyed! Brussels or even Wimbledon have therefore been mentioned as possible venues should the French officials be able to come to terms.

It is hard, however, to believe that this is really anything more than a veiled threat on the part of the French Governing Body, and that everything will not be arranged satisfactorily in due course. The French are intensely patriotic, and I cannot believe that in their heart of hearts they intend to stage the Challenge Round anywhere but at the Stade Roland Garros just outside their beloved Paris.

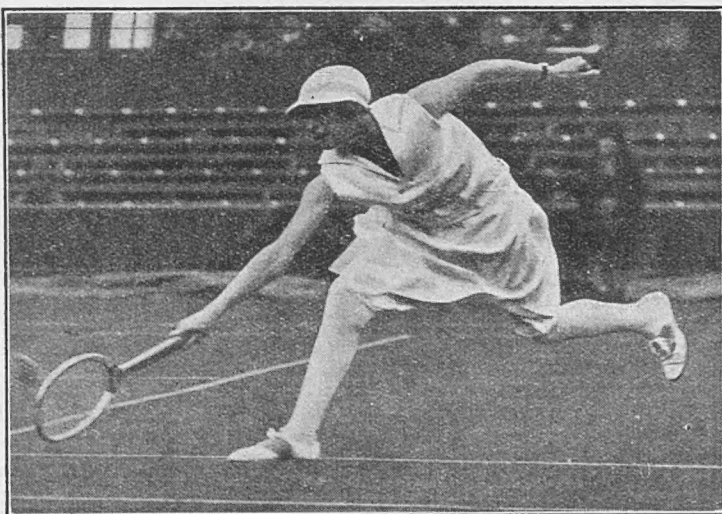
The Ban on Tilden.

There are reasons for believing that Tilden's suspension may be lifted at the next executive meeting of the U.S.L.T.A. This meeting should take place in New York before the end of the year, so that it will not be long before the ex-champion may be seen in the arena again. On the whole Tilden has had a good deal of support in his trouble, but I do feel that he might have had more in certain directions. True, Johnston at a tennis dinner in Philadelphia openly voiced his disapproval of the treatment meted out to his old Davis Cup partner, but there are others who might but who have not raised a finger of protest on Tilden's behalf.

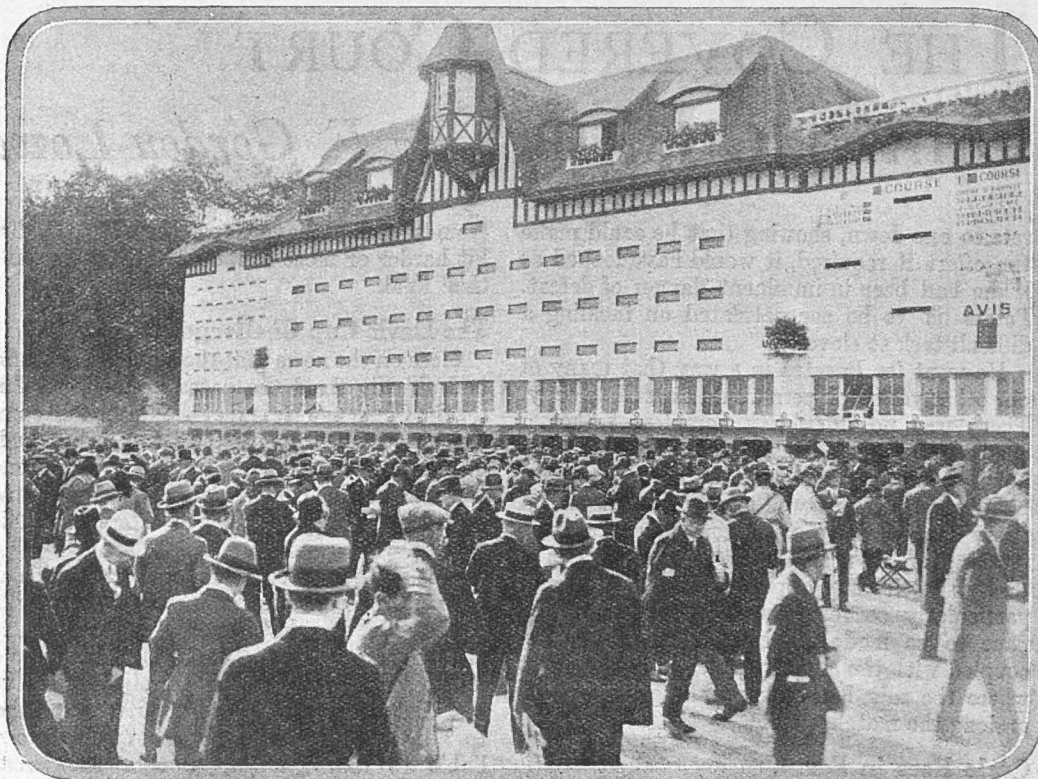
The Editor of *American Lawn Tennis* has always been pro Tilden, and I rather admire him for it, but it has led to his rather overstating his idol's case and to his publishing all sorts of inaccurate statements with regard to the attitude of other associations on the subject. Consequently, he has perhaps rightly been accused of trying to sow discord amongst the powers that be. Personally, I should like to see a little more disagreement among tennis playing countries on questions such as Tilden's suspension; then something might get done. If the various associations through the International Federation are bound hand and glove to support one another in the case of a certain player's misdeeds then it is high time they all adopted the same amateur codes!

FIXTURE LIST.

October 29th–November 3rd.—Covered Court Tournament, Cromer.
October 29th and November 3rd.—Professional Match. C. Read v. Maskell, Queen's Club.
November 24th, 26th–December 1st.—Covered Court Tournament (electric light) Queen's Club.



Mrs. Godfree who won the Covered Court Title for the first time. She was in brilliant form in spite of her long absence from singles.



The big indicator for a field of 42 horses at Longchamp.

WONDERS of the NEW "TOTE" MACHINE

At Randwick sixteen shillings admits to all reserved enclosures, to Tattersalls, and to the saddling paddock. The dressing rooms provided for women are on the scale of the most exclusive West End hotels. You can see the same thing at Longchamp, and then compare it with what women racegoers have to put up with, say, at Epsom Downs on Derby Day!

At Longchamp you pay 40 frs. (6s. 8d.) if you are a man, and 20 frs. (3s. 4d.) a woman, and those low prices are the open sesame to one of the loveliest and most comfortable racecourses in the world. Sydney Cup Day, at Randwick, the premier Racing Club of the Commonwealth, attracts hundreds of thousands every Easter. For the vast majority of these the electric "tote" machine, working so quickly and so efficiently, has been an eminently satisfactory betting medium; so satisfactory, in fact, that last Easter the operators paid out, in the paddock alone, over 23,000 tickets on the winner in ten minutes!

The two latest and most striking performances of the machine on big days have been the printing and issuing of 906,581 tickets on Grand Prix Day at Longchamp—with a turnover of 17,387,795 frs., and recording over 2,000,000 bets on a turnover of 11,000,000 frs. on Prix Royal Oak Day (the French St. Leger). The average time for declaring dividends was two and a half to three minutes after the horses had passed the post.

Quite Rogue-proof.

With these machines it is impossible for an investor to receive a ticket without its being electrically and simultaneously recorded with the issue of the ticket at the selling windows. Immediately the horses are signalled at the barrier, the whole totalisator is automatically locked by an electrical device made with the barrier itself, or by a switch in the hands of an official, generally a steward, who presses a button just before barrier-rise, immediately stopping any further issuing of tickets or alterations on the indicators. This prevents any ticket being issued after a winner is declared, and the machine is, therefore, rogue-proof as well as fool-proof. The old-fashioned and generally discarded pari-mutuel is neither, and it is terribly slow, rarely declaring dividends under half an hour.

The sale of tickets on the electric "tote" is only limited by the speed at which the public make their bets. Authentic figures from Randwick show that one selling operator has actually sold up to 43 tickets per minute! A queue of 43 is quite a long one; a queue of 50 can be dealt with inside two minutes, always assuming the customers act like reasonable beings! The Longchamp machine provides for a maximum of 42 starters. There are 272 selling windows, scattered all over the various enclosures, and a connection is made to the main machine by underground cables, thus enabling all bets to be recorded simultaneously on all indicators.

MAKING BETS BY ELECTRICITY *By F. A. Wilkinson*

ENGLISH racegoers are not yet familiar with the totalisator, and until these much-talked-of betting machines are installed on British racecourses Australia must lead the world in this method of betting.

The "tote" is not new to Australia. It was used over there in the 'eighties and with great success—so much so that on one occasion an Irishman, seeing an Irish horse parading in the paddock ridden by an Irish jockey wearing emerald green colours, put a sovereign on the unknown horse and drew £800 for his £1 bet! That was a record in Australia in those days, but it has since been beaten, an investor in Adelaide receiving about £1,300 for his £1.

In the early 'nineties the totalisator machines were worked by hand, much on the principle of a cricket scoring board, but to-day the "totes" on all the big Australian courses are electrical, automatic, and fool-proof. The first electrical automatic "tote" was invented by George A. Julius, the son of Archbishop Julius, of Christchurch, N.Z., and was erected in 1913 on the Ellerslie racecourse.

Australian Optimism.

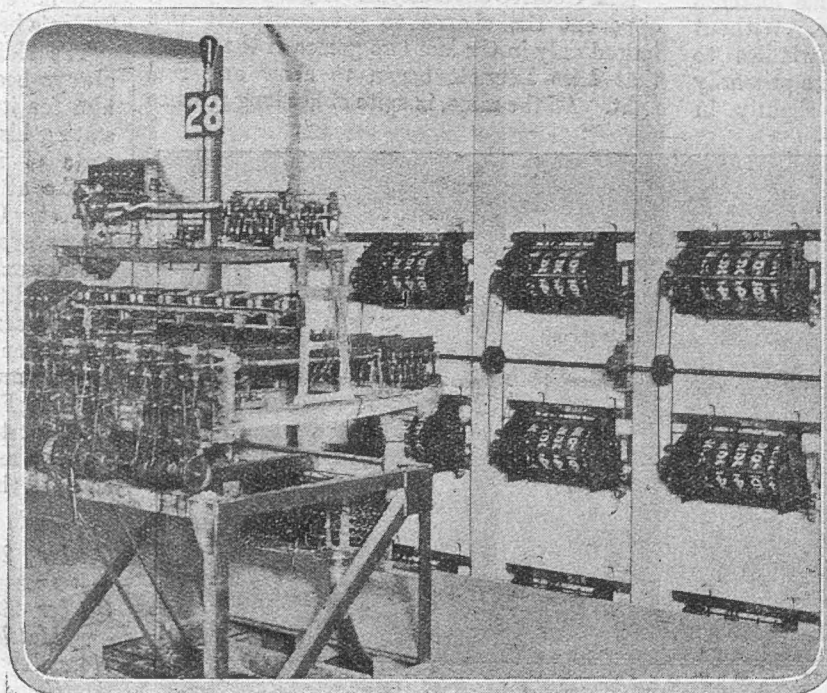
Its success was phenomenal. Three years after the erection of the first electric betting "tote," the Holman Government legalised betting machines on the racecourses of New South Wales. To-day Australia is studded with them. One of the biggest is at Randwick, the headquarters of racing in New South Wales, and when this machine had been in use one year the Australian Jockey Club distributed £90,000 in prize money! To-day the annual prize money is nearly £100,000 at Randwick, while similar sums

are paid out yearly on the other courses where the electric "tote" is in use.

Other countries and colonies have followed the Australian lead. Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, Rangoon, the Malay States, Ceylon, are all users of the electric "tote" with success.

Cheap and Pleasant.

Not only has the machine enormously increased stakes and made racecourses resorts at once cheap and pleasant for everyone going there, but it has also enabled the executives, by supplying them with liberal funds from the percentages deducted from the moneys invested by the public, to put large sums back into new buildings and to spend money in improvements, without increasing entries or forfeits or (perhaps the most important point of all) admission money.



One of the machines and a few of the horse counters.

FROM THE TOUCHLINE.

THE KEEPER *of the* RUGBY CONSCIENCE

By Mitford Brice

I HAVE received an interesting letter from a Scottish correspondent, but, as a seeker after truth and a lover of the game of Rugby football, I must join issue with him on one point.

With much assurance he claims for Scotland the title of "Keeper of the Rugby Conscience," and asserts in support of his claim that the

approval. Comparisons between Unions get no one any "farrarder." The Scottish, Irish, Welsh and English Unions all have the ideals and welfare of the game at heart; it is in the nature of things that they should sometimes approach their goal by different roads, but their goal is none the less the same.

We honour Scottish Rugby and we owe much to it, and Scotland would not be herself were she for her part less generous in admitting a debt. "There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us . . . !"

Scottish Optimism.

While I am on the subject of Scottish Rugger, I might mention that I find decided optimism north of the Tweed with regard to International prospects. It is even suggested that the fact that the English match is to be played at Murrayfield may give Scotland the Championship!

Leaving the Sassenach out of the question, that is a poor compliment to Wales and Ireland who meet Scotland on their own soil and to France who, even at Murrayfield, are no mean opponents. The truth is that it is early days for optimism and that at the moment no one of us holds a better chance than any other. When the trials have been held, when new blood (if any) has been unearthed, when old players

under suspicion (Ian Smith, for instance!) have made good again, then it will be time for us to wag our heads shrewdly and risk our bawbees on our annual flutter!

In England the competition for places in the national XV is certain to be very keen and open; but present speculation is almost

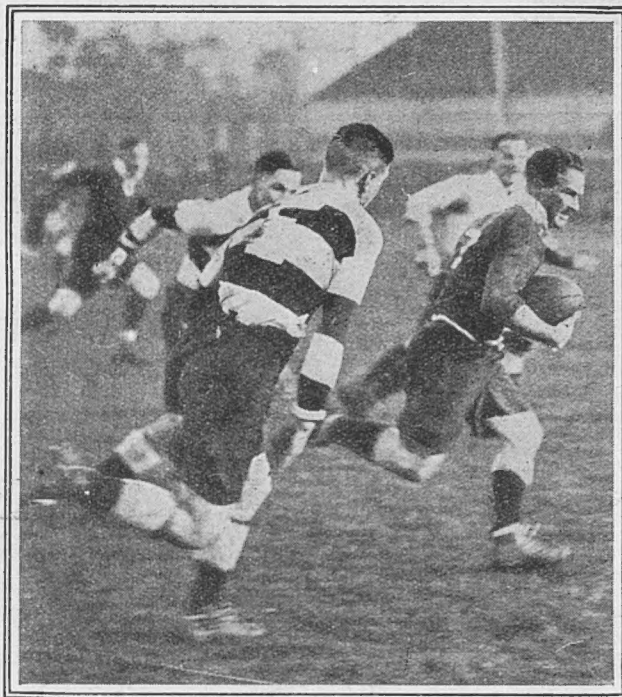
wholly confined to the 'Varsity match. To the Blue or prospective Blue, this match is the be-all and end-all of the season, if not of his Rugby career, while many an old Blue makes a welcome habit of associating himself with the great annual scrap by coaching and by evolving cunning strategies that are calculated to bring disaster upon the arch-enemy. Only a small percentage of first-class players seem to be giving much thought to the internationals; in every dressing room the main topic appears to be whether Oxford or Cambridge will win THE match.

The Light Blues.

Cambridge show promise of becoming a useful side, although I do not think they are likely to be a brilliant one; at present there is much enthusiasm (naturally) but little all-round technique. Against the Harlequins their forwards worked hard and much of their dribbling was of a high standard; they were well led by F. H. Waters, son of a famous father. Bowcott was the better of the halves, but I am inclined to think that he shows us his best Rugger when playing in the three-quarter line.

The three-quarters were distinctly patchy at Twickenham; the insides have a nasty habit of running too much towards their wings, thus giving their outside men no room in which to operate and gaining comparatively little ground except in a sideways direction. At times as many as three of them were bunched together within the space of ten yards. The diminutive Guy Morgan was always the guts of the Cambridge attack and took his passes particularly cleanly; at the same time, his play was made to look better than it actually was by his extreme weakness of the Harlequin three-quarters. This may sound ungenerous, but it is none the less true; Morgan himself will admit it.

(Continued overleaf.)



Blackheath v. Cardiff. Arthur Young gets busy.

spectator is a secondary consideration in his country. I pick no quarrel with him as to the truth of the latter part of his statement, but I would remind him that it is not in Scotland alone that the player takes pride of place with the National Union or with the clubs. With the English Rugby Union and the English clubs it is the player all the time and the non-playing spectator (is not his language on the subject worthy of the scrum?) who gets short shrift.

For example, how is the ticket question dealt with by the English Union? Tickets for International matches are only distributed to clubs, and each club is held responsible for their bona-fide redistribution. Not even two or three hundred (out of 60,000!) are withheld for genuine "hard luck" cases such as the old-time player home on leave from the East who is not a member of an English club, although a small reserve of this nature might well be established.

A Wager!

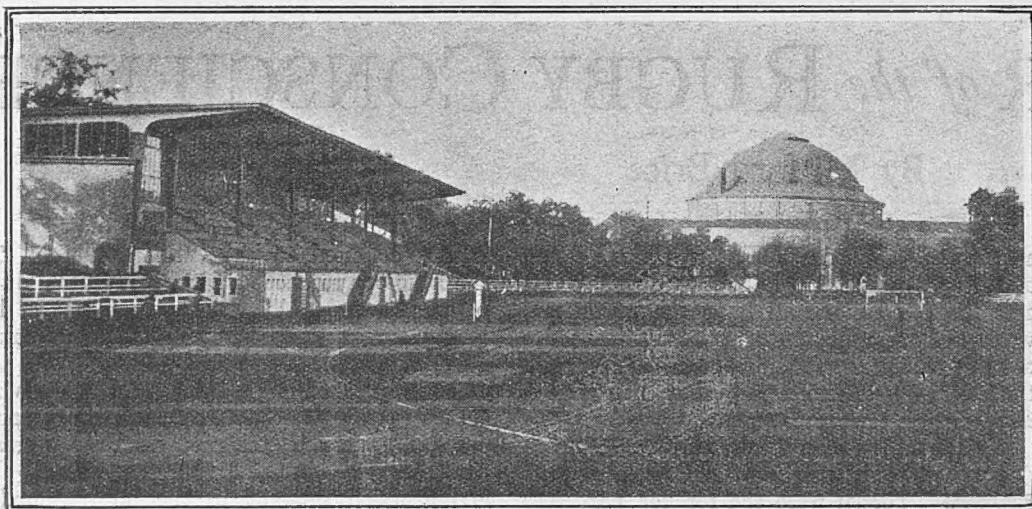
I gladly accept my correspondent's assurance that spectators take a back seat in Scotland; but he is entirely mistaken in assuming that this policy is followed in Scotland alone. If he doubts the truth of this, will he procure me, in the guise of an English spectator and nothing more, two tickets for this season's Internationals at Twickenham? Gladly will I pay for them; and, furthermore, I will make him a small wager. If he succeeds he shall be my guest at whichever match he chooses; but if he fails, then I am his guest at Murrayfield!

Finally, I would whisper in his ear one suggestion that (since it is for the good of the game as a whole) is sure to meet with his



Attitude and Expressions. Blackheath v. Cardiff.

From the Touchline—*Contd.*



The Hanover Stadium to inaugurate the opening of which, a London XV played Hanover.

Apart from one glaring mistake, Roberts played a good game at full-back, but one feels that, as in the case of Bowcott, he is not being played in the right position; he is essentially an attacking player. Had Aarvold been able to play, Cambridge must have won. His inability to turn out was a great disappointment to the crowd, but a touch of water on the knee is not a thing to be trifled with and he was following wise counsels in resting it; at the same time, there is nothing for his admirers to worry about.

Serious injuries such as broken bones are comparatively rare occurrences in Rugger; really "fit" men usually bend before they break. The injury to "Horsey" Browne is likely to keep him out of the game for some time; how long is as yet unknown. It is to be hoped that he will recover in time for the internationals; England v. Ireland without his fierce, bull-necked little figure would lose something of its spice.

Association Football.

Britannia Justified.

ON September 28th, Barson, the Watford captain and centre-half, was ordered off the field in the match between Watford and Fulham. Immediately there arose an outcry in

the Press. It was urged that the referee had formed a wrong opinion owing to an imperfect view of the incident; that Barson's opponent was the aggressor; that Barson was the victim of misfortune. Furthermore, a petition signed by 5,000 people in favour of leniency was personally presented by the Mayor of Watford to the Football Association—an unprecedented event.

In spite of this almost universal protest on Barson's behalf, BRITANNIA, having a true knowledge of the facts, said on October 5th: "It would be a benefit to the game if such a player were permanently disqualified from participation in it." What has been the sequel? The F.A. have clearly shown that they share the opinion expressed in this paper, by suspending Barson for the remainder of the season (seven months), a suspension that is the severest punishment meted out for misconduct on the field in the whole history of Association football.

The action of the F.A. is to be

applauded; a man whose play is often questioned and who is apparently incapable of controlling his temper is a danger to those men who earn their living by playing football cleanly, and is a peril to the game itself.

It will be interesting to see to what extent the sensational transfer of Jack from Bolton Wanderers to The Arsenal will justify the enormous fee that clinched this sale. Undoubtedly he is a great footballer—clean, intelligent, and constructive; his reputation has largely been built on his shrewdness in making openings for others. But the "others" must be goal-getters, and The Arsenal has no one who answers that description in the first-class sense. However, it would not be wise to assume that this is the last transfer that The Arsenal are likely to effect this season!

Last week-end's results were notable for their consistent inconsistency and the first defeats of Luton and Wrexham; there are now no unbeaten teams in any of the four Leagues. In



England and Germany shake hands. Berlin v. Isthmian League at Wimbledon.



An incident from the match at Wimbledon: Germany v. Isthmian League.

League I. Everton and Leeds United are playing first-class football and are bringing many additional shillings through their own and other clubs' turnstiles. In League II, Middlesbrough are maintaining their good form, and Chelsea, as usual, are giving their friends heart attacks.

England's Win.

England have won an international Soccer match! On Monday last England beat Ireland at Liverpool (Everton) by 2 goals to 1, after playing for the greater part of the game with only ten men. The mere fact that this victory has caused considerable satisfaction shows on what lean times England has fallen, because, although we had not beaten her since 1924, Ireland used to be considered very small beer at professional football. But England's team is still far from satisfactory, and I have met no official of the game who contemplates the Scottish match with anything but misgiving.

To-morrow's Chief Matches.

RUGBY.—Northampton v. Leicester, Richmond v. Cambridge University.

ASSOCIATION.—Arsenal v. Liverpool, Everton v. Leeds United, Queen's Park v. Celtic.